THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded by Benj. Franklin

SEPT. 24, 1910 5c. THE COPY

Carol Aus—

More Than a Million and a Half Circulation Weekly

Soon all housewives will know

"Two Methods and a Moral."

The woman who escapes from the tyranny and drudgery of old-fashioned, insanitary heating methods to that of cleanly, automatic heating is surely open to congratulations. Too many housekeepers are chained to brooms, dust-pans, and back-breaking coal hods because of the relentless slavery to stoves and hot-air furnaces. There's a way out—

AMERICAN RADIATORS & IDEAL BOILERS are the only means of warming a house without adding to the labor of its care. These outfits of IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators are absolutely clean, will outlast the building itself; and the fuel and labor savings soon repay their cost, and thereafter prove to be big profit-makers.

Step into any sky-scraper office building or fine store and you will see they are equipped with our outfits—the name of our Company you will find cast on the end of each radiator. It is an evidence of the high quality of our goods, also significant of the fact that men would not put up in their places of business with the annoying heating methods that their wives patiently endure.

IDEAL Boilers have no parts to burn out, no rivets to loosen, no thin metal to warp. They outlast the building. No repairs.

To continue to use old-fashioned heating reflects upon the housewife—robs her of the few hours per day which she should be able to devote to better things. Buy an outfit of IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators and like thousands of others who have bought, you will joyfully pass the good word along. Don't wait to build a new home or until another winter. Put comfort into your present house—now done without tearing up, or disturbing old heaters until ready to put fire in the IDEAL Boiler.

Write us to-day for catalogue, "Ideal Heating Investments."

A No. 4121 IDEAL Boiler and 420 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner $190, were used to Hot-Water heat this cottage.

A No. 2-19-W IDEAL Boiler and 340 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner $180, were used to Hot-Water heat this cottage.

At these prices the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which installation is extra and varies according to climatic and other conditions.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write to Dept. 8 Chicago

Public Showrooms and Warehouses located at Chicago, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Buffalo, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Atlanta, Indianapolis, Milwaukee, Omaha, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver, Seattle, San Francisco, Brantford (Ontario), London, Paris, Berlin, Milan

THE NEW YORK STYLE SHOW

OF

Benjamin Clothes

IF you are particular about the QUALITY and STYLE of your clothes, take advantage of the special demonstration of our Autumn models, which will be conducted during the coming week, by one high class clothier, who is conveniently near you. This occasion is called "Knickerbocker Week" and during it we hope you will avail yourself of our invitation to become familiar with the high quality and authentic New York Style which characterize our product. These features, reinforced by a moderate price, make Benjamin Clothes the most desirable in the world. Well dressed men in both America and Europe admit and admire their superiority.

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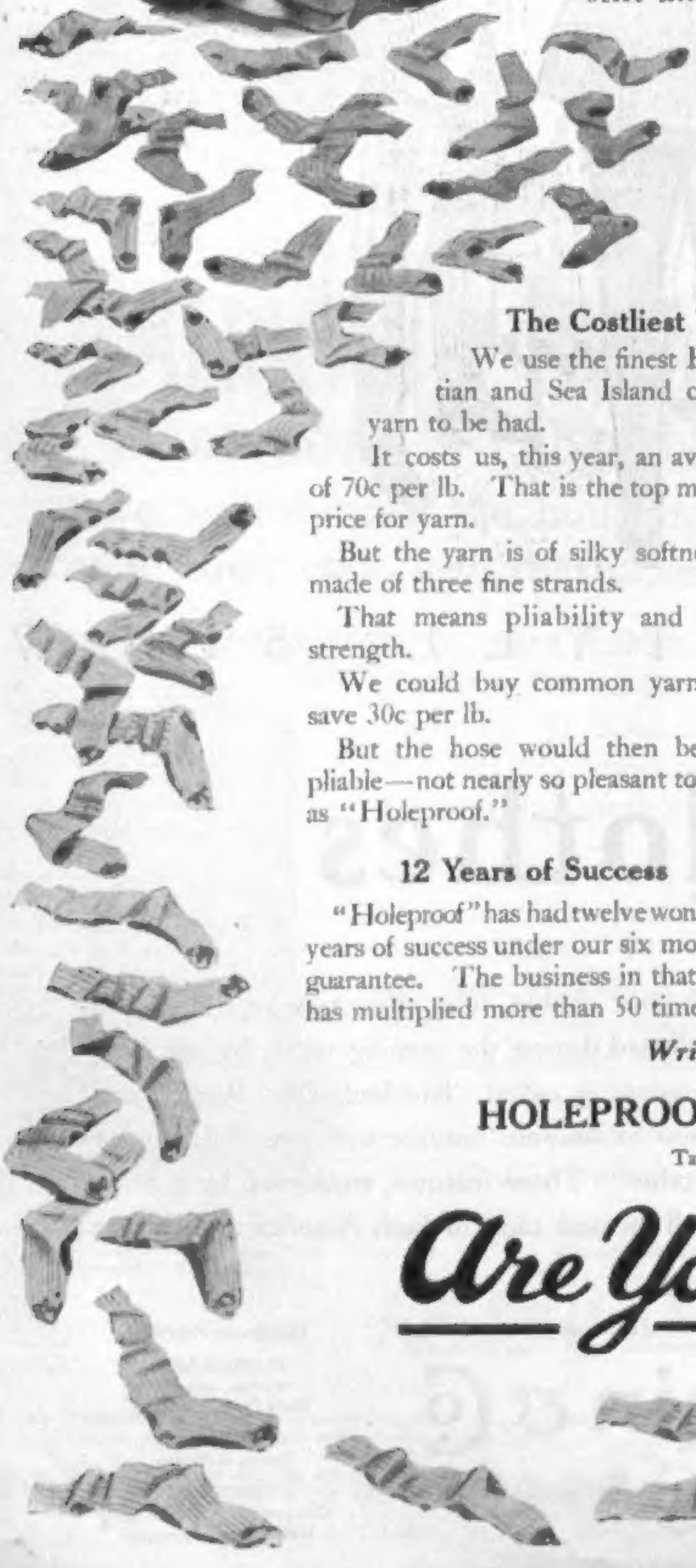
What You Women Ought to Know About Men's Sox

Holeproof Hosiery
Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906

You ought to read this advertisement for your own sake. Then you ought to show it to your husband—and your sons if you have any—and get them to *try Holeproof Sox*.

Six pairs are guaranteed six months, but don't judge "Holeproof," the original, by common guaranteed brands made since "Holeproof" became such a success.

"Holeproof" are the *softest* sox in existence. They are not heavy, stiff and uncomfortable, yet they save all the darning you now must do.



FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

The Costliest Yarn

We use the finest Egyptian and Sea Island cotton yarn to be had.

It costs us, this year, an average of 70c per lb. That is the top market price for yarn.

But the yarn is of silky softness—made of three fine strands.

That means pliability and extra strength.

We could buy common yarn and save 30c per lb.

But the hose would then be less pliable—not nearly so pleasant to wear as "Holeproof."

12 Years of Success

"Holeproof" has had twelve wonderful years of success under our six months' guarantee. The business in that time has multiplied more than 50 times.

But we put into the *first pair* of "Holeproof" 26 years of hose-making experience.

There are scores of imitations of "Holeproof."

But no one can expect the same quality in one of the "inexperienced" brands.

Whatever unpleasant ideas your men folks may have of these amateur guaranteed hose, please get them to try the *genuine "Holeproof."* You'll do them a favor as well as yourself. Try Holeproof Stockings yourself. "Holeproof" are made for women and children, too.

Perfect Style— All the Correct Colors

Holeproof Hose hug the ankle as tightly after washing as before. They always look neat—never fade, crack or rust.

The colors are fast, sanitary and right in shade, according to the season's style.

Six pairs of the regular Holeproof Sox sell for $1.50 with a guarantee for six months—light weight (mercerized), $2.00.

Six pairs of Holeproof Lustre Sox (mercerized), guaranteed six months, cost $3.00.

Three pairs of Holeproof *Silk* Sox, guaranteed *three* months, $2.00.

Six pairs Women's Holeproof Stockings, guaranteed six months, sell for $2.00. Lustre Stockings (mercerized), $3.00.

The Children's Stockings are $2.00 for six pairs, guaranteed.

Sold in Your Town

The genuine "Holeproof" are sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request or we'll ship direct where we have no dealer, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance. Show this ad to the men in your family and ask them to try Holeproof Hose.

Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO., 498 Fourth St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Tampico News Co., S. A., City of Mexico, Agents for Mexican Republic.

Are Your Hose Insured?

(89)

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THE GOLD SPIKE

How Denny Came Up in the World—By Calvin Johnston

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

PERHAPS our family would have been up in the world now if it hadn't been for me, who didn't turn out well.

"Sure, it is ourselves now who have the fine job," said my mother, "and the large house where I wander in and out to hear the silk dress rustle like the ixhaust av a locomotive, with gold ornyments jingling forninst me.

"D'ye mind, Tim, the calico I was married in and the ostrich feather with an elbow in it?"

"It had an elbow in it, yes," answered my father, standin' in the middle of the parlor, where we were loafin' dressed up after breakfast, "and your calico bagged at the knees after ye returned from the elopement and kneeled for the blessing of your family, and a bad lot they were.

"But I warn ye, Mrs. Regan, I take little joy in the memory, and we'll have no yesterdays in my company. I have sweat blood to be present with ye today in the parlor. I am acquainted with yesterdays and will not blarney them. We are people of today and tomorrow and next day; the man who says yesterday to me is an enemy who would fling me down to old days of misery when I took orders by word of fist or a sharp tongue, instead of by mail, which I do not mind.

"I'll Go Anywhere They Eat While They Study"

"Bad luck to the one who would yesterday the boss at headquarthers," he said.

My father was straight, with broad shoulders and a quick, light step. His head was big and round, and his eyes so bright that he never had to look twice at a man.

Now he seemed to fill the room so that Mother and I felt pushed into a corner. My big brother, Rah-Rah Barry, which I dursen't call him to his face, was there too, but of course he wouldn't feel crowded anywhere. "Bravo!" he said.

Father stopped and studied him a minute. "What's that?" he asked.

"Meaning come again on the yesterday stunt," answered Barry. "Clever, that!"

"Let it pass," said Father; "ye have been educated at college and I was educated elsewhere. But I will not bandy learning with ye."

"It has a gentlemanly sound," said Mother.

"So it has, and I have brought up Barry to be a gentleman, though nobody but himself can make him a man. Ye understand, my boy," went on Father, "that having finished with college ye are now to take the course in railroading, from the bottom. And wheniver your boss recommends it ye will be promoted. Arrah, but ye will have it easy. For when ye associate with men av manners ye will not be humiliated as I was, but can take your place among them. So ye will escape the hard fate of coming up in a world that is strange, and will belong to the railroad men of tomorrow."

"What do ye say to all this, ye little scut?" he asked me in good humor.

"I dunno," I answered. "Maybe I ain't used to it yet."

"Don't dig your toes into the carpet like a bog-trotter," said Father. "Ye will go through the law course and be a headquarthers man." Then he said good-by and went to his office in the city, taking Barry along with him.

I saw Mother feeling in her lap, as if for the old kitchen apron. Then she picked up the edge of her fine dress and wiped the corner of her eye with it.

"He calls me Mrs. Regan instead of Biddy," she said. "What ails ye that ye should anivel?" she asked me crossly.

"I ain't asnivelin'," I answered; "d'you think I'm a girl?"

"'Tis wishin' ye were," she said, and rocked back and forth a little. "Then ye would not be above a snivel for company's sake."

"Are you lonesome for the yesterdays?" I asked. "Never mind. Maybe tomorrow will turn out backward."

"I remember when I was a colleen looking from the door of the boarding-car," she said. "It was out on the grade, and it was evening, with thick woods beyant. I would dream of all these things we have now, and of a sweetheart who would lead me—oh, the sweetheart was your father, Denny. God bless the ould mick, though I daren't call him so to his face. For times change and men change with 'em. But the women do not change.

"I will not have ye anivelin', Denny, on this day of good fortune," she said again crossly. "Sure, your father has won his way, and is come to a strange state as manager of a new railroad, and we must not give it away that he had yesterdays. I will get more ornyments to wear on the inspection trip, for 'tis the power of gold will impress the directors' ladies who go along."

"I'm goin' too," I said.

"Ye are not. Well, perhaps ye may go and can anivel once for company's sake if necessary. But this is a happy time for us, to be up in the world, and I will put on a silk dress to go marketing for gold ornyments."

She rang a bell, and the butler showed himself in a magic way.

"Ye are not the kind of servant I want, Jim—James," said my mother, and her face flushed a rosy red.

"You are excused, Jimjams," I said, and he disappeared.

"They seem to rise and sink through the floor," whispered Mother. "'Tis changin' my dress I was afther, and it is embarrassin' to send Jim to the maid. I will wait on myself, Denny, and call ye in to button the dress up the back. I am that crafty I can iscape Antoinette at will."

After a time we started out on the street and went marketin' for gold ornyments. When we got back home she put on the bracelets and earrings and a breastplate. She jingled like anything, and I guess my eyes were pretty big, for she laughed and said:

"It's the power o' gold, Denny; and I will make Tim proud av me among his new friends if I go by like a circus wagon."

She did not let Father see 'em till next morning when we met him at the car in the Union Station.

Then his eyes grew as big as mine, and he introduced her proudly to the ladies of the directors who were going along in other cars of the special. I guess some of 'em were rather afraid o' the power o' gold, for after speakin' they drew a little apart from Mother. All but one, who was a poor young lady dressed in plain white with only one little breastpin. But I thought her hair was gold enough, and she had clear, straight-lookin' blue eyes and a voice like a quiet little Sunday bell. So, while she sat talkin' to Mother I felt my hand creep her way as if it couldn't help itself, and before I knew it was bein' held fast. I felt uncomfortable sittin' there with my face red and not darin' to look up at her, till I thought maybe she didn't have anybody else to talk to, bein' so poor.

Then I held on tighter, and heard Mother say somethin' about the old railroad times. But when Father came in with a gentleman who had just boarded the train she stopped short. But the young lady wanted to hear it all now.

"That's the only interesting part of railroadin'," she said; "those times when men instead of machines scattered forests and overturned mountains with their hands. Nowadays the work of giants is done, and all you need to extend it is machinery and a stock jobber."

The plain-lookin' little man who had come in just as the train started laughed to himself.

"That's all it needs, Daughter—but such stock jobbin', eh, Regan?" he said to Father.

The two men studied each other a minute, half smilin', but without a word, and I shivered a little, for they looked exactly like two mad boys who were huntin' a secret place to have it out.

"Well, I'm sure Mrs. Regan's experience is more interesting than yours," said Miss Helen, the young lady, "and I must hear the rest of it."

Again Father turned his eyes on us and Mother flushed without knowin' what to do.

"'Twas a long time agone," she answered carefully, "and I am that forgetful of it all ——"

"Why, tell her about standin' in the door of the boardin' car," I said, "when it was out on the grade in the thick woods, and you were a colleen like Miss Helen, waitin' for Father to lead you up in the world ——"

"Will ye niver have done?" exclaimed she; "ye little blatherskite! Besides, what does Miss Helen in these days of comfort and whiteness of hands care for the rough boys' fairy tales I have told ye?"

"The more shame to me that they are white!" cried Miss Helen, holdin' out her hands, "when there is so much to be done in the world ——"

"She might do one useful thing with 'em, Regan," said her father; "she might—drive—the—gold—spike. If ——"

My father bowed to the young lady. "It would be of great use to a million men of these states," he said, "if ——"

They studied each other again in that curious way. Father was straight and strong, the other small and a little stooped; yet of a sudden I thought his height was greater and his body tall and strong, too, as their eyes met in one long flash.

"We might as well have it out now," said one; and, the other noddin' his head, they went to the rear car, which they took to themselves and locked the doors, so even the other gentlemen couldn't get in. "Now comes the War of the Gold Spike," said Miss Helen.

"Father won't hurt him," I said quickly, "'cause Mr. Reynolds is too little. He'll only look at him."

"I'm afraid Mr. Reynolds will look back," laughed the young lady. "And then my father, as president of one system, and your father, as manager of another, will each defend his own proudly. But neither will get the best of it; and after holding out very defiantly for a week they will suddenly come together with a wink and proceed to fly into both systems. Crowds of officials will be scattered like chaff; rates, policies will be changed, and the fur of everybody but these two will be in the air. Then they will issue stock on the vast iron thing risin' from the remains of men and mangled fortunes—it is what is called consolidation."

"Why, is your father president of a railroad?" I asked.

"Of the Great S. M.—the Spilled Milk system, he calls it, for it represents millions of waste, unless—unless, Denny, it can unite its gateways to those of this road—which, I believe, is in much the same condition."

"Well, well!" exclaimed Mother, "and is my ould—is Mr. Regan representin' his railroad in this great matther?"

"Yes—my father wished to deal with him, and the directors have given Mr. Regan much authority. I believe each has confidence in the other's willingness to slaughter somebody else for the good cause.

"Oh, Mrs. Regan, let's leave these stock-market days and return to the yesterdays. I love the railroad—from the call-boy to the superintendent—that's where the warm heart beats in the iron body, where the racing trains scatter like the sparks of life. You know the humor of the men, Mrs. Regan, how they shoulder each other fiercely for promotion, and then turn back to help the unlucky, cursing every one the while—but they go, just the same, and nurse an injured man more than opportunity. That is the heart that drives blood to the brain, where it is refrigerated. Down there is all that is left of the yesterdays."

Though I couldn't understand all she said I remember it well enough, and know I must have felt as she did about it. I could feel my face burn, too, as I looked at Mother and held Miss Helen's hand without mindin'. I thought of the clatter of telegraph offices, and yards with signal lanterns swingin' everywhere, and trains clatterin' out into the night.

"Oh, I want to stay down there with the yesterday men," I said. "Barry can be president at headquarters if he wants to."

Miss Helen laughed and was excited, too, with her story.

"Now tell us of the building of railroads, Mrs. Regan," she went on; but Mother shook her head quickly and stared at me.

"Ye do not know what ye talk of," she said. "Life down beyant the superintendents is hard and rough. I don't like to remimber it. I care only for private cars and the comforts. 'Tis the time of gentleman's railroads—and—and think of the nice dresses we have with the ornyments ——" She hesitated and laughed, yet she was troubled for some reason; and after a silent minute Miss Helen rose quietly and walked off by herself to the end of the car.

I followed her to ask what they meant by the gold spike.

"When the two systems are joined by tracks," she explained, "the last rail will be held with a gold spike, and I will drive it, with the workmen and train crews standing around. And they will talk afterward in the shanties whether I hit the nail on the head—I would not miss it for anything!"

Oh, those section men with their sleeves rolled up, and the train crews with their caps on one side and a wise look! I knew 'em! Perhaps they ain't better than anybody else, but they swagger a little from the pitch o' the trains, and it seems like they run the world around the sun and are the only ones to keep it on time. And Barry would be down there with 'em for a while anyway, while I'd be sent away to school and then come back to be a refrigerator brain at headquarters! It wasn't fair.

"And I ain't goin' to have it so," I said out loud.

"Have what?" asked Miss Helen in surprise.

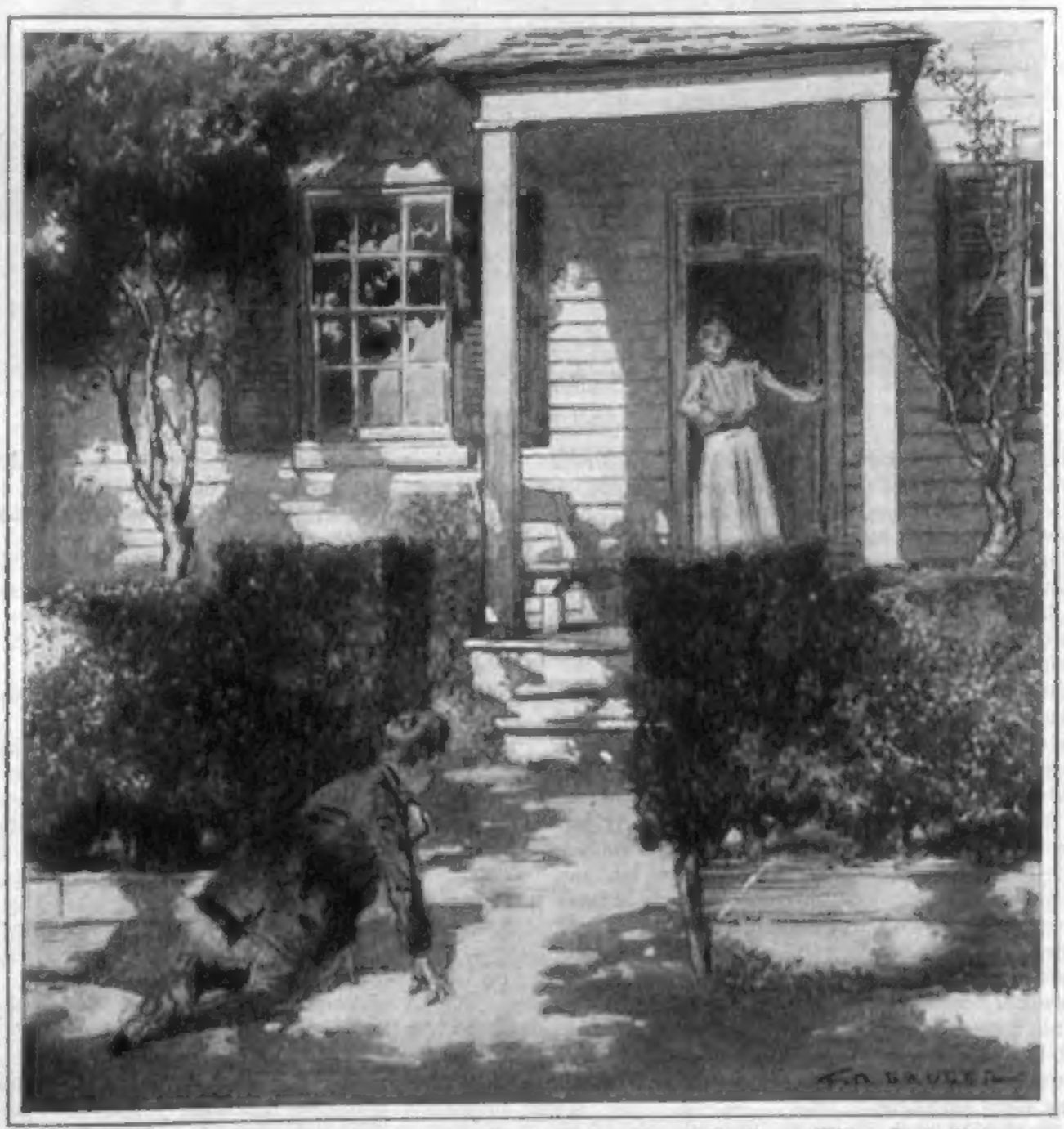
"You'll see," was all I answered, for I felt I must be dark about this; "but I'll watch you drive that gold spike."

I felt badly about Mother and went back to her.

"So now you don't care what happens down beyant the superintendents," I said, "nor about the men you knew in the old times ——"

"Since ye speak of it, I will tell ye I do not care for them," she answered, holdin' her head in the air. "And if they so much as remind me of yesterday by a look I will have Misther Regan fire the lot of thim."

"The power of gold has got you too," I told her; "and rollin' along so proud and private in this train with your ornyments on you have gone dead back on the lot of us."



"If the Doggie Could Only Tell Whether He Liked Jam Tarts," She Began With a Little Sigh

"Come here to me, Denny, lad," she said in a soft voice, but as nobody happened to be lookin' on, and I saw her hand twitch as if it itched, I would not come in range of it.

"It's true," I said, and went off in a corner to sulk.

But durin' the next four days I said nothin' more about this, and as Mother seemed rather lonesome most of the time I kept her company. Havin' learned that Mother knew her place now she was up in the world, even Miss Helen kept with the other ladies, who were polite to us but not familiar as they were to one another.

Father and Mr. Reynolds were havin' it out all this time and were very cool to each other; but on the last day of the trip they were so friendly and smilin' that Miss Helen whispered to me:

"Now they are agreed on the butchery and I will drive the gold spike."

I thought her father's railroad must be a very poor one, because she dressed so plain and had no ornyments. But I didn't ask about this, out of politeness; and, besides, maybe old Reynolds was only stingy.

"I hate to tell you goodby, Denny," said she the evening our train rolled into the home station; "and you will not mind one little word of advice?"

I told her I guessed I wouldn't, and she went on:

"Be your own boy, Denny. Be true blue to yourself, and it follows you'll be so to everything good in the world."

Next morning at home I heard 'em talkin' about sendin' me East to school at once. Barry was already at work down the line, and writin' in for his promotion.

"The young fool!" said my father. "I thought he would understand that a man must count on himself, and not on his relytives when workin' for this railroad. However, I will leave him to work and to fry some of the fat off his head down in the cinder beds. When his boss recommends it he will be promoted."

"Must Denny be sent away to school at once?" asked Mother.

Father answered: "He must start tomorrow. Now I have great affairs on hand, and so have you. Get some new dresses and call on the directors' ladies who live here."

I went out into the Park across from our house. I did not know anybody in this city, and my family had changed so that they did not know me. I saw a shabby boy readin' a torn newspaper on a bench, but he didn't pay any attention to me. Instead, he read his paper in a loud voice.

"'There is four lions escaped into the Park,'" he read, "'and they are hungry, not even had a sandwich yesterday. They are hungry and there is no bones for 'em to gnaw. Never mind, lions,'" he read on, "'you can eat boys.'"

Then he yawned and looked away.

I picked up the paper and read out in a louder voice:

"'Wild boy loose in the Park, too. Beat it, lions, for he is an animal king and eats 'em alive.'

"Where do you think I come from?" I asked him. "Do you live here?"

He looked somethin' like me, with red hair and blue eyes; but his nose was not turned up a little like mine.

"I live under here at night and have the roof of my house made this way to sit on comfortable in the daytime," he answered.

"Haven't you got any home?" I asked.

"I don't get along with the family," he explained. "My old man's dead a long time, and th' old lady fell off the wagon. Such a bump!"

I looked at him a while. "Say," I told him, "a fellow who talks like you do ought to know more. You ought to study and learn. It's a picnic when you know a lot."

"Sure!" he nodded.

"Well, I've got a 'pointment at school in New York State," I went on, "but I'm so busy I can't leave. You can go there in my place for a while if you want to."

"How about hungry lions?"

"Oh, there's plenty o' food. They eat while they study."

"Huh!" he said, "I'd want a lot o' books."

"Look here," I told him, "I tell you just as honest as anybody could: if you'll promise to come down to the Union Station tomorrow mornin' at nine I'll set up the sandwiches till then and give you a ticket so you can get on a partic'lar train."

"I'll promise," he said, "and go anywhere they eat while they study. Now set 'em up."

I took him to a lunch counter. "You needn't burst yourself," I told him after I'd eaten all I could hold; so he put the other four meals in his pockets before he left the restaurant.

Then I bought him a local ticket for the train I was to go on, and he said he'd promise again, only what was the

"'Tis Namin' No Names I am; but if the General Manager av This Railroad Shu'd be Eavesdroppin' He'd Not Feel Flatthered"

use? "If I won't keep one promise there's no use breakin' two," he said. He was a funny kind o' boy, and somehow I knew he'd do as he said.

In the mornin' Mother took me to the train.

"It'll be so lonesome without ye, Denny," she said, whimperin'. "Still," she went on in a proud way, "we are up in the world. 'Tis lots of fine friends will keep me company, and I will not have ye think ye are at all necessary—but don't look at me that way, ye little ——"

"Oh, Mither," I said, just as when I was a little boy; "I wish it was the old days, and ye lived in the boardin' car, and I was playin' around the wheels or watchin' the spike-drivin', and heard the rails ringin' like bells as they shouted and flung 'em down, just as ye have told me."

"Will ye niver let up?" she cried. "Wirra, what is woman without her yesterday! I am a lone creature, but I have fine company and will not miss ye so much. There is yez thrain, and here is a kiss for ye—and another. Remember ye are a Regan, and strike out for tomorrow as if the divil was afther ye, or the family will leave ye—far—behind."

I was on the platform with the train moving while she called this after me, and all at once felt so miserable and homesick—and yet I hadn't any home, for I knew very well that the family had already left me far behind, and I was sinkin' down, down—beyant the superintendents.

Pretty soon I went ahead and found the other boy in a day coach; and in a few minutes he had my name, railroad passes, baggage checks and most of my money. We managed to change our outside clothes behind a seat, there bein' only a few passengers aboard and a brakeman who charged us a quarter. Then I told him about the dinin' car, and, givin' him a letter to the school professor, said he must go right ahead as if it was me, because study was what he needed, and he could tell it all to me afterward.

"Right O," he said; and, havin' come to the end o' the local ticket, we said goodby and I dropped off, while he went back to the Pullman.

"Stand aside and see Denny Regan go by, ye ragpicker!" he shouted to me as the train went past, and threw me some crumbs of sandwiches out of the window. And so the Denny Regan of today, tomorrow and next day swept away in a palace car, leavin' only the skeleton of a boy to be filled out from old yesterdays.

I had kept five dollars of my money, and, buyin' a ticket back to the city, went down into the yards of the W. & W., my father's own railroad. I crawled into an empty freight car that stood fastened to a train already made up to go out. Everythin' went well till the train took sidin' several stations out and the head-end brakeman, lookin' inside, charged me half a dollar. Then the hind brakeman came by and charged me a dollar for lookin' in, and when it came the conductor's turn and I said I didn't have any more he put me out.

The train went on and I found myself at a station where another railroad crossed. There was nothin' there but a telegraph office and a little waitin'-room, and lookin' through the window I saw the operator asleep on the table. The sounder was rattlin' away, but he didn't hear till it called a certain way several times. Then he woke up, and, takin' an order, came outside to set a signal.

"Can I wait here for a train?" I asked.

"Don't you want to buy a ticket?" he said, and when I shook my head he took me inside and showed me a ticket all worn and dusty. It was numbered ten thousand and somethin', and after explainin' what a rush there was for tickets, havin' sold 'em all from number one that day, he offered to make me a half rate on this last one on account of bein' a minister's son. Of course I wouldn't buy a ticket on my father's own railroad and he was cast down.

"Just my luck," he said. "If I don't have a report to send in pretty soon they'll cut my pay and make me work the other two hours a day."

He lay down on the table again, only raisin' his head once to say:

"I get a commission on ticket sales."

I was sorry, but said I guessed I wouldn't buy anythin' that time, and he went to sleep again.

Then it grew dusky and was very lonesome, sittin' there by myself while passenger trains all lit up rushed past, their dinin' cars crowded with eaters.

I remembered the boy who'd gone away in a palace car as Denny Regan, and wondered who I was now, or whether I was really anybody.

I was lookin' out of the window when I saw a man jump out of a passenger train that had stopped to whistle for the W. & W. crossin'. He ran hard for the depot, but the train started, and, droppin' somethin' on the platform with a yell, he caught the baggage car and climbed in as it went past. As it wasn't worth while to wake the operator just for that I went out myself to bring in the bundle dropped by the baggage man, and was badly scared to see it come draggin' toward me in the dusk. Then it squatted in front of me and gave a glad sort of howl, and when my heart started up again I knew it must be a dog. He was not very big, and was so loaded down with what I found to be pasteboard tags tied to him in bundles that I had to carry him into the waitin'-room. He barked a little, but I told him not to wake the operator and gave him a clout or two, and he understood so well that afterward he would only growl and try to put his cold nose into my ear as if glad to find a boy in that lonesome spot.

He had a soft, curly brown coat and bright eyes, and put his head on one side as if he knew as much as the road men. Well, I found he'd traveled nearly everywhere in the country, the tags bein' written over with all sorts of recommendations from one train crew to another to divide their lunch with him and forward him to the most popular paymaster. But all the paymasters were so popular they hadn't decided on the right one yet. I could tell the last tag by the fresh ink and the date, and it recommended Rover to the men of the W. & W.

I don't know how the idea came to me, but after pettin' Rover a while and whisperin' to him the funny recommendations on the tags I got to thinkin' how uncomfortable it was that a brown dog could ride on my father's road and I couldn't. Before I knew it I was studyin' the tags to see if "dog" was mentioned anywhere. It wasn't; only Rover, as if he'd been a real live good fellow.

I slung the bundle of tags over my shoulder and started away, and then, hearin' a little whine, turned to see Rover beggin' with his paws up. It simply wouldn't do to leave him like this; and not bein' able to give him a name in exchange for the one I was makin' off with, for the other boy already had mine, I thought a while and then wrote a note on a telegraph blank.

It was to Miss Helen Reynolds, and I felt pretty low while writin' it, for she'd told me to be my own self above everythin', and already after givin' Denny Regan away to a stranger I had sunk to be a dog named Rover.

I made the note just as plain as possible, for I wanted Miss Helen to understand and take good care o' Rover. Maybe she'd be glad to get him, as old Reynolds seemed to be so stingy to her.

"This is your friend changed into a dog named Rover by bein' himself," I wrote, and, puttin' it into an envelope, wrapped and tied it around Rover's collar. Then I addressed a tag to Miss Helen Reynolds, care President Reynolds, S. M. R. R., so the operator would know where he belonged, and, shakin' the dog's paw goodby, I went down below the crossin' and crawled into the baggage car of the westbound W. & W. passenger an hour later. The train men laughed over the tags and joked me a good deal, whistlin' and tellin' me to jump through a hoop for my supper. But after a time I fell asleep in a corner and woke at Ironton in the mornin'.

This is the center o' the system, where they have big yards and handle a hundred trains a day, and here was the place I was bound for all the time.

I'd heard fifes and drums, and seen soldiers march along the streets, and felt lonesome and deserted when the flags dropped out o' sight. But even then I'd never felt so downcast as when I found my own folks all bound to live up in the world, where they could look 'way down over the heads o' armies—even Mother had deserted at last and gone over to the power o' gold. I remembered in a dim way what Miss Helen had said, and began to think of the men down beyant the superintendents as soldiers marchin' and cussin', heavin' up against the people who looked on. The cars were their cavalry and the roarin' old engines their great guns.

But I couldn't desert, and now I was on the field ready to pitch in—my own true self, though I'd had to steal a dog's name to get there. I was so excited that I could hardly eat my doughnuts and mince pie and plate of ice cream at the lunch counter.

Along one side of the yards I saw a shady street and thought I'd stroll down there and figure on exactly how to start in. With my identification papers over my shoulder I was passin' a yard fenced by a very smooth green hedge when I noticed a girl standin' in the door o' the cottage. It was a tiny cottage painted very white, with very green blinds; some flowers bloomed in the yard and a path ran from the door to the gateway of the hedge.

Though I only caught a glimpse of the girl there was somethin' about her that made my heart beat quicker and I had a strange feelin' of leavin' home as I went past. I couldn't go very far—I don't know why—and after a few steps sat down under the hedge. Then I felt like seein' that girl again and crawled along slowly to the gatehole and peered around the hedge.

She was still standin' in the door and I was surprised to find that she was almost a young woman, though very

"I Will Make Tim Proud av Me Among His New Friends if I Go by Like a Circus Wagon"

small, with pink cheeks and eyes as bright as a bird's. And she was lookin' straight into my eyes, holdin' her head on one side.

"There he is again," she cried. "A tramp boy prowlin' and peepin' behind a hedge means nothin' to me. But if he'd come inside and asked about that jam tart in the pantry," she went on, lookin' up into the treetops, "then—but who knows—'tis yet he may come beggin' for it." There was somethin' so peculiar and sober and very interestin' in the way she talked. Somehow I felt that she was funny, and very wise about it too, and her eyes sparkled so.

"Bow-wow," I said; and after considerin' this a minute she just whistled to me and I crawled in over the grass.

"If the doggie could only tell whether he liked jam tarts," she began with a little sigh.

"I've learned to nod my head when I mean yes," I answered. Then I stood up and we looked at each other.

While I was eatin' the tart she brought out she examined my tags.

"What a traveler!" she said; "and I suppose you must hurry along right now ——"

"No," I told her; "I've been every place there is, so I have to stop now."

"Where ——"

"Here," I told her quickly. "There ain't any traveler would want to go by, I guess."

"I will think it over," she said; "but a boy named Rover—why, people would take this for the pound."

"That's all the name I have," I said. "If you'll let me leave my checks here I'll go get a job."

"I tell you what I'll do," she told me after a while: "my father is an engineer and I heard the call-boy tell him this mornin' that he was goin' away. And I know the superintendent. Perhaps ——"

"Perhaps!" I cried. "Go on. Perhaps ——"

She put on her hat and walked up the street with me, sayin': "Boys are the great nuisance. I used to teach 'em till Father made me quit to keep house for him."

"I won't be a nuisance," I promised. "Everywhere I've been, all over the world, people said I was a great help to kill time. You can read it on the tags. Only one thing I won't do, and that is snivel to keep you company."

"That's right; 'tis we boys who must not snivel," she said.

On the way to the superintendent's office we walked by the bridge-yard, where some men were loadin' timbers. One of 'em, a strappin' big young fellow in overalls, walked toward us with his hat off.

"Good mornin', Miss Tillie Donovan," he said, and in an instant, with my blood runnin' cold, I stooped and gave my face a smear with cinders.

"Come back!" roared the bridge boss to the young man.

"I will not be buildin' bridges till I come to 'em. Clever, that, don't you think?" answered the other.

He was Rah-Rah Barry, and though I was in rags, with my face smeared black, I kept to the other side o' Tillie.

"Why, 'tis a pleasant surprise, Misther Regan," began Tillie, but the bridge boss, who had followed, interrupted.

"'Tis no surprise to either of you. Did not ould Finnegan's daughter tell Hogan, who told me, that ye were sweethearts? And ye think the cinders is flowers and grass and the bridge-yard a shady road at avening. But 'tis no full moon I am to shine by in silence while ye stale the company time ——"

Barry made a quick step toward the boss.

"Do not dash him into the earth, though it would be so easy for ye," said Tillie, grabbing his sleeve. "It is pickled he is with the sourness of disposition. 'Tis a strange, terrible world, and I will tell ye his past sometime."

"Tattle, tattle, woman! If ye so much as whisper my name I will tell your father of this meetin'!" Then the boss went away with his short gray hair bristlin'.

"I won't stand your bein' bothered this way!" began Barry, but Tillie interrupted, with a toss of her head:

"Your boss is an old friend of the family, Mr. Regan, and it is great liberty of speech we allow each other. I would not for the world have any one come between us."

She walked on and Barry stood back lookin' as if he'd got the worst of it, and I was glad—he was always so cocksure of himself. He had only caught a glimpse of me standin' behind Tillie, and of course never dreamed I could be the boy in tattered clothes with a face so dirty.

"Mr. Regan boards with a neighbor of mine," said Tillie; "he is a young man of manners. Of course I say nothin' of him whatever; I do not know. But there are many young men who are so different from Mr. Regan."

When you're down on your luck it makes things worse to talk about it, and that's why I haven't told how forgotten and outcast I felt before seein' Tillie in the door that mornin'. But the minute I did I'd thought of Mother when she was a colleen standin' in the boardin' car with the woods beyant at evenin'.

Then I'd felt like playin' instead of like a boy grown very old, and when she half promised to take me in and walked along with me I never felt so happy in my life.

"I didn't see anything very nice about that young man," I said in a hurry. "He's big and lazy and smart Alec, and if I was the boss I'd fire him."

"Rover!" cried Tillie, and grabbed me by the shoulder; "will you call my friend names? I have the mind to shake you. 'Tis the general manager's son, Mr. Regan; and he is too high-spirited to stand bossin'. Lazy and smart Alec, you little ragamuffin!"

For a minute I was dazed, then I wanted to leave her; but she wouldn't let go my shoulder.

"'Tain't any use kickin'," I thought at last. "Barry has all the luck. When he sees me and tells who I am then I'll have to make tracks." So he was "high-spirited" because of bein' the general manager's son. He was fresh, that's what—didn't I know him? Well, I wasn't anybody's son now. I had to go on my own hook, and I didn't feel high-spirited. But I was mad, and when we met the superintendent suddenly on the platform I didn't care any more for him than if he had been Rah-Rah Barry.

"I am on business and have little time to talk to you," said Tillie. "Here is a new call-boy I have captured to take the place of the one who leaves a hard master."

"Ye must have captured him in the dark of the moon," answered the superintendent. "What d'ye mean, ye young roughneck, by walkin' alongside a lady with a face like that?"

Tillie hadn't seen my face since I'd blacked it, but with a little gasp she said:

"I do not mind; Rover has traveled and 'tis a habit he picked up abroad." Then she told about the tags.

"When I hire a man I study his face," began the superintendent; "but ye have traveled on yours till it is worn down to the black of your conscience," he said.

(Continued on Page 31)

BOUND IN CRUSHED CALF

How the Once Lowly Book-Agent Has Broken Into High Finance

By HENRY M. HYDE

A BIG and handsomely appointed motor car stopped before the house and one of the two men in livery rang the bell. "I will wait for an answer," he said, handing to the butler an envelope with an engraved crest on the flap. The letter was addressed to the owner of the house, an elderly widow, whose great wealth was a matter of notoriety. She tore open the envelope and read:

My Dear Mrs. Jones: I beg to inclose a little note of introduction from our mutual friend, Mrs. Willie Shepherd, of Beacon Street, Boston. I have but recently come to Chicago and am anxious to get into touch with those who are at the head of the local asylum for Homeless Cats and Dogs. That has always been my favorite philanthropy. If you will be good enough to send word by my man when I may see you for a moment, I trust we may be able to find a way in which I can be of service to the cause. In the meantime, my dear Mrs. Jones, pray believe me,

Yours with great respect and admiration,
J. PIERCE FULLERTON.

Now Mrs. Willie Shepherd, of Boston, was known to Mrs. Jones only by reputation; but the name stood not only for great wealth but for social leadership as well. And Mrs. Jones was properly impressed. Presently her butler gave to the waiting footman a note appointing the next Wednesday evening for an interview with Mr. Fullerton.

A few moments after the hour set Mrs. Jones descended to her drawing-room. As she came in her caller turned in evident embarrassment from the cabinet before which he had been standing. The crystal door was ajar, and in his hand he held a book, gorgeously bound in blue morocco and gold.

"My dear Mrs. Jones," he stammered, "I apologize most humbly. But I, too, am a collector. And when I see such wonderful books as these I simply cannot resist the temptation to look at them."

"Oh, I really am not an expert, Mr. Fullerton," answered the flattered Mrs. Jones. "I'm glad you like the books."

"Like them!" Mr. Fullerton bowed with all the manner of a lord. "They are exquisite. I congratulate you on their possession. So many wealthy people, you know, show such wretched taste and judgment in matters of this kind. Some day you must really show me your library."

But when Mrs. Jones would have led him at once into her bookroom Mr. Fullerton interrupted. "You will pardon me, I am sure, if I postpone that pleasure," he said with another bow. "But I am anxious this afternoon to find out how I may best help in our little charity, and my time is limited. I am dining at seven with my friend, Prince von Hohenzollern, who happens to be passing through the city."

Half an hour later, after leaving a check for fifty dollars as his contribution to the emergency fund for the support of indigent cats, the elegant Mr. Fullerton insisted on taking his departure, leaving behind him also a promise to return in ten days and spend the afternoon in looking over Mrs. Jones' collection of *éditions de luxe*.

When he came in fulfillment of that engagement he brought with him a small bundle, wrapped in dark gray paper and tied with flat gray cord. With one of his most ingratiating bows he presented the package to his fluttered hostess. "I don't know whether I told you, Mrs. Jones," he said, "that I am a publisher myself in a small way. Do you happen to be familiar with that rare little thing of Antonio de Frozzi, The Cat in Literature and Art?"

Mrs. Jones untied the cord and unwrapped the paper, revealing a white and gold vellum case, fastened with a gilt clasp.

"In commemoration of our mutual interest in cats," Mr. Fullerton went on, "I have had three copies especially printed, illuminated and bound. One copy I have sent to our dear friend, Mrs. Shepherd; one I am keeping for myself, and I beg you, my dear Mrs. Jones, to add this third copy to your own collection."

He took the vellum case from her hands, unclasped it and took out a book, bound in green morocco, with conventionalized kittens, playing with cupids amidst flowers, tooled in gold upon the leather. Inside the borders of every page were illuminated with designs of kittens and roses.

"Oh, Mr. Fullerton!" Mrs. Jones burst out. "I really can't think of accepting such a magnificent book as a present."

"It is nothing," Mr. Fullerton assured her. "If I have succeeded in making something that is approved by your discriminating taste I am more than repaid."

For the next month Mrs. Jones saw a great deal of the attractive Mr. Fullerton. Once or twice she dined with him at the home of some mutual friend. She served with him on the executive boards of a couple of charities. She met him occasionally at a downtown club of literary and artistic leanings. She even called, by invitation, at his handsomely furnished office to inspect some of the marvelous *de luxe* editions that he was putting on the market. But when Mrs. Jones inquired the price of one especially gorgeous set of books Mr. Fullerton shook his head.

"My dear Mrs. Jones," he said with a cordial smile, "I make it a rule to have no business dealings with my personal friends. If you really care for that set—though, frankly, I think the books a trifle bizarre in their ornament—you must let me make you a present of it."

Mrs. Jones, of course, declined to accept such a princely gift, though she could not help being impressed with the splendid generosity of the offer.

On the next Saturday, just at noon, as Mrs. Jones was stepping into her motor in front of her banker's, the elegant Mr. Fullerton, smiling and lifting his tall hat, addressed her.

"You have been very good to me, Mrs. Jones," he said, "and just now I find, quite unexpectedly, that I have an opportunity of doing you a favor. Will you step up to my office for a moment?"

With Mrs. Jones leaning back in an easy chair in his inner office Mr. Fullerton went on: "You have heard, perhaps, of the famous Imperial Saint Godfrey Edition of Sir Walter Scott's novels?" Mrs. Jones nodded. Two weeks before Mr. Fullerton, himself, had mailed a hand-painted, silk-bound prospectus to her address. "Then you know that in the effort to make it the rarest and most magnificent gem in all the history of book-making the greatest artists in the world have been engaged for the last five years. The edition appears in one hundred and thirty-six volumes and the subscription price is one thousand dollars a volume. Only fifteen sets in all have been issued. I, personally, sold the seven sets allotted to America and I tried hard to get an extra set for a client of

mine in Milwaukee. But I was unsuccessful. The English allotment was all taken before the first volume was issued. One of my sets I sold to a New York man who has just had an upset in Wall Street. He is said to have lost all his fortune. At any rate he finds it necessary to raise money at once. Yesterday he gave me over the long distance telephone a twenty-four-hour option on the Saint Godfrey Scott at the ridiculous price of eighty-six thousand dollars for the whole one hundred and thirty-six volumes. I have also talked with my client in Milwaukee. She is still anxious to get a set at the full price of one hundred and thirty-six thousand dollars, but says it will be thirty days before she will have the money available. Within that time a batch of bonds will be paid off. She begs me to hold the books for her for a month."

Mr. Fullerton stopped and smiled in an intimate way at Mrs. Jones. "We may as well make twenty-five thousand dollars apiece, don't you think?" he asked. The lady's lips were parted and her eyes bright with interest. Mr. Fullerton pushed a slip of paper to the corner of the table. "Then, if you'll just sign this paper, Mrs. Jones, I'll close my option this afternoon and send you a draft for twenty-five thousand dollars at the end of thirty days."

The moment Mrs. Jones' pen was at the end of her signature the attentive Mr. Fullerton took it from her hand, blotted the paper she had signed, and slipped it into a drawer. Then he rose and she followed his example.

"It isn't often," he said, with one of his most gracious smiles, "that one has an opportunity so easily to do a favor to a friend. But I must not detain you longer." He bowed Mrs. Jones out into the hall and escorted her to the elevator. As the car started down he darted back to his office, closed the door and executed a triumphal dance about the room, strangely out of harmony with his prevailing dignity.

The same afternoon the handsome books in his office were packed and sent to the railroad station; a bill of sale for the furniture was signed and executed; the note for eighty-six thousand dollars, signed by Mrs. Jones, was sent by express to New York; and, in the evening, Mr. Fullerton himself took a train for Denver.

Mrs. Jones Compromises

THE next week a box from New York was delivered at the residence of Mrs. Jones. It contained the one hundred and thirty-six volumes of the Imperial Saint Godfrey edition of Scott, worth possibly twenty-five dollars a volume. When she called up Mr. Fullerton's office to inform him that the books had arrived she was told that he was out of the city. In a few weeks Mrs. Jones received notice from a Boston bank that her sixty-day note for eighty-six thousand dollars had been placed in its hands for collection. Failing, after desperate search, either to find her friend, Mr. Fullerton, or to get any clew to his whereabouts, she took the case to a lawyer. The man of law advised her that her note must be paid. The fact that it had been obtained by fraud was no protection against the claims of an innocent third party, who now held possession. Mr. Fullerton's promise to resell the books to a mythical third party, being an oral contract, could not be enforced at law. Finally the lawyer succeeded in compromising the case. He secured possession of the note by paying over sixty thousand dollars in cash, on top of which fell his own fee of five thousand dollars more.

The amiable and artistic Mr. Fullerton, in his new home at Denver, presently got a draft for fifteen thousand dollars as his share of the loot.

. . . . . .

This is not an attempt at fiction. It is a fairly accurate account of one of the methods by which rich people—a majority of them women—have been swindled out of millions of dollars in the last fifteen years. In the old days, before the trust promoters showed how easy it was to capitalize the bright blue sky, *de luxe* edition men were glad enough to take orders for Mother, Home and Heaven, in four royal octavo volumes, bound in crushed calf, enriched with steel engravings and facsimiles of the signatures of Henry W. Longfellow and John G. Whittier. They took ten dollars down and three notes for equal amounts, due in thirty, sixty and ninety days. And, when the corn crop had been especially good, it was not uncommon for one of the masters of the craft to clean up five or six hundred dollars a month. There were, of course, even then occasional geniuses who, by adopting individual methods, doubled that income and demonstrated, in a feeble way, the undeveloped possibilities of the game.

One such was the canny youth who was given the contract of unloading a limited edition of Young's Night Thoughts. His first inspiration was the inscription on the title page of the autograph of the author, who had been dead far too many years to make any effective objection. He confined his attention exclusively to men who are usually avoided by agents of less cunning and foresight. Gaining admission to the parlor of some well-to-do citizen, and first making sure that the doors were all closed and the window shades closely drawn, he assumed an air of mystery as he pulled the volume from the bosom of his frock coat. Untying the crimson ribbons that fastened the ooze leather binding and calling special attention to the hand-illumined initials and the masterly photogravures, he craftily awaited the psychological moment before putting his closing argument.

"And now, my dear sir, before, as a mere matter of form, you sign this little contract, I feel it my duty to warn you that this beautiful volume contains some very spicy reading. It should not for a moment be left where it can fall into the hands of growing boys and girls."

The signed note in his possession, he invariably made a quick getaway before the purchaser had a chance to discover that he had invested twenty dollars in a volume of rhymed meditations on religion and morality.

"Some Day You Must Really Show Me Your Library"

But it was not until the successful formation of the Steel Trust and its imitators had made a million dollars the small change of conversational prosperity that the *de luxe* edition men fairly began to realize their opportunity. Their first faltering efforts in the way of really big business were only comparatively impressive. They put out handbound and limited editions of the immortal works of T. Roosevelt at the unostentatious price of six thousand dollars a set. Shakspere and Thackeray were honored in much the same way. The *de luxe* men developed also the magnificent possibilities of having each volume signed by everybody connected with its production. Where, for instance, a book signed only by the author and publisher might be priced at one hundred dollars, the additional autographs of the head pressman, the paper-maker, and so on would at least double its value, as evidences of the painstaking and careful art that had gone toward its making.

With these successful if modest steps behind them, the leaders in the trade sprang at a single bound to an equality with mining-stock promoters and other wizards of high finance. They began to issue *de luxe* editions of the standard authors, each limited to ten or fifteen sets and priced at from one to two thousand dollars a volume. And each title, as it appears in the ordinary library editions, was split up into five or six volumes, thus demonstrating that railroad stock is not the only form of negotiable property that can be profitably watered.

How extensive has been the sale of such editions is partially indicated by the fact that the courts of almost every large city are littered with suits brought by "innocent holders" to compel the payment of purchase notes given by people who originally agreed to pay from seventy-five thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for a single set of books. And it is only a small percentage of the purchasers who ever take their troubles into court. Most of them, in their anxiety to avoid publicity, are glad to compromise by paying over in cash half or three-quarters of the contract price.

Some of the stories revealed in the court records are fairly incredible. One woman, for instance, agreed to buy an edition of Dickens in one hundred and thirty-two volumes. Only half a dozen sets were to be sold in the United States. The books were to be printed on vellum, one side of each sheet to be left blank. On the margins of each page elaborate designs were to be painted by an artist named Turner. In some strange way the purchaser got the impression that this artist was the famous Englishman, J. M. W. Turner, though, as was pointed out in court, this was a most ridiculous idea, since Turner died in 1851. The books were to be bound in hand-tooled and inlaid morocco of various colors. She was to pay something like one thousand dollars a volume—a great bargain, since they have been priced elsewhere at twice that amount. Notes were signed for the entire purchase price.

An Emergency Met

PRESENTLY the Pickwick Papers in six volumes were delivered and, a little later, two volumes of David Copperfield. Then, for some unexplained reason, the publishers decided not to put out any more books in the set. But the *de luxe* salesman was by no means inclined to give back the rest of the purchase notes and thereby lose his own exceedingly comfortable percentage. Not for nothing was he a man of genius in his line. Splendidly he rose to meet the crisis.

Five or six years ago there was a wonderful Italian artist living in Florence. Whether inspired by a pure love of freedom or by some baser motive he conceived the plan of lettering and illuminating on great tablets of parchment the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. On twenty-six tablets in all he wrought his masterpiece. With cunning skill he painted the immortal words—misspelling, by the way, a considerable number of them—and surrounded each tablet with a marvelous and gorgeous design of flowers and cupids, scrolls and shell-work. When the work was at last finished he brought it to America, persuaded that the Congress of the United States would gladly pay him a trifle of twenty-five thousand dollars and put the wonderful tablets among the archives of the government. But Congress refused. The Italian artist fell into evil days. Presently the tablets were sold to an Eastern publisher at a price said to have been two thousand dollars. And now, when the decision was reached to issue only eight volumes of the incomparable edition of Dickens, the *de luxe* salesman remembered these tablets and saw his opportunity.

Without going into the sordid details of the story, he pointed out to his sadly disappointed patron that, by the happiest chance in the world, he was in a position to put into her possession an art treasure beside which all the *de luxe* editions in the world were as nothing. Only it was necessary to act on the instant, because if ever J. Pierpont Morgan heard that those tablets were on the market it would be perfectly useless for anybody else to give them a second thought. The delighted lady gladly agreed to accept the tablets, or some of them, in the place of the missing one hundred and twenty-four volumes of Dickens. Several of them were delivered to her before she woke up, and she is the defendant in a suit brought to recover the amount unpaid on her purchase notes, which, as always, are in the hands of a perfectly innocent third party.

It is, of course, grossly presumptuous to offer advice to people who have one hundred thousand dollars which they wish to invest in a set of books. It may, however, be deprecatingly pointed out that bookmen the world over unite in regarding the first folio edition of Shakspere as one of the rarest and most valuable of all printed books. And the highest price ever paid for this chiefest treasure of the craft is twenty-five thousand dollars.

THE TARIFF COMMISSION

By Senator Albert J. Beveridge

The Downs and Ups of the Tariff Commission Idea

ILLUSTRATED BY EMLEN McCONNELL

THE preceding paper described the log-rolling methods of making our tariffs. After all the passions have been torn to tatters on the stump, after all the fury against protection or free trade, no matter which party wins, the log-rolling method writes the tariff. The Master of Deals in the successful party becomes the master of the situation.

Strange, is it not, that the progressive American people should not have ended this long ago? But never mind, for now we are getting down to the common-sense method of having experts find out the facts on which each schedule should be builded and of revising one schedule at a time, treating that schedule independently of every other. For three or four years men have been advocating these things. But they could not get attention from those who were in the most powerful and commanding positions. So the log-rolling method continued; the deal, barter and trade of schedule for schedule still wrote our tariffs; and the smoke of battle from partisan conflicts still continued to obscure the purely economic phases of this business problem.

Also see if the Record does not show this: No matter which party is "revising the tariff," there usually are votes from the other party on important items and even schedules—our tariffs are wonderfully non-partisan after all, or is not bi-partisan a better adjective? Of course the welfare of the country, the prosperity of the great majority of business men, the continued life of what economists now call the secondary industries—the primary industries are the great ones called the interests, which I have named in my first paper—could not stand this sort of thing.

Forces Arrayed Against the New Idea

SO THEY began to demand that the facts on which our tariffs are builded should be found out as carefully and as accurately as business men and manufacturers find out the facts concerning their own affairs, or as a court finds out the facts concerning a litigation that it must determine.

Everybody came to realize that Congress could not find out these facts. Congress never did find them out—never even tried to find them out, except in recent years.

The members of the Ways and Means Committee of the House, and the Committee on Finance of the Senate, who have tariff bills in charge, are in no sense experts, with two or three possible exceptions. No matter how good, able and earnest they may be, they are not trained economists; also most of them have very important work on other committees; not one of them gives the tariff any attention until the time for a revision approaches. When Congress is not in session every one of them is absorbed in his law practice, in his business deals, or in fixing his political fences. So, of course, no matter how able and willing these men are they could not do this work—a work that in other countries requires all the time, knowledge and energy of the very ablest experts that other nations can find.

It is amusing to read the hearings before these committees, far more laughable to hear them. In the first place, comparatively few witnesses come before these committees except those who want some duty kept where it is, or raised still higher; or else want lower rates, or free raw material of the kind they use in their own manufactures. These men, of course, are considering their own particular business, which is all right from their viewpoint. But what Congress ought to consider is the whole country.

It is from testimony such as this that are derived the so-called facts on which it is pretended that tariff rates are fixed. In questioning these witnesses, no doubt honest effort is made to find out the facts—but with confusing results. Also the partisanship of the questions is plain and with absurd results.

Fiscal and economic students, therefore, began to say that there must be a change of methods, that these facts must be found out by impartial, non-partisan experts specially trained for the work, who will give all their time to the work. At first not much attention was paid to this reform idea by the powerful ones; but finally it began to be urged in a concrete way. Then the party manager and politician began to treat it just as always they have treated every reform, as described in my first paper. Merely for proposing a tariff commission in my debate with Mr. Bryan on the tariff I was severely lectured by a certain "elder statesman." When I introduced the simplest kind of a bill in the Senate to establish a tariff commission, and laid the sheer facts before the Senate and the country in support of it, both were met with contempt and ridicule by certain leaders.

A little later, when the great bodies of secondary industries—such producing interests as the National Manufacturers' Association, the National Stock Raisers' Association, the National Grange and others, who had been agitating for some such relief—arrayed themselves back of this bill to create a tariff commission, wrath was mingled with sneers on the part of the politicians.

The numerous committees of earnest manufacturers and business men who came to Washington to urge the passage of a tariff commission bill were called "crazy men" by one of the most prominent of the hierarchy of reactionaries then dominant in Congress. Also it was rumored that these business men had legislative cocaine applied to them—that it was whispered to them that certain other laws which they did not want might be passed if they did not ease up their demands for a tariff commission. All the while they were laughed at and denounced—just that. They were stock for mingled abuse and jest.

Of course the reason for all this was that, at that stage, the politician and party manager saw no advantage to themselves in this reform—quite the contrary. They knew that if it ever were enacted the interests—the primary industries—which for so long had been and then were their most powerful allies would no longer have any reason to support them. And they knew that a tariff commission meant the end of log-rolling. The Master of Deals would be dethroned, and he and his trading oligarchy could no longer dispense tariff favors.

The Turning of the Tide

ALSO they imagined that, inasmuch as this reform was not favored by these great interests, it never would amount to anything. So kick and cuff, ridicule and sneer, denunciation and derision marked the first stage through which the idea of a tariff commission passed, as always is the case with every like reform. But the idea would not down.

There were the facts; there were the arguments. Neither was answered; neither could be answered. The agitation continued.

People became interested. Magazines and newspapers published articles and editorials. Supporters of the idea organized in its behalf. Pamphlets, speeches and the like were circulated first by the hundreds, then by the thousands, and then by the tens of thousands.

Still the politician and party manager resisted the reform. The Presidential campaign drew on. Many candidates were in the field. A powerful body of business men hoped to get platform declarations or at least some emphatic approval of a tariff commission from the various candidates for the Presidential nomination. But candidates were wary. The Congressional leaders were openly hostile.

So the reform did not get into any political platform—this greatest of issues in the present campaign was ignored by platform builders. The Republican convention ignored it. The Democratic convention was oblivious to the idea—it did not appear to know that such a reform was in the people's minds. No matter. If the tariff commission idea did not get into party platforms, it already had got into the minds of the people. The necessity for it was in the elements of the situation. And so it moved steadily forward, gathering strength in the numbers and earnestness of its supporters.

Finally came the tariff session. At the beginning of that now historic session of Congress hardly anybody favored a tariff commission. Those who sat in the seats of the mighty were savagely opposed to it for the reasons already given; the greater number of Representatives and Senators, who merely follow where these puissant ones lead, were against it as a matter of course—they did not argue about it or reason about it—they were just against it. But the developments of that session changed all this.

Certain men with the modern habits of study and inquiry began to ask for information. These men were in

the Senate—for the same kind of men in the House had no opportunity, under the rules of the House, to ask much of anything. This request for information was made in good faith. The information was not furnished. This seemed a strange thing even to many of the disciples of the leaders in that body, who, nevertheless, were earnest men and had not yet entirely closed their ears and eyes.

A good many men, therefore, began to study the economic side of the tariff question who had never studied the tariff question in that way before. Others searched incessantly and painfully for the facts. These facts thus found were stated in the Senate. Sometimes they were violently disputed, but no authority or evidence was given for disputing them. More often they were merely ignored. Few counter facts were adduced. The lords of the ancient régime usually cried "Insurgent"—that was supposed to be enough to answer any prayer for information or crush any fact. Finally, repeated attempts were made to muddy the waters so as to make it appear that one man's word was as good as another's.

Then even those Senators who had been against a tariff commission, but who were sincere, earnest men, and not members of the nucleus of the combination—those Senators began to say to one another: "This thing cannot go on; we have got to have these facts found out by experts." Thus a very rapid conversion to the idea of a tariff commission began to be made. It was made with even greater rapidity when Congress began to hear from the country; for throughout the nation the sheer good sense and reasonableness of this reform were making converts to it by the hundreds of thousands for every one convert that was made to it in the Senate.

Thereupon the attitude of the politicians and party managers began to change. And even before this had come about, right at the beginning of the session, some of the more wily of the managers of Congress thought it might be well to grant a little bit to this demand—for well they knew, if trusting Senators did not, that they could dispose of what little they granted when the bill got into the Conference Committee's hands.

The Provision Edited by Mr. Aldrich

HAVING introduced a bill for a full-fledged tariff commission two years before this, and having made all the fight I could for it, it fell to me to urge some action. At the beginning of the session it seemed worse than hopeless to pass even a moderate, full-fledged tariff commission bill; so several provisions were drafted—all far short of the tariff commission itself, but still giving a pretty broad and comprehensive authority and power. All were rejected except the following:

To secure information to assist the President in the discharge of the duties imposed upon him by this section, and information to aid Congress in tariff legislation and the officers of the Government in the administration of the customs laws, the President is hereby authorized to appoint such persons as may be required to make thorough investigations and examinations into the production, commerce and trade of the United States and foreign countries, and all conditions affecting the same. Said persons shall have the power to take testimony, administer oaths and compel the production of books and papers.

Senator Aldrich would not agree that the President should appoint these experts, and insisted on substituting for the word "appoint" the word "employ." This does not appear to amount to much, but it will be found to amount to a good deal if the need to use the distinction ever arises. Also he absolutely would not agree to give these experts power to examine witnesses or to compel the production of books and papers, and therefore the last clauses were stricken out. So the provision, as it finally passed the Senate, was as follows:

To secure information to assist the President in the discharge of the duties imposed upon him by this section, and information which will be useful to Congress in tariff legislation and the officers of the Government in the administration of the customs laws, the President is hereby authorized to employ such persons as may be required to make thorough investigations and examinations into the production, commerce and trade of the United States and foreign countries, and all conditions affecting the same.

This provision passed the Senate as a part of the tariff bill. It was not much, but it was something; it was a beginning of this greatest of business reforms. And we knew that once the reform was under way nothing could stop it. But we reckoned without considering what the Conference Committee would do with it.

Just what is this Conference Committee that we hear so much about? What are its functions and powers? When a bill has passed both House and Senate, if there is any difference between the bill as it passed either house, the house to which it is returned with modifications can do one of two things: It can agree to the bill as it passed the other house, or it can disagree and ask for a conference.

For example, the tariff bill first passed the House, where, under the Constitution, all tariff bills must originate. It then came to the Senate. In the Senate it was amended—so greatly amended that the measure when it went out of the Senate became known as the "Senate bill." As thus amended it went back to the House. The House could either concur in the Senate amendments, which would pass the bill, or the House could disagree with the Senate amendments to the House bill and ask the Senate for a conference between the two houses. This latter was done in this case.

Then the House and Senate each appoint conferees. These conferees are known as the Conference Committee. They are appointed in the House by the Speaker, in the Senate by the Vice-President; also they are always appointed from the committee having the bill in charge—in the case of the tariff bill, the House conferees were from the Committee on Ways and Means of the House, and the Senate conferees were from the Finance Committee of the Senate. Both political parties are represented on this Conference Committee, a majority being of the majority party and the minority of the minority party. In the case of the tariff bill, of course the majority of the conferees of both Senate and House were Republicans, and the minority Democrats.

The Commission Clause Killed in Conference

THE object of a conference on any bill is to settle the difference between the two houses—to adjust the amendments that one house has made to the bill of the other house. This Conference Committee cannot change in any way any particular provision or section of a bill in which there is no difference between the two houses—that is, where this section or provision was precisely the same when it passed both houses. But if one house adds a new provision the Conference Committee can either agree to this provision, or agree to part of it, or change it, or strike it out altogether. In the case of tariff rates, if one house fixes one rate and the other house another rate, the Conference Committee can agree to either of these rates, or to any rate between the two; but the committee cannot go either above or below the two differing rates.

It will be seen, therefore, that the Conference Committee is vested with large powers in cases of differences between the two houses, especially where new language or provisions are added; because in the latter case they can strike out the new language altogether, or modify it, or make new language of their own covering the same subject. If these conferees of the two houses cannot agree, as often is the case, they report their disagreement to the House and the Senate; then either the House or the Senate may recede, or send the bill back to conference with instructions for the conferees to try it again—to put a parliamentary matter in popular language. This very frequently is done. But it was not done in the case of the recent tariff bill.

When finally the conferees representing the two houses have reached an agreement they state this agreement to each house in the form of a conference report, signed by these conferees. This conference report, of course, constitutes the bill in its final form. It is the conference report which, if passed, becomes the law. Neither house can amend this conference report in any way. It must be agreed to or disagreed to as a whole. No matter how much a Senator or a Representative may approve of some parts of a bill as presented in a conference report, if that report contains other provisions that he disapproves of, no matter how outrageous he may think them, he nevertheless must vote for or against the whole measure.

What was it, then, that the Conference Committee did with the tariff commission provision which we succeeded in getting through the Senate? You perceive that what the Conference Committee did with it is as important as it is possible for any piece of legislation to be. Well, then, this is exactly what the Conference Committee did do to this tariff commission provision which we got through the Senate. Remember that all of the members of the Conference Committee were opposed to any kind of a tariff commission whatever, as was every one of the leaders in both houses, without exception. Also at this time every Democrat in both houses, excepting only Senator Newlands, of Nevada, and Senator Culberson, of Texas, was opposed to any kind of a tariff commission—hostile to the entire idea of having the tariff examined by experts.

The Conference Committee first struck out these words: "information useful to Congress in tariff legislation"; so as expressly to forbid by this negative action any authority even to gather information for the use of Congress in building tariffs. Can you think of anything funnier than that—Congress refusing "information useful to Congress in tariff legislation"? To make it absolutely certain that these persons should be denied authority to collect any information even for the use of the President in making his recommendations to Congress, the Conference Committee struck out the following words: "to make thorough investigations and examinations into the production, commerce and trade of the United States and foreign countries, and all conditions affecting the same."

Thus our poor little provision was utterly destroyed. As it came back to us in the form of the conference report—which is the tariff bill as it became a law—the original was reduced to this provision:

To secure information to assist the President in the discharge of the duties imposed upon him by this section, and the officers of the Government in the administration of the customs laws, the President is hereby authorized to employ such persons as may be required.

That there might be no doubt about the purpose of the Conference Committee, Senator Hale, perhaps the most powerful member of that committee next to Senator Aldrich, declared repeatedly upon the floor of the Senate in open debate, and with the most emphatic emphasis, that the Conference Committee struck these words out of the provision for the express purpose of denying to these persons "employed" by the President any power of any kind to collect any sort of information for the use of Congress in tariff legislation, to make any kind of investigation or to do any manner of work a tariff commission should do. The Record shows that Senator Hale said that this was the deliberate intention of the Conference Committee; that they did it openly and that they were unanimous.

Republican Leaders Scared Into Line

THUS were the beginnings of the foundation of a tariff commission, which we thought we had got into the bill, blasted into fragments by dynamite cunningly laid by the most powerful leaders of both branches of Congress. Thus the bill became a law and went before the country. But the storm of protest against certain indefensible provisions of it grew in strength. This storm came from the great masses of protectionists more than from any other source—they felt that certain schedules discredited protection.

Simultaneously the movement for a tariff commission gained in power and insistence. New bodies of business men organized in its behalf, in addition to the ones who so long had fought for it. Then it was announced that the persons whom the law authorized to the President to "employ," to assist him in the administration of the maximum and minimum section, were in reality to be a tariff board. It was said that the language of the law, even though the Conference Committee had stripped it of all authority as well as of all power, nevertheless admitted of a construction by which these persons could go ahead and do some work.

But business men and ordinary citizens could not see where the authority or power lay. Neither could Senators or Representatives who favored the idea. Also they recalled Senator Hale's statements of the purpose of the Conference Committee in cutting the heart out of the provision. The matter was submitted to lawyers. These lawyers said that there was not the slightest vestige of authority in the law for doing any work that a tariff commission should do.

So it came to the last session of Congress. By this time the leaders were considerably concerned. The tariff commission idea now represented hundreds of thousands of votes; also there had to be some winning issue; and kick against it as they would, there did not seem to be any other issue in sight that was actually in the minds of the people excepting the issue of a tariff commission. But how could it be arranged to give the President's "employees" some authority, so that they actually could begin

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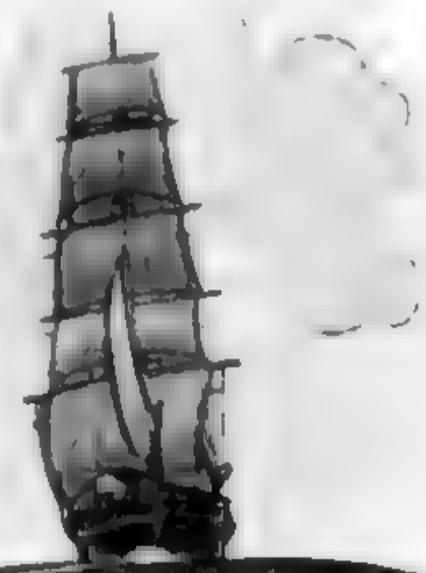

STRIKING OIL

By Walter V. Woehlke
ILLUSTRATED BY P. V. E. IVORY

COÖPERATION AMONG THE CALIFORNIA PRODUCERS

In July Dirt Was Flying on the Pipe Line

CALIFORNIA entered the ranks of the important oil-producing states in 1900. In that year California supplied crude petroleum to the amount of four million barrels, of forty-two gallons each, selling for a dollar per barrel. The newly discovered oil fields, tucked away in the southern corner of the state's great central valley, were swimming in streams of oil and money. Farmers left the plow, lawyers the bar, miners the shaft, to go out into the bare, sizzling foothills and bring in a gusher. New million-dollar companies were organized by the dozen every week and the din of the boom was driving the sheep from the dry, unfenced ranges.

Three years later California produced twenty-four million instead of four million barrels. In 1903 six times the oily wealth of 1900 was spouting out of the ground, but despite the new gushers the boom was dead, smothered in a sea of oil. In it floundered the creators of the boom, up to their noses in the black fluid, barely able to breathe, and the battered hulks of million-dollar concerns covered the shore. Upon the placid surface of the black sea Standard Oil and Southern Pacific were fishing complacently.

Few other oil fields in the Western Hemisphere have shown as startling a rise in production as the California territory between 1900 and 1903. In three years twenty million barrels were added to the annual supply—and the price dropped from a dollar to fifteen cents a barrel, and even lower for the bulk of the production. No other field ever received such a staggering blow below the belt of living prices. The natural law of demand and supply administered the punishment, and the lack of transportation facilities from the new fields finished the job. With a narrow, undeveloped market for the oil and no means to get it to the consumer except an inadequate number of tank cars, the rapid rise in production was bound to depress the price and the producer. It did. When the year 1903 came to an end the unhappy producers were groaning in chorus.

How Clever Work Put Up Prices

BETWEEN 1907 and 1909 California's annual oil production again increased by twenty million barrels. During the beginning of the present year the southern end of the San Joaquin Valley once more was drenched in streams of crude petroleum. Again the transportation facilities were unable to handle the soaring output. A single new well swamped a pipe line with a daily capacity of twenty-six thousand barrels, forced it to suspend operations when every cubic inch of storage space at either end was overflowing with the one well's oil. Consumption could not keep up the pace set by the new wells, and the producer once more found the oil rising to the danger mark.

But he did not flounder. Despite the overwhelming flood of oil, despite the inability of pipe lines, railroads and markets to absorb all of the output, the price did not go to smash. Tenaciously it hovered around the fifty-cent mark, held there by the united efforts of the independent producers, who succeeded in obtaining a fair price in the face of adverse circumstances by the most remarkable example of coöperation the oil industry has ever seen.

Coöperation of the producers to maintain the price of crude petroleum at remunerative figures is not new in the oil fields of the United States. In the Eastern fields scores of such attempts have been made to give the producers a voice in the determination of the rate their oil was to bring. For years the state of Texas has wielded the official cudgel on behalf of the producers against the Standard Oil Company. Kansas and Oklahoma likewise have endeavored, with more or less beating of the tom-tom and spectacular spotlight effects, to assist the producer in his fight for better prices, but the only lasting results have been obtained by the producers of the San Joaquin Valley in California. The legislature of the Golden State did not help them. They asked for no assistance. Quietly, almost unnoticed by the general public, they organized. Step by step, with consummate strategic skill, they pushed the price of crude petroleum up from ten cents until it reached sixty-three cents a barrel. Today the Independent Oil Producers' Agency holds the balance of power in the California oil situation. The independent producers have demonstrated conclusively their business and fighting ability, their sound judgment and their power of cohesion. They no longer rely upon the octopus and its affiliations as the only buyers of crude oil. The coöperative pool has a pipe line and tank steamers of its own. It is marketing its oil through its own selling organization, and by these acquisitions it has moved into a position favorable to ultimate success in the war for independence.

The Infant Prodigy Which Supplied Five and a Half Million Barrels the First Four Months of its Life

Getting Black Oil to Market

WHEN the Lord made the country beyond the Rockies, about sundown on the sixth day, He found that He must work in mass effects, must leave out the delicate details, the finely balanced touches, if the task was to be finished in time. With a lavish hand He scattered ranges of high mountains, vast plateaus, broad valleys, filling them at haphazard with precious metals and minerals. But His supply of coal had run low; His store of light oil was almost gone. So He poured into the region of crude, uncouth strength great masses of heavy, black oil, hiding it well in the arid soil. Men, upon sudden riches bent, found this black, heavy oil and cursed their luck. Light stuff, petroleum that would furnish a high percentage of kerosene in the refineries, was their desire. Instead, they tapped the hidden pools of petroleum that was nearly liquid asphaltum. They experimented with the liquid, heated it, atomized it in a jet of steam and found that it would take the place of the rare, expensive coal under the boilers. These first finds and experiments were made in southern California, around Los Angeles, thirty years ago. The southern fields never felt the blight of ten-cent oil. With the big consumption in cities right at the mouth of the wells, with the waterfront only a few miles distant over down-grades, and with a production barely sufficient for the home market, the producers always received living prices.

No such home market was available when, in 1900, the development of the mighty fields began in the San Joaquin Valley, three hundred miles from San Francisco, shut off from tidewater and from the rest of the world by a continuous rim of mountains and deserts, open only at the northern end. Unless the population of the valley could be induced to adopt crude petroleum, the bulk of it

between twelve and twenty degrees gravity on the Baumé scale, as a summer beverage, there was small immediate demand for it. The railroads, though burning oil on the passenger runs, were slow to change all their equipment from coal to oil. Like other large users of coal they had small faith in the permanency of the oil supply coming from the new boom fields, a faith so extremely small that the Southern Pacific welcomed the oil excitement chiefly because it stimulated the demand for its sections of dry land at two dollars and a half an acre, at which price the railroad gladly parted with thousands of acres worth today from one to five thousand dollars apiece.

The Standard Oil Company appeared as a large purchaser—at rock-bottom prices—but even these purchases were but a drop out of the bucket overflowing with oil. Isolated in a far-away corner of the state, hemmed in by mountains, with a narrow market and still narrower outlet, with an irrepressible production and a sagging price on their hands, the producers found neither aid nor hope wherever they turned until they realized that their fate was in their own hands. This realization spurred them into action.

The result was the Associated Oil Company, a corporation with a soul and a capital stock of forty million dollars, organized in 1901 for the purpose of improving the condition of the suffering producer by uniting all the oil properties of the new fuel-oil fields under one central management. Into the Associated came some forty companies and individuals representing about seventy per cent of the production of the Kern River and McKittrick fields, the principal oil districts of Kern County—a very respectable showing. They came in filled with the hope of finding relief from the malnutrition of fifteen-cent oil by united action in selling, by procuring pipe lines and tank ships, and by carrying the gospel of fuel oil up and down the Pacific Coast to the coal-using heathen, for the ultimate benefit alike of producer and consumer. Hopefully they handed over the properties, taking stock certificates in the Associated Oil Company in return, pooling their stock in order to have the control of the company vested for a long term of years in the hands of the board of directors elected by them.

The Railroad to the Rescue

THE corporate experiment in coöperation for the uplift of crude-oil prices proved a failure, largely because of the corporation's soul. Having exchanged twenty-five millions of its dollar shares for the oil properties of its forty-odd members, the company needed real money to carry out the transportation and gospel end of the program, and real money refused to be dragged into apparently hopeless oil ventures. At this psychological moment the Southern Pacific threw out a golden tow-rope in the form of an offer to buy ten million shares and large quantities of oil. The management, rather than see the Associated Oil Company drift into the financial shoals close ahead, picked up the rope. Thereafter the Associated Oil followed in the wake of Southern Pacific, whose chief counsel, W. F. Herrin, is today the president of the oil corporation.

As the builders intended, the Associated Oil became the rival of Standard Oil in the oil trade of California. It built pipe lines, storage tanks and tank steamers, but not for the purpose of aiding the producer. It made contracts to furnish many million barrels of oil to the railroads and other large consumers, but the price offered the producer did not rise. Bound hand and foot, the owners of the wells seemed helpless. Did they seek to sell their oil directly to the consumer, they ran full-tilt into the cheap transportation by pipe lines enjoyed by the Associated and Standard Companies, into the snag of secret rates and rebates which enabled Standard Oil to snap up the best long-term contracts for fuel oil at prices less than the freight rate paid by the producer. And what business the independent producer did manage to obtain despite all obstacles he lost through his inability to guarantee prompt deliveries. A chronic shortage of tank cars prevailed in the oil fields, at least when the independent producer needed the cars to get his oil to the consumer. Neither Standard Oil nor Associated Oil suffered from this shortage. For them the supply of cars was always sufficient, and, as a result, they gradually procured the largest share of the business. One independent company turned over to Standard Oil sixty-three live contracts for fuel oil which it could not fulfill because it could not get the tank cars to ship the oil. During 1904 the independent producers of the Kern River field were able to obtain but five per cent of the tank cars shipped out, while Associated headed the list with forty-five per cent. With practically a monopoly of transportation facilities the two dominant factors could force the producer either to shut down or to accept what they offered. They offered eleven and two-thirds cents a barrel in 1904 when the actual cost of production, without allowing for depreciation or interest on the investment, exceeded ten cents a barrel.

This penny pittance thrown into the hat of the humble producer roused the ire of the oil men, turned their thoughts

The Oil Prospectors Once More Scurried Over the Barren Slopes

from drilling and water problems and focused their attention upon the battle cry raised in the hot, dusty streets of Bakersfield by W. D. Young, a tall, lank Virginian with pensive eyes and drooping mustachios, who admonished the oil men in season and out to get together, organize and hold out for living prices.

Young and a few others called a meeting of the producers to discuss coöperation plans. A baker's dozen attended, but what that meeting lacked in numerical strength it made up in grit, fighting ability and determination. Out of that meeting grew the Independent Oil Producers' Agency of Kern River, with an initial membership of less than thirty small producers.

Though the amount of oil controlled by the Agency was relatively small, the pool was leak-proof. There was but one way to get at the pooled oil, and that way led through the wide-open front door of the Agency's office. The back door was locked and the key thrown away. It was of no use tempting the individual members with offers exceeding the Agency price to break away from the pool. They couldn't. When they came into the Agency they agreed solemnly to turn over their entire production for a period of five years to the pool, the Agency to have sole control of the sale of the oil at the highest price obtainable. Similar agreements had been made many times in the history of the country's oil industry, but the pools always leaked until they were empty. This pool, however, was built out of double-riveted steel plates with an outer wall of reënforced concrete, the method of construction having been borrowed from the raisin growers of Fresno County, just to the north of the oil fields. On joining the pool every member signed a lease transferring his oil property to the Agency for a period of five years, the Agency licensing him to operate his wells so long as he lived up to all the conditions of the agreement and turned his oil into the common pool. Should he listen to the siren song of the octopus, should he neglect to keep his production up to the minimum amount prescribed in the agreement, the Agency not only had the right to pump the wells and take the oil, but it might also, if necessary, drill new wells upon the backsliding member's land to bring the production to the required amount. The Agency was to sell the pooled oil for as much money as possible and divide the proceeds, less the actual selling expenses, among the producers contributing to the pool in proportion to the amount of oil delivered by each member.

A Unique Organization

AN IRONCLAD agreement of this character was a necessity, even though it conferred vast discretionary powers for good or evil upon the executive officers of the Agency. To guard against a possible misuse of this power George W. Lane, the attorney of the producers, evolved an internal organization that makes the Agency perhaps the most peculiar, most democratic corporation ever chartered. Only one share of stock was issued to each member, whether that member operated a hundred wells upon square miles of land or whether he owned but five acres and one well. A board of directors in the usual meaning of the word was dispensed with, each stockholder becoming a director having an equal voice and vote with every other stockholder in the management of Agency affairs. By virtue of this democratic organization the election of the executive officers was participated in directly by all the members regardless of property qualifications, the vote of the smallest producer counting just as much as the vote of the largest. Reaching over into progressive Oregon the oil men borrowed the referendum and the recall as a further safeguard of democracy. Should a suspicious motion or resolution be passed at any meeting of the directors, one-third of those present could demand that the action in question be held in abeyance until the next meeting of the directors for investigation. Under the by-laws any officer, agent or employee could be instantly dismissed at the pleasure of a majority of the stockholders, who also were given the right to call extraordinary meetings of the directors. Should a member prove to be an undesirable citizen, he could be ejected forthwith, for upon the back of every stock certificate issued the owner has to give the Agency a perpetual option on his share, an option that may be taken up at any time. Thus safeguarded against dissension, mutiny and treason from within, against chisel, crowbar or dynamite from without, the undersized fighter jumped into the oily fray. All these precautions would have availed it nothing, though, had it not possessed the true spirit of coöperation, a spirit that made it unnecessary, in a strenuous career of six years, ever to employ any of its weapons against either officers or members.

Despite its diminutive proportions the Independent Producers' Agency could not be downed by its powerful antagonists. Held together by the lease clause, cemented into a compact body by the spirit of coöperation, the organization clung to its oil and would not deliver a pint of it at the prevailing offers of less than twelve cents for forty-two gallons. It gained its point. Low prices had practically stopped new development, the demand was catching up with production, and the big distributors needed the

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Lord Stranleigh, Philanthropist

In Politics—By Robert Barr

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS

LORD STRANLEIGH, rarely very exuberant, nevertheless maintained a calm, equable cheerfulness that made him exceedingly companionable. Cynical people said: "Why shouldn't he be cheerful, rolling in millions?" But it has been authoritatively stated that wealth does not bring happiness, though it is difficult to meet a man who really believes it. The aforementioned cynical people were wont to remark that nothing could disturb Stranleigh's equanimity except a wrinkle in his trousers, or a coat that set badly at the shoulders. In this they were wrong, because at times a Scotchman could seriously interfere with his poise. Indeed, Stranleigh once remarked that he believed in the good qualities of Scotchmen as much as he believed in Providence, never having seen either.

The dour Peter Mackellar, who was compounded of many virtues, often got on Stranleigh's nerves, and when Alexander Corbitt was in one of his more obstinate moods he could depress Stranleigh away below zero.

Stranleigh entered the large smoking-room of the Camperdown Club with the eager joyfulness of a man who had made an unexpected discovery and wanted to talk about it; but after quarter of an hour's conversation with Corbitt he laid down his half-smoked cigar on the ash-tray and, leaving his glass untasted, rose to his feet.

"All right, Corbitt," he said. "Don't worry any more about it. Sorry I inflicted my stupidity upon you. Forgive me. Good night," and the young man who, fifteen minutes before, had entered with light step retired, a walking picture of dejection.

A wry smile twisted Corbitt's lips, but he said nothing. Behind Corbitt, in an easy, leathern armchair, reading his evening paper, sat a venerable gentleman with ruddy face and snow-white hair and whiskers. He seemed to be a typical English country gentleman, who enjoyed a good meal and sound wine. As the conversation between Corbitt and Stranleigh went on, animated at first so far as the latter was concerned, the old gentleman's paper sank to his knees. He rested his white head on the padded back of his chair, and quite openly listened to the talk, an ever-increasing smile lighting up his face. The old man was Sir George Selwyn, founder and supposedly chief shareholder of Selwyn's Bank, of which the crusty Corbitt was manager. When Stranleigh had disappeared Sir George said quietly:

"Alexander, turn your chair around this way. I have been listening to your conversation, and I wish to make some comments on it."

The usually impassive Corbitt promptly obeyed, but on this occasion could not conceal that he was startled. Sir George was about the only man on earth he deferred to, as Selwyn, being president of the bank, held Corbitt's commercial life in his hands. Sir George, however, had shown his confidence in Corbitt, and even his liking for him. It was through his influence that the younger man had been admitted into this rather particular club. Sir George, still smiling, said:

"Do you know the last line of one of Browning's most difficult verses, which G. K. Chesterton shows to be one of the simplest ever written, and confounds us all by the explanation?"

"I have no idea what you mean, Sir George."

"Why, I thought you Scotch were a poetical people! It's the verse about fishing the murex up, and it ends: 'What porridge had John Keats?'

"It crossed my mind, as I listened to you and Stranleigh, that Chesterton shows how easy it is to make us all seem stupid and ignorant. You made Stranleigh look rather a fool."

"Well, Sir George, he exasperates me sometimes by asking questions that any urchin on the street could answer."

"'What porridge had John Keats?'" mused Sir George. "That question takes on a new meaning for me. Porridge is a kind of granular food, I understand, softened by heat and moisture, much favored in the north."

"Because of its cheapness," snapped Corbitt.

"I dare say; and there is oatcake. I tried it once at a pinch, while on a shooting excursion. It was about as hard as cast iron and as delicious as baked sawdust. Now, you were brought up on these two foods."

"I admit it," said Corbitt; "and I am proud of it."

"Yes, a man has a right to be proud of such endurance; but did you ever suspect that something of the oatcake may have got into your nature?"

"It is quite possible. I hope so."

Sir George laughed.

"I see I can make no impression on you, so let us talk about Stranleigh, and about long-headed wisdom, supposed to be a Scottish quality. You have known Stranleigh for some time?"

"Yes."

"Do you always treat him as you did tonight?"

"Oh, I have had many a pleasant conversation with Stranleigh."

"Pleasant for him?"

"I hope so."

"Do you think him at all revengeful?"

"I don't exactly know what to think of him. Sometimes he seems to be a blithering idiot, and at others merely an ignorant ass."

The tolerant old man smiled inscrutably.

"I doubt your judgment and I deplore your diplomacy. If he happens to be quietly vindictive, I shouldn't like to be you. Stranleigh is the real owner of Selwyn's Bank."

Even stolid Corbitt looked aghast at this information.

"He can turn me out of the presidency whenever he wishes to do so. Judge, therefore, how insecure is your position."

Corbitt's firm jaw snapped shut; then he said sharply:

"He can have my resignation tomorrow if he wants it."

Sir George laughed heartily.

"He doesn't want it, my belligerent manager. I think all he desires from you is a little civility when he asks elementary questions. With so much money in his possession, Stranleigh's chief difficulty is the finding of reasonably safe investments. He came to me some months ago to seek my advice and to make a proposal. You must not suppose there was any surreptitious buying of stock in the bank. He arranged with me before he purchased a single share. I am to be president while I live, or until I resign. When I quit the presidency Stranleigh has determined that you shall succeed me. He has great confidence in you.

"One—Two—Three—Four—Five—"

"Now, Corbitt, speaking in a cautious, Scottish way, as Stranleigh can turn us both out into the street at any moment he wishes to do so, don't you think it would be wise on our part to answer very civilly whatever questions he asks, even if the subject is politics, which I know you detest?"

"Sir George, I have always thought you the wisest man in London, and now I am sure of it. Not because Stranleigh has the power to dismiss me, but through the fact that he is a very decent fellow, I shall take care in future to speak him fair. But here he comes, quite recovered from his depression. I hope he won't discharge me before I have time to make amends."

Stranleigh advanced toward the corner where the president and manager of Selwyn's Bank sat confronting one another, both watching his approach. There was no trace of resentment on the young nobleman's face. He greeted Sir George with great deference, then turned with a twinkle in his eye upon Corbitt.

"Alexander," he said, "I have returned to enjoy an intimate chat with you on the subject of radium."

"Radium!" cried Corbitt in amazement.

"Yes; there are seventeen questions regarding radium that I wish answered."

"Well, you've come to the wrong shop, my lord. I don't know the first thing about radium."

"That is at once astonishing and gratifying. It is astonishing that any branch of knowledge is unknown to you, and it is gratifying that you will be unable to look down upon me from the lofty pinnacle of scientific knowledge."

"I was just being lectured by Sir George here on my deficiencies. I don't think you can better his censure, but there's no harm in trying."

"My dear Corbitt, I shouldn't venture to censure you. I merely happened to meet Sir William Ramsay in the library, and he was extremely kind to me, settling some points about radium that I never understood before. But there is a deeper mystery than radium, which perhaps Sir William could have solved, yet I didn't like to ask him, so I kept the question for you."

"All right; fire away. I'll answer it if I can."

"The mystery is, why should Sir William be so polite and courteous?"

"Why shouldn't he be?"

"Because, Corbitt, he was born in Glasgow, Scotland."

Sir George Selwyn laughed so heartily that Corbitt finally joined him. Stranleigh went on seriously.

"I came here, Sir George, to consult with Corbitt anent my political duty during the coming election."

"And I," said Corbitt, "refuse to be consulted about a thing that doesn't exist."

"What doesn't exist?" demanded Stranleigh.

"Your political duty. You haven't any political duty, except to keep out of the fight. You might have voted in the House of Lords, but you won't have even that political duty to perform until after the election. The moment the writs are issued you daren't even open your mouth on the political situation. You must not write a letter to a candidate, and it is a criminal offense if you try to influence an elector concerning his vote. You just attempt any political duty, Lord Stranleigh, before the last poll is declared, and you may find yourself in one of his Majesty's prisons."

"Is that true, Sir George, or is he just chaffing me?"

"True enough, Stranleigh. Until after the election you are politically the most helpless of human beings."

"You amaze me!" exclaimed Stranleigh. "I gathered through reading the newspapers that I was trampling under foot the liberties of the free-born voters of this country; that I represented nobody, yet throttled the nation, and therefore must be swept away."

"I Suspect, My Lord, That Age is Interfering With My Hearing"

"I believe," said Sir George, "that rather accurately states the condition of things; but if I were you, Stranleigh, I shouldn't worry, and especially do I advise you not to take any steps toward the defense of your order. I think a peer, defending the House of Peers, does more harm than good. The best plan for one in your lordship's position is to keep quiet. You have the consolation of knowing that the greatest Liberal statesman of the last century, the Right Honorable W. E. Gladstone, made no impression on the House of Lords, so I should say that this job lot of politicians is not likely to succeed where he failed."

"Oh, you mistake my point of view entirely, Sir George," replied Stranleigh, rising in his eagerness and pacing up and down before him. "I favor the abolition of the House of Lords."

"What!" roared Corbitt in amazement.

Old Sir George held his open hand behind his ear.

"I suspect, my lord, that age is interfering with my hearing. Would you mind repeating that sentence?"

"I favor the destruction of the House of Lords as a branch of legislation."

For a few moments there was silence, then it was Corbitt who spoke.

"I must confess," he said, "that I view politics entirely from a banker's standpoint. I think as a banker and I vote as a banker. I am opposed to turmoil and change. The House of Lords has served us very effectually for a number of centuries, and although doubtless the peers have made mistakes it is also true that upon occasion they have gauged the popular will with more accuracy than Mr. Gladstone himself. As long as I am manager of Selwyn's Bank I'm against any tinkering with the Constitution. All such meddling is bad for business. I'm a banker first, and a politician a long way to the rear."

"I quite agree with you, Alexander," said Sir George solemnly.

Stranleigh looked from one to the other in perplexity.

"The trouble with this club," he said, "is that its members are all of one opinion, therefore an ignorant man like myself cannot learn the other side of any question."

"My dear Stranleigh," said Corbitt, "you've been having both sides of radium, I understand."

"And of banking," said Sir George, nodding at the manager.

"My own theory," said Corbitt, "is that there are never two sides to a question. There can't be, although a lot of fools pose as fair-minded people and pretend to be impartial when they're merely inane. To every question there is but one right side, and practical men do not waste time in looking at any other. In a political problem the side that makes for increase of business and stability of business is the right side."

Sir George signified his approval.

"It must be comfortable to feel as sure of anything as you do, Corbitt," said Stranleigh. "If I take an opposite view about the House of Lords, my view must be wrong, I suppose?"

"Of course."

Stranleigh walked over to a writing-table, penned a few lines on a sheet of club paper, and returned.

"Corbitt, get that put in legal form, and I'll sign it. It gives Sir George Selwyn and yourself complete control of Selwyn's Bank. Thus you see any political vagaries of mine shall not be allowed to intrude themselves into the directors' room."

"Politically, what do you intend to do?" asked Sir George, gravely.

"I shall endeavor to assist the party opposed to the House of Lords."

"Yes; but how?"

"I thought at first of resigning my seat in the House of Lords, and getting adopted as a candidate by some constituency for the House of Commons; but I am told that is impossible."

"Quite. A peer or a felon cannot enter the Commons."

"An imbecile is also prohibited," interpolated Corbitt; "so even if Stranleigh could shake off his peerage he is still barred from the suffrages of his countrymen."

Stranleigh laughed good-naturedly at this gibe on the part of the manager, who had evidently forgotten the warning given by the venerable president.

"I dare say I sha'n't do very much," said Stranleigh, unperturbed. "I am too lazy. I'll try a few speeches, and when they stop me I'll contribute to the party funds."

"I've already told you that when the real speechifying begins you'll be compelled to turn off the tap of your eloquence. Mum's the word for a peer after the writs are issued. As to contributing, you need to be even more careful. The Corrupt Practices Act bristles with difficulties for an amateur philanthropist. Better consult a good solicitor, well versed in parliamentary law, before you exercise undue lavishness."

"Thanks, Corbitt, I will, and good night to you both. I must get home early and cogitate over this crisis."

The two men remained silent for some time after the young earl had taken his departure. It was Sir George who spoke first.

"There," he said, "goes the greatest danger to the Conservative party."

"Oratory or cash?" Corbitt asked Sir George with fine sarcasm.

"Oh, his oratory will amount to very little one way or another. But just imagine if he filled the war-chest of the Radicals with one million, two million or three million pounds? He could do it without feeling the loss, and the amount judiciously expended would sweep the reformers in by an overwhelming majority, merely by organization, paid stump speakers, and thousands of motor cars on election day; all without in the least infringing on your Corrupt Practices Act."

"What an appalling prospect! Long and favorably as I have known Stranleigh, I should follow him now and sandbag him. By Jove, I'll do it!" continued Corbitt, rising suddenly.

"Do what?" cried Sir George in alarm.

"I'll sandbag him."

"Nonsense, nonsense," warned Selwyn. "Sit down, Corbitt. Don't you become as mad in one direction as Stranleigh is in another."

Corbitt laughed.

"I'm afraid, Sir George, you do not understand the ethics of the sandbag. If you hit a man on the head with a

Stranleigh Planted a Well-Directed Blow Square Between the Eyes

sledge-hammer, you fracture his skull and kill him. The sandbag breaks no bones. It merely knocks the victim insensible, and then you can do what you please with him. He never knows what struck him. Now, watch me sandbag Stranleigh without leaving this room."

The manager crossed over to the writing-table at which Stranleigh had sat a few minutes before. He wrote a letter and addressed an envelope, then returned to his chief, who awaited him with anxious face.

"Lester Brent," explained Corbitt, "is by way of being a friend of mine. I have done him one or two good turns in business, and he believes a banker has no politics. He is chairman of the Government Elections Committee. Now, read my truthful letter to him:

Dear Brent: With a general election pending, do not get alarmed at receiving a letter from an Opposition Club, but treat this communication as private. You know I do not meddle in politics, but a piece of information came to my knowledge tonight which I think you ought to have, for it may be very important. I have reason to believe that Earl Stranleigh of Wychwood is about to take as active a part in the coming contest as the law will allow. His almost fabulous wealth invests him with enormous power. I dare not do more than give you a hint, which is that classic quotation to the effect that you should distrust the Greeks even when they bring gifts.

Keep your eye on Stranleigh, and you may be able to trip him up.

Ever yours,

A. C.

"Ah!" murmured Sir George. "Your object is to sow suspicion in the minds of the Government party."

"Certainly. When you add that little mustard-seed to the already enormous mass of distrust against the Lords, if he were the Angel Gabriel himself poor Stranleigh could not persuade Brent he was on their side. Thus do I sandbag his lordship, who will never know who or what struck him."

A few minutes later the letter was on its way to the general post-office, and, being marked "Personal," was duly delivered to Lester Brent himself.

Meanwhile, Stranleigh lost no time in setting his machinery in motion, and in this was ably assisted by his secretary, Blake, who proved an indefatigable worker and had the advantage of former experience, first as a journalist, and second as secretary to a Member of Parliament.

Stranleigh brought a fresh and original mind to bear upon politics. He realized that instant action was necessary if he meant to deliver a number of speeches before the issuing of the writs. Even with the help of Blake he could not spare the precious hours necessary to inform himself on the situation and to write out speeches, so he hit upon the unique idea of buying his discourses ready-made. Blake undertook the task with never a doubt that he would be successful. Professional orators are notoriously short of money. The seasons when they can reap gold are few and far between, so Blake, having had dealings with the tribe in the days of his Parliamentary secretaryship, assured Stranleigh that no difficulty would be met, and that he would keep his lordship's name out of the deal.

"I'll buy the speeches for myself," he said, "just as I would purchase a column article on a current subject for a daily paper. I'll pay cash to the author, and make him sign over the copyright to me."

Blake hired a taxicab by the day, and called personally on all the stump speakers for the Government side then in London. He could not have chosen a better time for the purchase of eloquence, and the gratified orators themselves offered every assistance, presenting him with addresses which otherwise he would have had difficulty in obtaining. Many noted speechmakers had come up from the Midlands, from the North of England, and from Scotland, to receive at headquarters their final instructions for the fray, and the energetic Blake raked them in. Several of these would not accept ready money, but insisted on checks, which they wished to send home.

Blake, wise in his generation, would not sign checks, so a compromise was made with money orders. He returned to Stranleigh House that night a very tired man, but there were twenty-one speeches in his possession, together with assignments making over the copyrights to the young secretary. If well begun were half done, Stranleigh's political career had opened most auspiciously; but the phrase "half done" has more than one meaning, as Stranleigh was to learn next morning.

Ever since Corbitt's letter came into the hands of those responsible for the anti-peer campaign, Lord Stranleigh, his capable secretary, and even the dignified Ponderby, his lordship's valet, had been under strict espionage. The moment Blake developed his plan to the first man, that man, after listening and catching the drift of the scheme, apparently aided the secretary by supplying the addresses of numerous orators, but after Blake's departure there was quick work on the telephone. Headquarters was informed, and from there went out instructions to the whole list of those likely to be called on by Stranleigh's agents.

Next morning the anti-peer newspapers spread over their pages and over Britain the news of the "vile plot," as they called it. Signboard headlines, in the largest type, in the blackest ink, blazoned the conspiracy of money to all the world. The headquarters staff of the anti-peer party completely misapprehended Stranleigh's intention. They never guessed that he purposed to deliver one or other of the speeches, but credited him with the foolhardy attempt to create an anti-peer corner in eloquence by purchasing from the speakers the copyright in their lectures. The true villainy of the intrigue was made manifest when the newspapers explained the drastic nature of the Copyright Act.

If any public man who had sold the copyright in a speech used even a single sentence of that speech while addressing an audience, he was liable to prosecution. This practically sealed the mouths of twenty-one speakers,

(Continued on Page 65)

LITTLE CONSERVATIONISTS

By ENOS A. MILLS

TWENTY-FOUR years ago, while studying glaciation on the slope of Long's Peak, I came upon a cluster of eight beaver houses. These crude, conical mud huts were in a forest pond far up on the mountainside. In this colony of our "first engineers" were so many things of interest that the fascinating study of the dead Ice King's ruins and records was indefinitely given up in order to observe Citizen Beaver's works and ways.

The industrious beaver builds a permanent home, keeps it clean and in repair, and beside it stores food supplies for winter. He takes thought for tomorrow. These and other commendable characteristics give him a place of honor among a horde of homeless, hand-to-mouth folk of the wild. His picturesque works give a charm to the wild and are helpful to ourselves. His dams and ponds have saved vast estates of soil, have checked many a flood and helped to equalize stream-flow.

A pile of granite boulders on the edge of the pond stood several feet above the water-level, and from the top of these the entire colony and its surrounding interests could be seen. On these I spent days observing and enjoying the autumnal activities of Beaverdom.

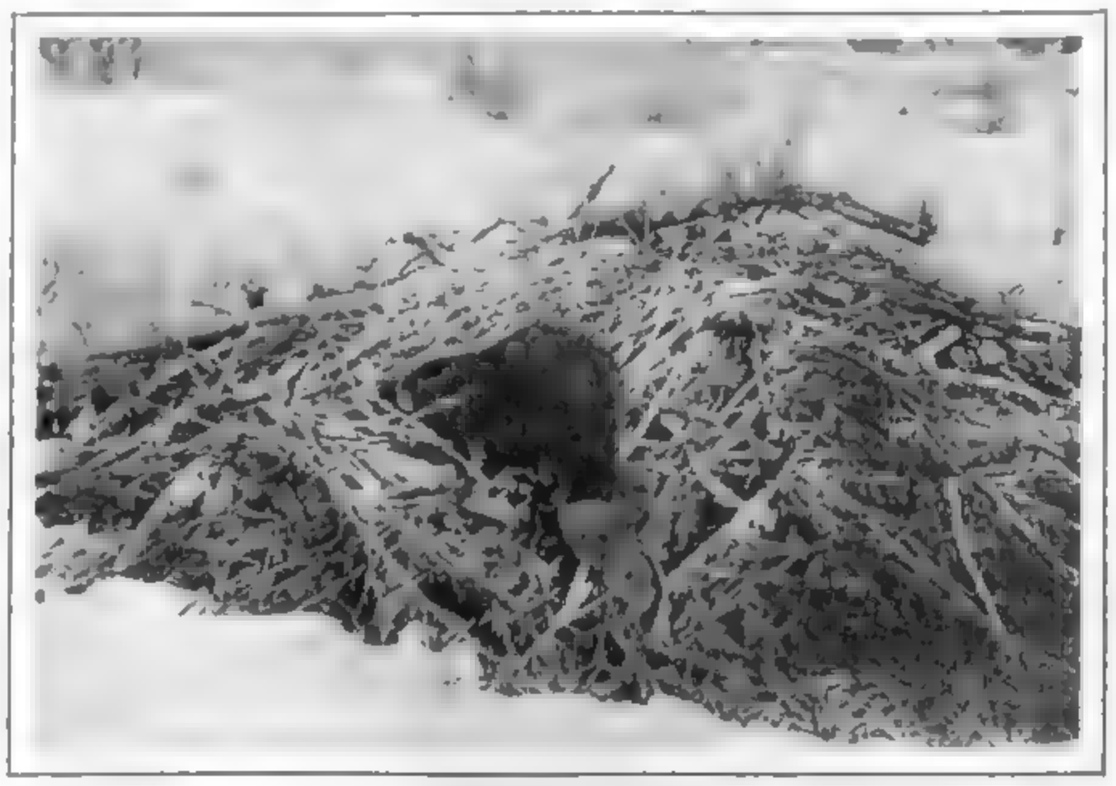
It was the busiest time of the year for these industrious folk. General and extensive preparations were now being made for the long winter amid the mountain snows. A harvest of scores of trees was being gathered; work on a new house was in progress, while the old houses were receiving repairs. It was a reflective autumn day when I came into the picturesque village of these primitive people. The aspens were golden, the willows rusty, the grass tanned and the pines were purring in the crisp air.

The colony site was in a small basin amid morainal débris at an altitude of nine thousand feet above the sea-level. I at once christened it the Moraine Colony. The scene was utterly wild. Peaks of crags and snow rose steeply and high above; all around crowded a dense evergreen forest of pine and spruce. A few small swamps reposed in this forest, while here and there in it bristled several gigantic windrows of boulders.

The Day's Work at Moraine Colony

A RAGGED belt of aspens surrounded the several ponds and separated the pines and spruces from the fringe of water-loving willows along the shores. There were three large ponds in succession and below these a number of smaller ones. The dams that formed the large ponds were willow-grown, earthy structures about four feet in height, and all sagged down stream. The houses were grouped in the middle pond, the largest one, the dam of which was more than three hundred feet long. Three of these lake dwellings stood near the upper margin, close to where the brook poured in. The other five were clustered by the outlet, just below which a small, willow-grown, boulder-dotted island lay between the divided waters of the stream.

A number of beavers were busy gnawing down aspens, while others cut the felled ones into sections, pushed and rolled the sections into the water, and then floated them to the harvest piles, one of which was being made beside each house. Some were quietly at work spreading a coat of mud on the outside of each house. This would freeze



A Young Beaver at Home

and defy the tooth and claw of the hungriest or the strongest predaceous enemy. Four beavers were leisurely lengthening and repairing a dam. A few worked singly, but most of them were in groups. All worked quietly and with apparent deliberation, but all were in motion, so that it was a busy scene. "To work like a beaver!" What a stirring exhibition of beaver industry and forethought I viewed from my boulder pile!

At times upward of forty of them were in sight. Though there was a general coöperation, yet each one appeared to do his part without orders or direction. Time and again a group of workers completed a task and without pause silently moved off and began another. Everything appeared to go on mechanically. It produced a strange feeling to see so many workers doing so many kinds of work effectively and automatically. Again and again I listened for the superintendent's voice; constantly I watched to see the overseer move among them—but I listened and watched in vain. Yet I feel that some of the patriarchal fellows must have carried a general plan of the work, and that during its progress orders and directions that I could not comprehend were given from time to time.

The work was at its height a little before midday. Now it is rare for a beaver to work in daylight. Men and guns have prevented daylight workers from leaving descendants. These not only worked but played in daylight. One morning for more than an hour there was a general frolic, in which the entire population appeared to take part. They raced, dived, crowded in general mixups, whacked the water with their tails, wrestled and dived again. There were two or three play-centers, but the play went on without intermission, and as their position constantly changed, the merrymakers splashed water all over the main pond before they calmed down and in silence returned to work. I gave most attention to the harvesters, who felled the aspens and moved them bodily, or in sections, by land and water to the harvest piles. One tree on the shore of the pond, which was felled into the water, was eight inches in diameter and fifteen feet high. Without severing even a limb it was floated to the nearest harvest pile. Another about the same size, which was procured some fifty feet from the water, was severed into four sections and its branches cut off; then a single beaver would take a branch in his teeth and drag it to the water, and then swim with it to a harvest pile. However, four beavers united to transport the largest section to the water. They pushed with forepaws, with breasts and with hips. Plainly it was too heavy for them. They paused. "Now they will go for help," I said to myself, "and I'll find out who the boss is." But to my astonishment one of them began to gnaw the piece in two; the second began to gnaw down another aspen, while the other two cleared a narrow way to the water. Good roads and open waterways are the rule, and perhaps the necessary rule, of beaver colonies.

I was impatient to have a close view of a beaver cutting down a tree, and at last one came prospecting near where I was hidden. After a prolonged period of repose and possibly reflection he rose, gazed into the treetop, as though to see if it were entangled, then put his forepaws against the tree, spread his hindlegs, sat back on his extended tail—and took a bite from the trunk. Everything in his actions suggested that his only intention was to devour the tree deliberately. He did most of the cutting from one side. Occasionally he pulled out a chip by leaning backward; sometimes he pried it out by tilting his head to the horizontal, forcing his lower front teeth behind it, then splitting it out by using his jaws as a lever. He was a trifle more than an hour in felling a four-inch tree; just before it fell he thudded the ground a few times with his tail and ran away.

The Beaver Family Burned Out

I BECAME deeply interested in this colony, which was situated within two miles of my cabin, and its nearness enabled me to be a frequent visitor and to follow closely its fortunes and misfortunes. About the hut-filled pond I lingered when it was covered with winter's white, when fringed with gentian's blue and while decked with the pond lily's yellow glory.

Ruin befell it before my first visit ended. One morning, while watching from the boulder pile, I noticed an occasional flake of ash dropping into the pond. Soon smoke scented the air, then there came the awful and subdued roar of a forest fire. I fled, and from above the timberline watched the stormcloud of black smoke sweep furiously forward, bursting and closing to the terrible leaps of red and tattered flames. Before noon several thousand acres

The Beaver House—Forty-One Feet in Circumference. Photograph Taken May 12, 1909

The Enlarged House—Sixty-Three Feet in Circumference. Photograph Taken December, 1909

of forest were dead, all leaves and twigs were in ashes, all tree trunks blistered and blackened.

The Moraine Colony was closely embowered in a pitchy forest. For a time the houses in the water were wrapped in flames of smelter heat. Could these mud houses stand this? Next morning I went through the hot, smoky area and found every house cracked and crumbling; not one was inhabitable. Most serious of all was the total loss of food supply.

Would these energetic people starve at home or would they try to find refuge in some other colony? Would they endeavor to find a grove that the fire had missed and there start anew? The intense heat had almost consumed every fibrous thing above the surface. The piles of garnered green aspen were charred to the waterline; all that remained of willow thickets and aspen groves were thousands of blackened pickets and points—acres of coarse charcoal stubble. It was a dreary, starving outlook for my furred friends.

I left the scene to explore the entire burned area. After wandering for hours amid ashes and charcoal, seeing here and there the seared carcass of a deer or some other wild animal, I came upon a beaver colony that had escaped the fire. It was in the midst of several acres of swampy ground that was covered with fire-resisting willows and aspens. The surrounding pine forest was not dense and the heat it produced in burning did no damage to the scattered beaver houses.

From the top of a granite crag I surveyed the green scene of life and the surrounding sweep of desolation. Here and there a sodden log smouldered in the ashen distance and supported a tower of smoke in the still air. A few miles to the east among the scattered trees of a rocky summit the fire was burning itself out; to the west the sun was sinking behind crags and snow; nearby, on a blackened limb, a southbound robin chattered volubly but hopelessly.

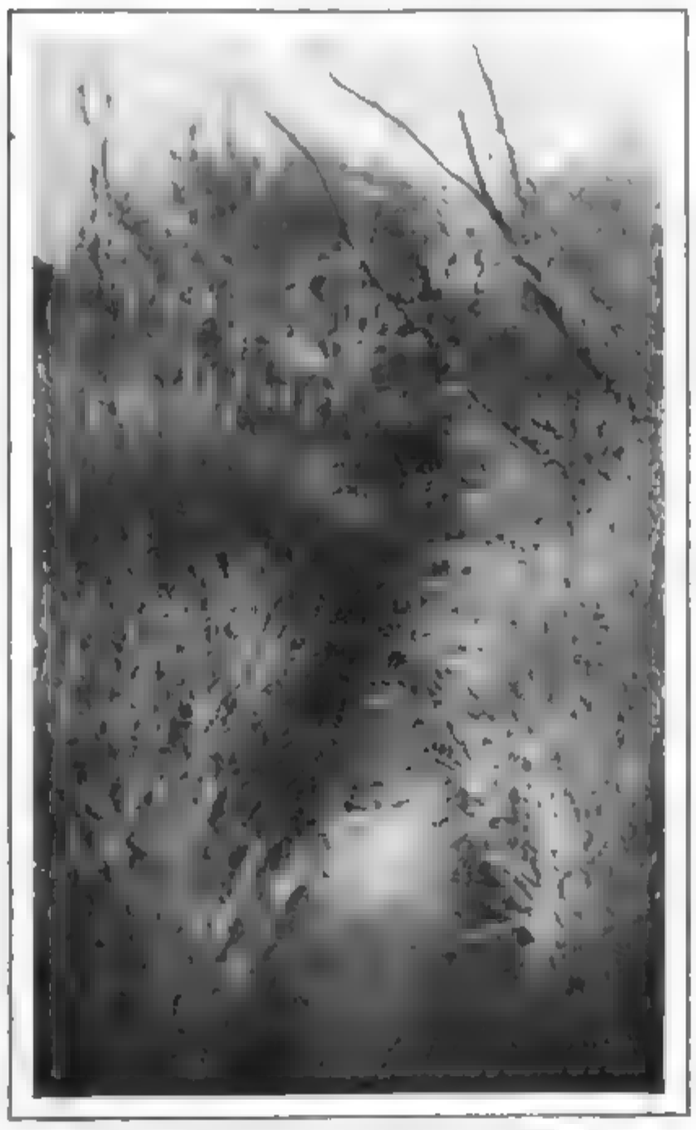
While I was listening, thinking and watching, a mountain lion appeared and leaped lightly upon a block of granite. He was on my right, about one hundred feet away and about an equal distance from the shore of the nearest pond. He was interested in the approach of something. With a nervous switching of his tail he peered eagerly forward over the crown of the ridge just before him, and then crouched tensely and expectantly upon his rock.

A pine tree that had escaped the fire screened the place toward which the lion looked and from which something evidently was approaching. While I was trying to discover what it could be, a coyote trotted into view. Without catching sight of the near-by lion he suddenly stopped and fixed his gaze upon the point that so interested the crouching beast. The mystery was solved when thirty or forty beavers came hurrying into view. They had come from the ruined Moraine Colony.

Refugees In Temporary Quarters

I THOUGHT to myself that the coyote, stuffed as he must be with the seared flesh of fire-roasted victims, would not attack them; but a lion wants a fresh kill for every meal, and so I watched the movements of the latter. He adjusted his feet a trifle and made ready to spring. The beavers were getting close; but just as I was about to shout to frighten him the coyote leaped among them and began killing.

In the excitement of getting off the crag I narrowly escaped breaking my neck. Once on the ground I ran for the coyote, shouting wildly to frighten him off; but he was so intent upon killing that a violent kick in the ribs first made him aware of my presence. In anger and excitement he leaped at me with ugly teeth as he fled. The lion had disappeared, and by this time the beavers in the



The Colony Canal Dug by the Beavers

front ranks were jumping into the pond, while the others were awkwardly speeding down the slope. The coyote had killed three. If beavers have a language, surely that night the refugees related to their hospitable neighbors some thrilling experiences.

The next morning I returned to the Moraine Colony over the route followed by the refugees. Leaving their fire-ruined homes they had followed the stream that issued from their ponds. In places the channel was so clogged with fire wreckage that they had followed alongside the water rather than in it, as is their wont. At one place they had hurriedly taken refuge in the stream. Coyote tracks in the scattered ashes explained this. But after going a short distance they had climbed from the water and again traveled the ashy earth.

Beavers, like fish, commonly follow water routes, but in times of emergency or in moments of audacity they will journey overland. To have followed this stream down to its first tributary, then up this to where the colony in which they found refuge was situated, would have required four miles of travel. Overland it was less than a mile. After following the stream for some distance, at just the right place they "turned off," left the stream and dared the overland dangers. How did they know the situation of the colony in the willows, or that it had escaped fire, and how could they have known the shortest, best way to it?

The morning after the arrival of the refugees work was begun on two new houses and a dam, which was about sixty feet in length and built across a grassy open. Green cuttings of willow, aspen and alder were used in its construction. Not a single stone or a handful of mud was used. When completed it appeared like a windrow of freshly-raked shrubs. It was almost straight, but sagged a trifle downstream. Though the water filtered freely through, it flooded the flat above.

As the two new houses could not shelter all the refugees it is probable that some of them were sheltered in bank tunnels, while room for others may have been found in the old houses. That winter the colony was raided by some trappers; more than one hundred pelts were secured and the colony left in ruins and almost depopulated.

The Moraine Colony site was deserted for a long time Eight years after the fire I returned to examine it. The willow growth about the ruins was almost as thrifty as when the red fire came. A growth of aspen taller than one's head clung to the old shore lines, while a close seedling growth of lodge-pole pine throve in the ashes of the old forest. One low mound, merry with blooming columbine, was the only house ruin to be seen.

The ponds were empty and every dam was broken. The stream, in rushing unobstructed through the ruins, had eroded deeply. This erosion revealed the records of ages, and showed that the old main dam had been built on the top of an older dam and a sediment-filled pond. The second dam was on top of an older one still. In the sediment of the oldest—the bottom pond—I found a spear head, two charred logs and the head of a buffalo. Colonies of beaver, as well as those of men, often are founded upon sites that have a tragic history. Beavers, with Omar, might say:

When you and I behind the veil are past,
Oh, but the long, long while the world shall last,

The next summer, 1893, the Moraine site was resettled. During the first season the colonists put in their time repairing dams and were content to live in holes. In autumn they gathered no harvest, and no trace of them could be found after the snow; so it is likely that they had returned to winter in the colony from whence they came. But early in the next spring there were reënforced numbers of them at work establishing a permanent settlement. Three dams were repaired, and in the autumn many of the golden leaves that fell found lodgment in the fresh plaster of two new houses.

Why Beavers Build Dams

MOST beaver dams are built on the installment plan—are the result of growth. As the pond fills with sediment, and the water becomes shallower, the dam is built higher and, where conditions require it, longer; or, as is often the case, it may be raised and lengthened for the purpose of raising or backing water to the trees that are next to be harvested. The dams are made of sticks, small trees, sods, mud, stones, coal, grass, roots—that is, combinations of these. The same may be said of beaver houses For either house or dam the most convenient material is likely to be used. But this is not always the case; for the situation of the house, or what it or the dam may have to endure, evidently is sometimes considered, and apparently that kind of material is used that will best meet all the requirements

Most beaver dams are so situated that they are destined earlier or later to accumulate sediment, trash and fallen leaves, and become earthy; then they will, of course, be planted by Nature with grass, willows and even trees. I have seen many trees with birds' nests in them standing on a beaver dam; yet the original dam had been composed almost entirely of sticks or stones.

Why do beavers want or need ponds? They have very heavy bodies and extremely short legs. On land they are slow and awkward and in the greatest danger from their enemies—wolves, lions, bears and wildcats; but they are excellent swimmers, and in water they easily elude their enemies, and through it they conveniently bring their harvests home. Water is necessary for their existence, and to have this at all times compels the construction of dams and ponds. *(Continued on Page 31)*

His Dams and Ponds Have Saved Vast Estates of Soil

Trees Felled by Beavers

THE PEER'S PROGRESS

V

By J STORER CLOUSTON

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

LORD FOTHERINGAY looked moodily at his two counselors. He had advanced but a brief stage further in his progress since we saw him last—about three minutes further, in fact. The counselors had just found time to exchange a few murmured confidences.

"I suppose it would be safer," said Sir Waterbury.

"Certainly, sir," Mr. Grimes whispered emphatically; "the sooner he does it the better."

Sir Waterbury raised his voice kindly yet authoritatively.

"Herbert, my boy," he said, "it is far from my intention to hurry you, but about proposing to Lady Feodora now—ah—there's no object in putting it off longer than one can help; eh?"

"Her ladyship having so many other admirers," put in Grimes suavely.

"Precisely—precisely; her ladyship having so many other admirers. One doesn't want to be a day too late; eh, Herbert?"

Herbert looked extremely serious.

"I'm going to meet her tonight at the Arlinghams'," he observed.

"Capital!" said his uncle. "You'll pop the—er—question tonight, then?"

Herbert walked to the end of the room and back; he seemed a little nervous.

"Propose to Lady Feo tonight? I say, you know, it's rather a funking job. If I felt a little more passionate I wouldn't mind it so much."

"Passion is not at all a good thing to propose on," said Grimes in a comforting voice. "Really, my lord, I assure you, champagne is infinitely more reliable."

My lord shook his head doubtfully.

"Fizz would do first-rate for some girls, but Lady Feo wants things deuced trickily done."

"Pooh, tuts!" said his uncle genially. "All a girl wants is the main point put in intelligible English."

"But should I be intelligible?" objected Bertie.

"My dear boy, nobody suggests that you should be—ah—er—what shall I say?—boozy."

Mr. Grimes shuddered delicately.

"Excuse me, sir, but the peerage are never 'boozy.' A trifle 'fresh' is the utmost length we go in our circles."

Lord Fotheringay himself seemed less sensitive.

"Oh, I know what Sir Waterbury means; but the fact is, people expect such a devilish lot of me. Dead sober, I'd funk it; dead drunk, of course, I'd be no use at all; and the difficulty is how to hit off the happy mean."

"Would a letter, my lord, be easier?" suggested Grimes, with a flash of inspiration.

"By gad!" exclaimed Bertie; "that's a good idea! Of course, on general principles, I suppose one shouldn't put that kind of thing on paper. I remember dear old Algie havin' to scootle to Spain because he would insist on writin' out his emotions; but this is a gee of a different color. Yes, b' Jove, I'll write!"

"Excellent!" said Sir Waterbury cordially. "Put a fresh nib in his lordship's pen, Grimes—a gold nib."

"What!" said Bertie with a start, "d'you want me to write now—this very instant as ever is?"

"'Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today.' That's the way my own fortune was made, Herbert."

Lord Fotheringay hesitated for an instant, and then threw himself impetuously into a chair before his writing-desk, exclaiming: "In for a penny, in for a pound!"

"A good many pounds in this case," smiled his uncle.

Bertie picked up his pen, jabbed the new pen into the ink and wrote fluently: "Dear Lady Feo." At that point he paused, and then turned to his counselors.

"Come on. You've landed me in this; you've got to help me. What next?"

"'I love you,'" suggested Grimes with apologetic suavity.

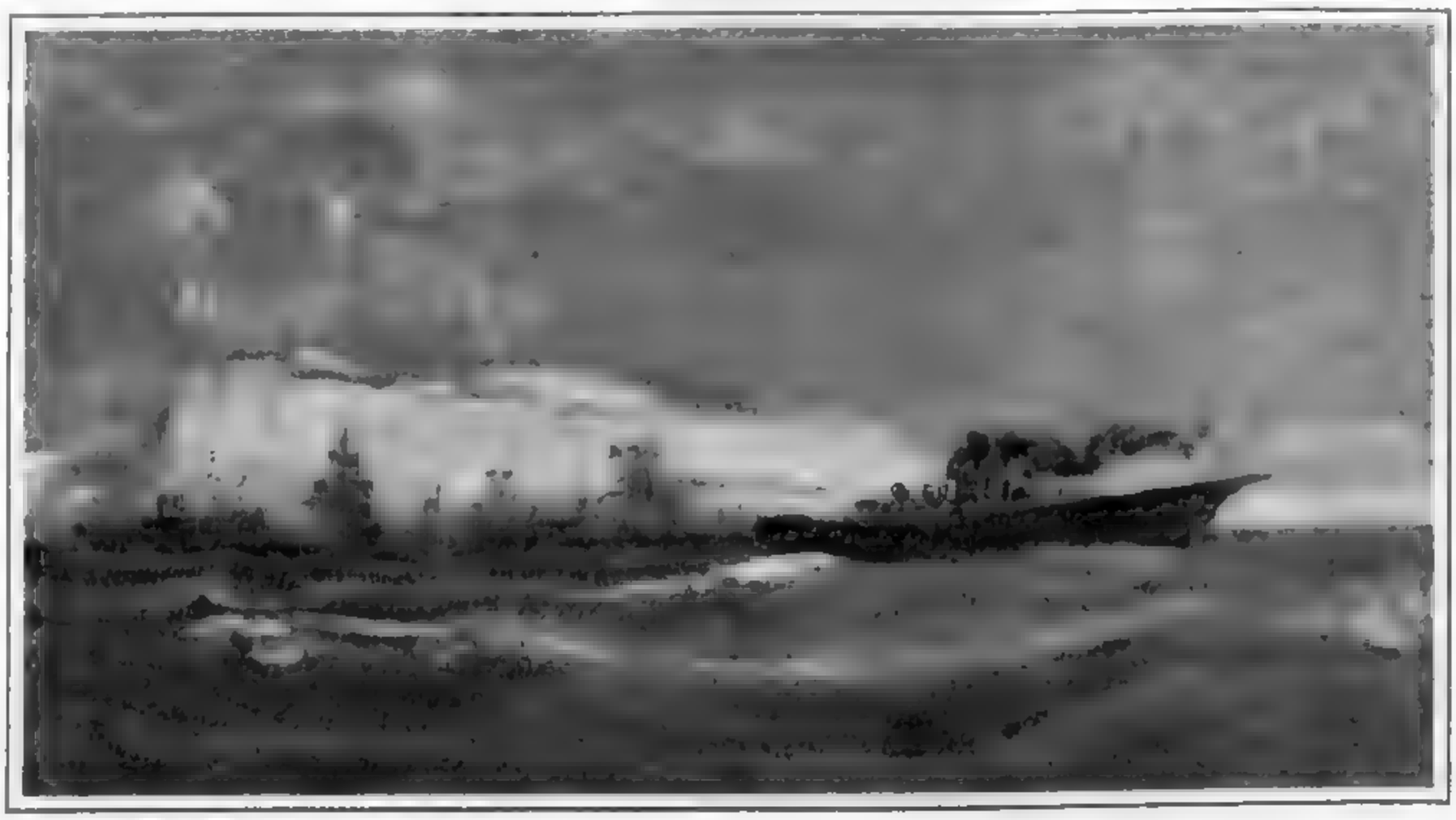
Lord Fotheringay frowned.

"Hang it, Grimes! I must draw the line somewhere. I could honestly give her any one of the other arguments."

"I quite sympathize, my lord," said Grimes gently. "Love should be a spice for the savory, not a gravy for the joint."

Sir Waterbury grew grave.

"Grimes," he said sternly, "I will have no suggestion of immorality in connection with the sacred function of marriage." Grimes smiled pleasantly.



"Pardon me, Sir Waterbury, but isn't that sentiment somewhat Early Victorian? I was about to add, my lord," he continued, "that I fear it will be necessary to employ either 'I love you,' or some equivalent phrase. The ladies seem to like it."

Bertie had been gazing abstractedly into space. Suddenly he held up his hand.

"Hush!" he said; "I've got an inspiration."

About five minutes passed in breathless silence, and then with a satisfied air he announced:

"I think I've dodged the lovin' difficulty all right. What do you say to this:

"'*Dear Lady Feo:* I wish to marry you. Awaiting your reply. Yours sincerely,

'FOTHERINGAY.'

"Neat and to the point; what?"

His counselors glanced at one another dubiously.

"Very up to date, my lord," said Grimes encouragingly. "Quite telegraphic, in fact."

"Yes, that's the notion in our set; no beastly formalities. We've even got an idea for doin' away with takin' off your hat to a lady. Much smarter, don't you know, just to give a nod and say 'Hullo, hullo!' and get on to something more amusing."

Sir Waterbury began to grow fidgety.

"Yes, yes, very interesting, Herbert; but let us take one thing at a time. I must say, personally speaking, that I think a love letter ought to be a trifle more—ah—ornate than that, even in the smartest circles."

Bertie turned to his tutor.

"What do you say, Grimes? You've probably had the readin' of a good few letters of this sort."

Grimes smiled with deprecatory significance.

"I am not entirely unfamiliar, my lord, with the species of effusion in question—as it is composed in the highest circles; and if your lordship will pardon me I agree with Sir Waterbury that your *billet-doux* errs a little on the chaste side."

"H'm!" said Bertie.

His uncle glanced over his shoulder.

"You say 'I wish to marry you.' Shouldn't it be 'I want to marry you,' eh?"

"Well, perhaps," Bertie admitted.

"I think 'I long to marry you' would, perhaps, be more in keeping with his lordship's disposition," suggested his other counselor. "It exaggerates really very little."

"That is certainly an improvement," said his lordship, dipping his pen. "In fact, 'long' is a deuced useful word."

His uncle studied the amended sentence.

"Ought you not to insert the words 'very much' before 'long,' Herbert?"

"Well——"

"'Ardently' would suit his lordship's methods, sir."

"My very expression, Grimes! I've often used it."

He made this alteration, too, and read out:

"'I ardently long to marry you.'"

The counselors looked, one over either shoulder.

"That is very well for the first sentence," said Sir Waterbury; "but the second—h'm—'Awaiting your reply.' Shouldn't it read: 'Anxiously awaiting your reply'?"

"Possibly," said Bertie.

Mr. Grimes smiled pleasantly.

"'Impatiently awaiting' describes his lordship very happily—as a rule."

"It describes me devilish happily."

"Impatiently" was inserted.

"And I think," suggested his uncle, "that I should be almost inclined to say 'Awaiting your esteemed reply'"

"Or his lordship might fancy 'adored.'"

"I do," said his lordship; "I think it's uncommon succulent. 'I ardently long to marry you. Impatiently awaiting your adored reply. Yours sincerely.' That do?"

"It errs on the short side, Herbert."

"But haven't I explained that's the way we do things? If I wrote any more she'd be bored halfway through. You agree with me, Grimes?"

"Knowing what we do about the lady's feelings, my lord, I think it is sufficient. It is not as if we had to do much angling, so to speak."

"That is all very well," persisted the alderman, "but I must confess that 'Yours sincerely' sounds lukewarm."

"'Yours impetuously' would cover both points," said Grimes. "It would explain, so to speak, the brevity and produce a very decidedly amorous impression."

Lord Fotheringay nodded his emphatic approval.

"Grimes," he said, "I'll retain you in my service. One never knows when a job of this sort will turn up. I'd better make a fair copy now. It would look more lifelike."

"And then, my lord, we could have it expressed to her ladyship at once. She would get it as she was dressing for dinner and very probably discuss it with her maid—who is entirely in our interests. In fact, my lord, I might send that young person a little note on my own account explaining the situation. She could then lead up to a confidential conversation as she is doing her ladyship's hair."

"A very sensible notion," said Sir Waterbury heartily. "Lady Feodora will then be in a position to accept you when you meet her tonight."

Bertie looked at his uncle with a sobered air.

"Good Lord, I'll probably be engaged in a few hours! That ought to make a fellow think of his sins."

"Yes, my lord," his valet agreed; "just at first one is apt to regret the happy days of yore, so to speak. But that feeling will wear off."

"Come," said Sir Waterbury, "get through your business first, Herbert. You can sentimentalize about it afterward. Copy out your note and let Grimes express it."

Grimes still glanced over his master's shoulder.

"Not too neatly, my lord," he suggested. "A slight appearance of agitation would be more in keeping with the text. A blot, perhaps, at that point, my lord, don't you think? That is exactly what I meant; very pretty indeed, my lord. The signature bold, yet hurried, suggesting a gentleman determined to have his way and have it immediately. Your lordship has expressed my meaning precisely. Thank you, my lord; I will dispatch it at once."

Bertie fell back in his chair.

"Now the great thing is to keep one's tail up," he sighed.

. . . . . .

In the small hours of the morning Lord Fotheringay came down the steps of a brilliantly lighted mansion and jumped

into a cab. He lay back in his seat, a cigar between his fingers, and tried to think calmly. Was he the happiest man in the world, or wasn't he? As he recalled the scent of Feo's flowers, and the admiration in her eyes, and the waist that permitted his arm to encircle it without resistance, he felt inclined to think he was. He remembered exactly how she looked when they exchanged their first glances and he knew she had come prepared to surrender.

"I felt deuced pleased with myself," he reflected. "That shows I must have been keener than I thought."

And how gracefully she had given him her decision when at last he had got her into a quiet corner! She didn't whisper as he had half expected and as most textbooks indicated a lady should; but then the "Forty" never did anything exactly like ordinary people. Her method was smarter beyond a doubt. He heard every word of her reply most distinctly, and her smile was positively brilliant. In fact, the emotion she unquestionably must have felt was only indicated by the very slightest rise of color. Then he remembered that they were sitting under a lamp with a red shade, and wondered whether that accounted for it. If so she was a miracle of self-control, keeping her love in hand like that! Bertie himself had been quite nervous—had to clear his voice before he could speak, and that sort of thing; yet he hadn't been properly in love until he found himself engaged.

"She did go to my head then," he confessed. "It shows one never knows how one really does feel."

By this time he was in Piccadilly; if, indeed, this silent and deserted road, bordered all down one side by high green trees, and nothing moving in its whole length but his cab and a string of vegetable-laden wains, could really be the Piccadilly of broad noon. The day had broken calm and pearly gray, and suddenly as they passed the wains his heart gave a leap. On one side, the leaves against the morning sky; on the other, these men and horses with country mud still on their feet; between them his thoughts were snatched away and carried to the quiet places where flowers and vegetables grew. The face of quite a different girl sprang into his memory. Regardless of the fact that he was now an engaged man it persisted in staying there till his wounded pride recalled its owner's gibe and turned it out. Then he began to wonder whether, after all, he was the happiest man alive.

He let himself quietly into his flat and perceived a light still burning. A moment later his valet appeared, suave as if it were three in the afternoon.

"Hullo, Grimes!" he said; "you haven't sat up for me, have you?"

"I was finishing the fourth volume of the Decline and Fall, my lord. The kettle is boiling—a little something hot to drink, my lord, or whisky and soda?"

"Something hot, thanks. I've suddenly begun to feel chilly."

Grimes brought a glass of toddy skilfully compounded. A fire was burning, the curtains were drawn and the electric light turned on. His room looked decidedly more cheerful than the gray dawn outside, and the hot drink restored his serenity still further. Grimes watched him furtively, maintaining a tactful silence till he had lit a cigarette. Then he inquired with a smile:

"A pleasant evening, my lord?"

"Not bad, Grimes."

"What one might call a successful evening, as it were?"

"I suppose everybody will be sayin' so tomorrow."

"Permit me to offer your lordship my respectful congratulations."

"Thank you, Grimes."

Mr. Grimes shed him a rare glance—a glance of complete and unqualified approval.

"Allow me also to say that your lordship's way of treating the event is worthy of your lordship's good fortune. I cannot imagine a nobleman referring to a conquest in a more suitably aristocratic manner. It would impress even the most obdurately radical. Really, upon my word, my lord, you have a most remarkable instinct for loftiness. Her ladyship also, I presume, conducted herself with her usual *savoir faire?*"

"Hardly turned a hair," said Bertie.

Grimes' approval, if possible, increased.

"In my younger days, my lord, the marriages of the commoner herd were occasionally said to be made in Heaven. The alliances of the nobility seem to provide an argument for an even more ethereal stratum, so to speak."

His lordship blinked at him.

"You don't say so? Well, anyhow, I'm goin' to bed."

VI

THE Church of St. George, in Hanover Square, had an air of decorous festivity. Flowers were arriving by the bedful, strips of cloth were being unrolled upon the steps, and a small cluster of the apparently leisured class, peering through the railings, had come to the correct conclusion that a wedding would shortly be celebrated. In this deduction they were assisted by the posters of the early editions of a couple of evening papers, one of which unimaginatively announced, "Aristocratic Wedding Today," while the other, evidently a more literary organ, proclaimed: "Prominent Peer Weds High-Born Heiress." The July sun shone brightly on the preparations, and in two thousand homes—a calculation based on the assumption that the upper ten thousand average five to a household—everything was ready for departure on the morrow; since by universal consent this memorable function was accepted as marking the end of the season.

At such moments it is difficult to realize that the high-born twain are very possibly undergoing a course of preparation similar to that of the church. At this particular moment, for instance, the prominent peer in question was sitting in an easy chair with his waistcoat unbuttoned since the morning was warm—studying a small book with strained and even agitated attention. Then he would close the volume, still keeping his finger in the place, and murmur:

"I take the minister by his right hand and—and ——" He reopened the book. "Oh, dash it all!—'The minister causes the man with his right hand ——' I'll never remember the beastly thing! It's hopeless."

He was staring gloomily into space when his valet entered. Over his wrist hung six of the choicest ties imaginable. He held up this selection before his master.

"I have been thinking very seriously over the tie question, my lord. The background must certainly be black; at all costs we must avoid the slightest suggestion of the old-fashioned festive bridegroom. There must be no hint whatsoever of the lavender-trousered sportsman. At the same time a chaste touch of color in the design might be appropriate—this little whiff of heliotrope, for instance—very winning and yet perfectly gentlemanly. What do you say yourself, my lord?"

My lord stared at the collection with lack-luster eyes. Then he replied:

"I'll wear a black tie—black crape."

Mr. Grimes shook his head kindly but firmly.

"Very *comme il faut*, my lord, but hardly seasonable, I'm afraid. Every material has its associations, and crape—through no fault of its own, my lord—has become identified with other ceremonies."

"Well, hang it! I feel much more like some other ceremony. That champagne, instead of bucking me up, has had the most infernal extraordinary effect. I feel sort of dizzy and confused."

Grimes smiled pleasantly.

"Nerves, my lord?"

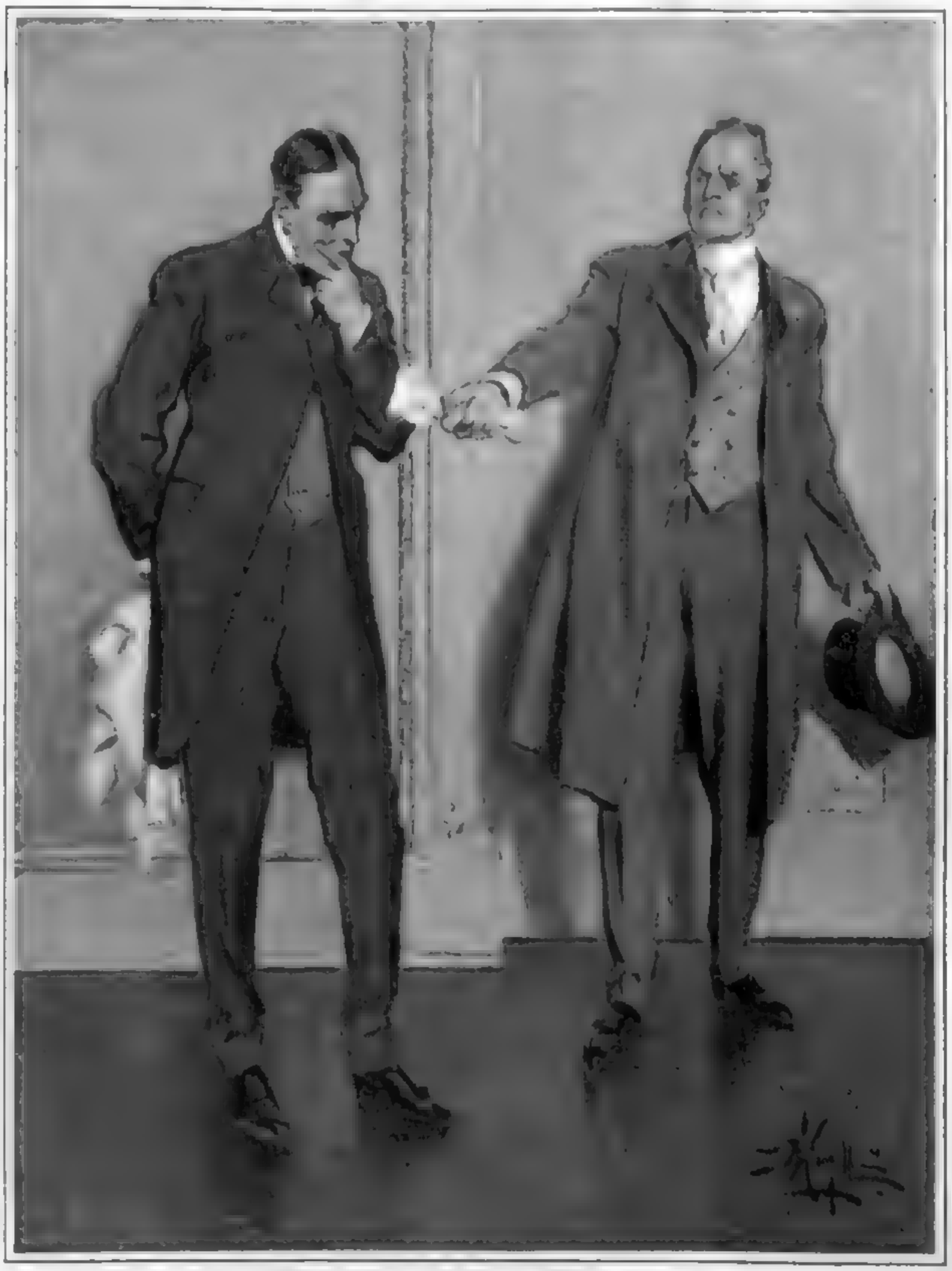
"Nerves be hanged!" said Bertie irritably. "It's more like poison. Look how my hand's shaking That's not healthy, Grimes. And my memory has clean gone—gone to the deuce. I've been tryin' for half an hour to get into my head all this takin'-the-woman's-hand business, and about the beastly minister and the infernal ring. I read it over and over, and the moment I try to repeat it to myself—well, I simply can't. I'm not in a fit state to be married today, Grimes."

He looked up with a flash of inspiration.

"By gad, I wonder if it could be those mushrooms I had for breakfast!"

"Very possibly, my lord," said Grimes

(Continued on Page 69)



"What the Blazes is the Meaning of This, Grimes?"

THE G. P. A. AND HIS OFFICE

By EDWARD HUNGERFORD

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

WE HAVE already called the division superintendent a prince in the realm of railroad operation, but there is another who might also be called prince—Prince Charming. This prince of charm of the railroad is the general passenger agent. To a large proportion of folks he is almost the personification of the railroad itself. His signature, appearing upon each of the railroad's tickets and timetables, is multiplied a million times a year. In his own self he appears many, many times as the road's mouthpiece. His evening clothes must always be kept in condition for instant use, for his oratory is always on tap. His wit is a ready, his tongue a good, arguer for his line. At dinners of chambers of commerce and boards of trade his urbanity is profound, his remarks to the point—and the road gets the advertising.

His Urbanity is Profound—and the Road Gets the Advertising

The general passenger agent is essentially an advertiser. There are two affiliated and yet quite distinct functions to his office. The older function, the one for which it was really created when railroads were young, is that of issuing tickets and selling them. The newer function—and today the all-important function—is that of keeping the road before the eyes of the travel-mad public—an advertising function. Only recently a big Eastern road had to change its general passenger agent because of this very thing. The man who had held the job was in almost every way absolutely efficient. He had been reared in the routine of his office, he knew its vast details as well as any man might hope ever to know them. But he was a detail man, and there he stopped. The road needed more of a figurehead—a better advertiser. The late George H. Daniels was, in many respects, the best passenger agent that American railroading has ever known. He was the forerunner of the general passenger agent of today, a well-known figure in the great state that his railroad served, being interviewed by reporters—and women reporters, too—on every conceivable subject in the public eye; addressing dinners in metropolitan New York or in suburban Yonkers—or anywhere else in the state—with rare facility; yet now and then adroitly referring to his railroad.

Other roads took heed of Daniels. The general passenger agent became less and less a man of office routine and of ticket detail—more and more of a public figure, calling mayors of important cities by their first names, keeping close to the pulsing heart of the public press by friendly intimacy with the reporters, speaking at two, three, four dinners a week. The Prince Charming of the railroad is, indeed, a development.

Young Skirmishers Out for Business

BEHIND the smiles of this prince, behind the phraseology of words spoken or written that glorify the road, there is a serious aspect to his life. He must capitalize that splendid urbanity, that jocose wit into ticket sales. In the beginning he was created to sell tickets, and sell tickets he must. On his ability to sell tickets, and not as a popular public figure, will he be measured by the board of directors—a delegation of grim-faced gentlemen who place small market value on either urbanity or jocosity.

So, while the general passenger agent presents his smiling face to the outside world, he is a man of system, no mean executive when within the inner circle. He must organize to sell his tickets. There is an inner organization of no small moment in the passenger office of any sizable railroad. In the first place, the area from which traffic is to be drawn is divided into districts; general agents or assistant general passenger agents—the title varies widely on the different railroads—are assigned to each. This traffic area is far larger than the area covered by one railroad system. It is generally nation-wide, while some of the biggest of our railroads maintain ticket offices in the large cities all around the world. They are fighting almost as sharply for American traffic in Paris or in London as they fight in Clark Street, Chicago, or in Broadway, New York.

It is a fight and an endless fight, which the Prince Charming—he of the urbane smiles—must wage. Despite the constant consolidating processes of our railroads there are few large territories that are the exclusive field of any one road. Most of them must fight for their business particularly for their profitable long-distance business.

The fight divides itself between the freight and passenger traffic departments. No wonder then that the general passenger agent must be a many-sided man.

From his district offices there scurries forth a corps of smooth-tongued, quick-witted young men—the traveling passenger agents. These young men are skirmishers. They are up and down the steel highways of the nations thirty days out of the month, skirmishing for business. Each carries in an inner pocket a wad of annual passes—such as might make any statesman green with envy. Those passes cover every steam line in the territory that is assigned to him, and are a return courtesy for the neat little cards which his road in turn issues to the traffic solicitors of other roads.

In other days and other times these skirmishers carried forth business that sometimes approached cut-throat tendencies. The weaker lines in hotly competitive territory—lines which, running fewer high-grade trains and those too at slower speed, were naturally at a disadvantage, sought to obtain at least their normal share of passenger traffic by sharp work. After that their stronger brethren often showed their belief in fighting them by fire. Tickets were sold at less than advertised rates to certain favored individuals—sometimes a few passes, adroitly placed, did the business. In these days those sharp things are forbidden, and the young man soliciting railroad traffic who breaks the rules of the game runs the risk of worse things than facing an angry boss, getting discharged, perhaps he can see the doors of a Federal prison opening for him.

So the fellow who skirmishes for the weak road has a hard time of it in these piping days. Passenger traffic, like kissing, seems to go by favor nowadays, and how hard the traveling passenger agent works to curry that favor! He drops off a local at some way station; there is a smile and perhaps a cigar for the country boy who sells tickets there, for the Interstate folks have not sent any one to prison as yet for offering either a smile or a cigar. The T. P. A. knows that the local agent cannot, under the rules that govern him, recommend routes that connect with and extend beyond the line that gives him employment. Still, sometimes the country agent may be approached by a man who demands that a connecting road be suggested for him, and the T. P. A. can see that man without even shutting his eyes. If the country agent will only remember the nice T. P. A. that the Transcontinental sent in there a month before, and the good kind of cigars he dispensed, the Transcontinental may get a part of the haul on a long green ticket. Perhaps the man will be taking his wife, and there will be two of the long green tickets. Perhaps there will be a whole party to be routed over the Transcontinental—the T. P. A. can imagine almost anything as he swings overland in the dreary locals from way station to way station.

Sometimes a wire from his chief quickly changes his schedule. The Magnificent Knights of the Realm—or some other impressive order of that sort—is to hold its annual convention at Oshkosh, and the T. P. A. must hustle down to Bingtown to see that Transcontinental gets the haul of the delegation that will go to Oshkosh from that bustling little community. He scurries into Bingtown to locate the officers of the local lodge of the M. K. O. R. there. On the train there may be a T. P. A. from some rival system they are all partners in misery. The Transcontinental man will probably drop off the opposite side of the train at Bingtown from the crowded depot platform—it's an old trick of the T. P. A.—and be tearing over the pages of the Bingtown directory before that train is out of town again. Once located, the officers of that lodge of M. K. O. R. must be pleasantly inured to the advantages of Transcontinental—the speed of its trains, the safety of its operation, the convenience of its terminals, the scenic splendors along the way, the excellence of its dining-car service; all these things are spun with convincing eloquence by the traveling passenger agent.

. . . . . .

A few years ago, two traveling passenger agents, whose lines supplement one another to make a through route across the continent, went down into an Eastern manufacturing city to land business bound west to a national convention of one of the biggest of the fraternal orders. There were other passenger men heading toward that same territory, and the two men from the connecting lines made an offensive and defensive alliance. When they reached this town they found that the chief officers of its local lodge were two city detectives and a police justice. All three of the city officers showed little enthusiasm about the coming convention. The passenger men took off their coats—figuratively—and pitched in.

For three days they ran up an expense account that must have all but paralyzed the auditors of their companies—but they accomplished results. After the first day of entertainment, the police justice said that there would be an even dozen of them for the three-thousand-mile run, which was "going some." Most passenger men would have rested content on those laurels, but this combination only used that first day to whet their appetites. They started briskly out on the second, a little fagged but still in fighting trim, and by that night the two detectives united in promising one or two filled Pullmans. The third day saw the two traffic solicitors nearly dead and the well-seasoned city officers just in fine trim. The trim must have been fine, for that night they completed arrangements for one of the biggest special train movements of that year—two hundred and fifty enthusiastic brethren went three-quarters of the way across the continent and back, as a result of the work of those passenger men.

When Entertaining Was Overdone

ONCE a traveling passenger agent nearly went too far in this entertainment business. He got business—miles and miles and miles of it—but he also got to drinking far too heavily. One day, when he came into the general offices very much the worse for entertaining, he bumped into no less a man than the president of the road. That president was a strict old soul. He had church connections and he used to lecture his Sunday-school class on the evils of the liquor habit. He decided to make an example of this young whelp of a passenger agent.

The Ticket Seller Threatened to Have Him Fired

But—just as the sentence was about to be pronounced—the general passenger agent interfered. He went straight to the president, and the wrath of an honest man was in his eye.

"We don't intend to have drunken men working here," the president kept saying. "It's the example!"

"If he drinks," said the G. P. A., "it's my fault. I'm the man to let go."

The president dropped his glasses in astonishment.

"You?" he said.

"I'm guilty," said the G. P. A. "This man goes everywhere to get business for us—and he gets

it. He kneels with the preacher, he talks high art with the Browning societies, and he gets drunk with the drinkers—all in the name of this railroad system. Now we propose to kick him out—still in the name of this system."

The president saw the point and together they took hold of the T. P. A. and made him a decent, sober man. Today he is one of the most efficient officers of that very road and he owes it all to that broad-minded G. P. A.

Geniality, urbanity, courtesy are the major part of a traveling passenger agent's equipment as they are part of his chief's in these days when the rates have ceased to enter into the fight for traffic.

Rates?

The rates must be the same, nowadays, by all routes of the same class, and so the T. P. A. must bring out the excellences of his line, leaving none behind because of false sense of modesty. He is silent about other roads, save as they may lead to and from the system that he represents. You want to go to Kickapoo. You go to Milltown by the Transcontinental and get from there to Kickapoo most easily by the main line of a rival road, but the traveling passenger agent frowns his first frown at the very suggestion. This other line is the worst competitor that Transcontinental has for passenger traffic, and the T. P. A. does not propose to send business over its rails. So he ignores your suggestion.

"We have our own line into Kickapoo," he tells you, smilingly. "You won't have to leave Transcontinental."

And such a line! It happens to be a branch of the worst jerkwater type. To reach Kickapoo over Transcontinental you must go to Milltown and change from the comfortable limited to a less comfortable train, which takes you to Quashalong Junction. There you find a seat on a local which jogs along at twenty miles an hour for the greater part of the afternoon, until you get into Miller's Forks. When you reach Miller's Forks you almost abandon hope. For the thirty-mile stretch from that crossroads over into Kickapoo is a grassgrown stretch of half-neglected track over which a combination freight and passenger train—adequately described on the timecard as mixed—ambles once in twenty-four hours. By the time you have finished that trip you will have arrived in Kickapoo without leaving the rails of the Transcontinental—but, you probably will also have registered a vow never to travel on them again if they can be avoided.

Right there is a traffic mistake. If the T. P. A. had been wise he would have swallowed his hatred for his rival and recommended that you use it for that stretch from Milltown to Kickapoo. He let his zeal for his road overrun his business judgment. A good many of them do.

A Passenger Lost by Politeness

ONLY the other day a man walked into a railroad station of a small city in the southern part of the state of New York and announced that he wanted to hurry through to Binghamton.

"We have a train in five minutes—our 12:12," said the agent, all smiles.

The man hesitated. He wanted to do two or three errands in that small city before he went on to Binghamton, and so he asked the leaving time of the next train.

"Nothing until 6:18," the agent told him.

"That will be too late for me to get into Binghamton," the passenger said. The agent did not reply, but turned his attention to other persons who were waiting at the ticket window. The man from Binghamton was still perplexed. An agent of the news company, who ran the stand in that station, came over and helped him out.

"The —— ——," mentioning a rival and parallel road, "gets a train out of here for Binghamton at 3:30," he explained.

The passenger thanked the news agent, for his problem had been solved, and started out for the other station. When he was gone the ticket seller summoned the newsman and threatened to have him fired.

But there is a new order of things coming to pass even in this hot rivalry for getting passenger traffic. Long ago, C. F. Daly, who is today vice-president in charge of traffic for one of the biggest Eastern systems, was in charge of the city ticket office of the Burlington in Omaha. Those were days when no loyal traffic man was ever supposed even to breathe the name of a competing road; but Daly held his loyalty firm and yet went straight against that absurd rule. If a woman came into his office and, after the way of some women travelers, finally decided that she wished to travel over a rival railroad, he would not let her get out of his office. He would give her a comfortable seat, and perhaps a magazine or a paper to read, and send one of his office boys over to the other road's office to buy a ticket for her. Sometimes before the office boy could get out of the place the woman would change her mind in favor of the Burlington. If she did not Daly did not worry. He knew that he was of the new order of railroaders.

On the Back of Each Man's Coat Was the Pattern of the Rattan Seat

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Come back, for a final moment, to the traveling passenger agent. He may be forgiven an overzeal for the line which employs him, for that has been his training from the beginning and—which is far more to the point—he is being measured by the results that he accomplishes. The road does not pay him a salary and pay his heavy expense account—which the auditor generously permits to contain various unvouchered items for entertainment—without expecting results.

If he is a new man in the territory he is measured against his predecessor. Afterward he is measured, month by month, against the corresponding month of the preceding year. All tickets which are sold from his territory, and in which his road shares, are credited to his influence. It becomes a matter of cold calculation and of dollars and cents. If this April does not show an increase over April of last year the T. P. A. must make a mighty good explanation to his chief. It will have to be famine or pestilence, or something nearly as bad, to justify the slump in ticket sales. Any insinuation on his part that a reduction of the service of his road was responsible for the slump would never be accepted at headquarters.

So, all in all, the life of the traveling passenger agent is no sinecure. It is easiest when he is in the home territory of his road; rather pleasant when that territory is noncompetitive. When he is out in "foreign" territory, fighting for a road which is hardly more than a name to the folk with whom he comes in contact, his difficulties increase. Then, if his road be one of the weaker fry, its trains slower and less frequent than some of the other trunk lines, his difficulties increase. The differential fares, by which the slower competing roads are permitted by their stronger brethren to charge a reduced rate between important distant traffic points, were adopted to help equalize this difficulty. But the differentials do not count, neither do the differential lines now get their share of the through business. Last year fifty per cent of the passengers between New York and Chicago went on the eighteen-hour train, even though the regular full fare of twenty dollars in each direction is increased by an excess fare of ten dollars—aside from the Pullman rates. Twenty-five per cent more traveled on the limited trains, which make an excess charge of five dollars in addition to Pullman rates in each direction. It begins to look as if the American public were willing to pay for added comfort and convenience. Pullman operation itself has doubled within the past ten years. Pullman chair-cars are operated today on hundreds of miles of branch-line railroads that would not have dreamed of such a luxury a decade ago.

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Just as the traveling passenger agent forms the stock from which the general passenger agents are finally formed, so does the country agent aspire to the day when he will be given territory and sent out with his gripsack to sell transportation on the road. Sometimes, though, the road to traffic titles comes by way of the city ticket offices. These form an important function of the railroad's passenger department. Situated at advantageous corners in the various central portions of the larger cities, they save the average man a long trip, perhaps, to the station. They will sell tickets, check baggage—answer innumerable questions. Answering questions remains one of the big functions of the passenger man.

Only recently a sign was hung in a city ticket office of one of the large railroads in New York, which read:

REMEMBER THAT WE ARE HERE
TO SELL TICKETS
AS WELL AS TO GIVE INFORMATION

That sign was a mistake. It was an affront to every person who entered that ticket office, and remember that every person who enters a ticket office is at least a potential passenger for the railroad that operates it. It is only charitable to believe that the agent meant to say: "Remember that we are here to give information as well as to sell tickets," for the giving of information is a function of the passenger ticket office.

He Would Not Let Her Get Out of His Office

So important has this function become that the railroads have established desks in the largest of these city offices at which no tickets are sold, but where questions are answered and railroad, steamship and hotel folders given out. "Public-service stations," a certain railroad has begun to call its city ticket offices, and, furthering this idea of courtesy and affability, its general passenger agent has opened a school for the training of his agents. They are taught to answer questions quickly and accurately; to be, above all things, courteous to the persons who come before them—the potential travelers.

The Cost of Tickets and Timecards

JUST a final look, before we leave the passenger department, at its equipment. Its complications are large. Take this matter of tickets, for instance. While the financial department of the road will receive the money that comes in from their sale, and the auditing department takes good care as to the accuracy of the agent's returns, the passenger department has charge of printing and issuing the contract slips by which it agrees to convey its passengers. There is a multiplicity of forms of these, each bearing the signature of the general passenger agent.

On smaller roads the number of forms of local tickets is greatly reduced by writing or stamping in the name of the destination on tickets. On a single branch line, with twenty-five stations, just six hundred different styles of printed railroad tickets would be required otherwise; you can imagine the number of styles required for an average system of a thousand stations. Fortunately for the passenger department, the use of simplified forms of tickets, where adroit cutting or tearing makes possible the use of a single ticket form for an entire division, has reduced the big ticket-printing bills. Only recently a machine, on the order of a cash register, has been invented, from which a ticket, accurately stamped and dated, with the destination indelibly printed, can be delivered as demanded.

Still, with all these simplified forms of tickets, a big road will hardly carry less than five thousand standard forms. Then there will be anywhere from a dozen to twenty special forms a week that will have to be printed—for excursions, conventions and special train movements of every sort.

The ticket-printing bill of a big road will easily exceed forty thousand dollars a year. Its folders will cost not less than fifty thousand dollars, while the twelvemonth's bill for newspaper advertising will more than exceed the combined figures of these two.

All these details come under the jurisdiction of that urbane general passenger agent. He supervises, in another department, the making and the readjustment of rates—this last a seemingly endless task.

To make up rate sheets—either in the freight or in the passenger department—requires expert work. The fare between the same points on competitive railroads must, in the present order of things, remain equal. Where a road comes into competitive territory its rates must adjust themselves to those of its lowest-priced rival; otherwise it could hardly hope for a fair share of its business. So the rates must shade here and shade there—the rate clerk must take good care to see that no combination of tickets can be formed that will sell at less rate than a through ticket.

(Continued on Page 61)

THE KIDNAPPERS

By Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATED BY SYDNEY ADAMSON

THE Westerly divorce, coming as it did after thirteen years of unconcealed marital infelicity, startled, although it could not be said to have shocked, the general public. People as they passed had got used to looking up at the gray turrets of the castle on Fifth Avenue and saying to one another that Mrs. Westerly was certainly game, and that, having deliberately cast aside the love of her life to marry a certain rich man, she was showing the quality of her pride by heroically refusing to seek the legal redress to which she was entitled in view of her husband's conduct.

Then came the announcement of the secret proceedings in another state, the filing of the interlocutory decree in a sleepy little country town, and the sudden discovery that the lady had at last decided that she was still young and beautiful enough—as indeed she was—to owe it to herself to begin a new and happier life. For weeks the papers hummed with suppositions, inferences and hearsay declarations as to the terms upon which the decree had been granted. But the great house preserved its somber and sphinxlike silence—a silence as dignified and implacable as that of the liveried lackey who, if you peeked through the iron grill of the outer door, might be seen pacing up and down the marble vestibule within.

Just about this time I received a note from an attorney, Mr. Ludlow by name, asking me to call at ten o'clock on the following morning; and upon my arrival I was immediately shown into the lawyer's private office.

Sitting in the full sunlight of the window was a woman of about thirty years of age, with a delicate, sensitive face and an air of breeding and hauteur that was only marred by a poorly controlled nervousness of the hands.

"Mrs. Westerly," said the young lawyer, "let me present Miss DeWolf, who, if you still insist upon your plan, is the one person best qualified to accomplish what you have in mind."

The lady raised her lorgnette and gave me a swift glance of inspection—long enough to indicate the social abyss that yawned between us.

"You look much too nice to be a detective," she remarked, with a quick smile. "At least you look too nice to take a divorce case," she added half quizzically.

"But I thought ——" I began uncomfortably. "Isn't your ——"

"Yes," interrupted Mr. Ludlow, "it is. You must not get a false idea. Mrs. Westerly has secured her decree and the custody of her child. You are wanted on an entirely separate matter—one, in fact, of difficulty and delicacy."

"Very difficult and very delicate," interpolated Mrs. Westerly

"Briefly," explained the lawyer, "the situation is this: Mrs. Westerly's former husband was and is devoted to the little boy, Dickie. He has constantly threatened that if Mrs. Westerly dared to institute divorce proceedings he would find some way (legal or illegal) to deprive her of the child. Mr. Westerly's resources are such that nothing is impossible for him to accomplish. He is able to purchase judges and sheriffs as easily as you might buy an orange. Should he once manage to get physical control of the boy and place him on board an ocean liner I doubt whether his mother would ever lay eyes on him again without his father's consent."

"Jack Mr. Westerly!" I Stammered

Mrs. Westerly's face had undergone a change as the lawyer had proceeded. The smile had vanished and her hands twisted themselves tightly one within the other, while an anxious, almost fearful, look had come into her tired eyes.

"He can do anything!" she repeated. "I can hardly sleep for fear that he will somehow carry Dickie off."

"I have told Mrs. Westerly," continued Ludlow, "that I regard any such attempt on his part as extremely unlikely, but she insists that Mr. Westerly's feelings toward her at the present time are so bitter that he might easily be animated by motives of revenge to select this means of retaliation—inhuman though it seems."

"But in what way can I be of any assistance?" I asked. "Surely all that is necessary is to keep the child out of harm's way until the father goes abroad."

Mr. Ludlow smiled.

"In the first place, under the terms of the decree, Mrs. Westerly no longer occupies the Fifth Avenue house, which belongs to her husband, but is staying at a hotel. There are great difficulties in the way of keeping the child properly guarded at all hours. He must have air, exercise and sunlight. Secondly, to remove the child to the country would be obviously to invite the very peril against which we seek to guard. In the city there is ample—at least ostensibly ample—police protection. In the country there is little or none. We have two detectives constantly on guard when the child is in the hotel; and these are always close at hand when he goes to play in the Park. What Mrs. Westerly fears is the possible duplicity of these very men or of the servants in her employ. So far as the detectives are concerned, Westerly could buy up the whole agency."

"But is it likely," I interposed, "that Mr. Westerly is going to run the risk of disobeying an order of the Supreme Court, and a possible commitment for contempt, to say nothing of a criminal prosecution for kidnapping for which he might be sent to state's prison?"

Mr. Ludlow shrugged his shoulders and his fair client smiled dubiously.

"The Supreme Court has little terror for one on the high seas or in Europe, and even if a criminal charge were brought against a man like Westerly no jury would convict him of kidnapping his own child. Besides, no bail would be large enough to hold him. He would, of course, have no physical part in the act itself. What would happen would be that some afternoon, just as the child was leaving the Park, there would be a sudden confusion in the street, the guards would disappear, the nurses be hustled out of the way and the boy bundled into an automobile and whirled off. Mrs. Westerly has made up her mind that she must meet plot by plot and take the war into the enemy's country. If disloyalty exists among her servants she must know it, and if an actual attempt is to be made to steal the child before her ex-husband goes abroad she must be forewarned by finding some one clever enough to get into Westerly's confidence and learn his plans."

"Of course he is clever and shrewd and unscrupulous," said Mrs. Westerly bitterly; "but for all that the right sort of person could get almost anything out of him if she went at it in the right way—without his ever knowing it. A pretty woman could always make a fool of him."

Under my gray veil I felt my color rising. So this was the scheme in which I was invited to take part! I was to be a Delilah for their Samson.

"It is quite needless to say that I am not in that kind of business!" I remarked frigidly.

"But," said Mr. Ludlow, "I really don't see what you object to. Assuming that you are a detective—and you are the best one that I know—it is all in the day's work. You are perfectly ready to go to a man's house as a parlormaid and get information—and take his money while you are doing it. Why shouldn't you become friends with him and secure the same information while you are eating his dinners and sitting in his box at the opera? It is not suggested that you compromise yourself in the slightest degree. The idea simply is that you use your wits to find out what he purposes to do—in other words, to prevent a crime."

"Have you any idea of how I am to accomplish this extraordinary task?" I said, somewhat mollified.

The Lady Gave Me a Swift Glance of Inspection—Long Enough to Indicate the Social Abyss That Yawned Between Us

Mrs. Westerly had sprung to her feet, all her former reserve thrown to the winds

"Oh," she cried, seizing my hands in hers, "don't refuse! Something tells me that you are the only one in the world who can help me."

The genuineness of her apprehension and the directness of her appeal strongly affected me. After all, was it not, as Ludlow had said, "all in a day's work"? There might be a dozen ways in which, if fortune favored me, I could secure the information that was so vital to her. It could do no harm to make the attempt, and if I succeeded—one look at Mrs. Westerly's beseeching eyes was enough.

"I am willing to try," I answered. "But you must agree to follow my advice in every detail from this time on."

"Thank you a thousand times!" she exclaimed. "I knew you would not refuse. And I know equally well that you will succeed."

"With your help," I smiled back at her, taking out my notebook. "Now answer me a few questions. When does Mr. Westerly sail?"

"I have reliable information to the effect that he intends to leave in just fifteen days—on the Lucania. I have a Pinkerton man working in the house as footman. The valet bought the ticket three days ago."

"Then," said I, "it is merely a question of finding out just how soon he expects to kidnap the child—and how?"

I folded my book and looked across to where the lawyer was sitting upon the corner of his desk.

"Rather a short time to make the acquaintance of any gentleman and become sufficiently friendly to extract confidences of that kind, isn't it?" I asked.

"I am quite ready to admit that," answered Ludlow.

"It seems to me," said I, as a sudden thought struck me, "that it would be infinitely better to make sure of the matter by taking Dickie away to some place where his father could not find him."

"But we have been all over that," retorted Ludlow. "The instant the child was taken out of town they would be down upon him like wolves on the fold."

"Not if they thought he was still here," I answered.

Mrs. Westerly raised a puzzled face to the lawyer's, into which flashed a quick look of comprehension.

"By George!" he exclaimed; "I never thought of that!"

"Of what?" gasped Mrs. Westerly.

"Of hiding Dickie in the country and leaving a dummy in his place at the hotel," he answered. "That was your idea, wasn't it?" turning to me.

"Exactly," I replied.

Mrs. Westerly turned from one to the other of us in bewilderment.

"There are probably a dozen boys in New York so like him that no one but you or his nurse could tell them apart. I will guarantee to get you six replicas in forty-eight hours," I answered

"There's time enough," said Ludlow. "Westerly won't strike until the last minute—just in time to catch the boat."

"Can you go with my sister Minna tomorrow to make an inspection of the city's public-school system?"

"If I must ——" hesitated Mrs. Westerly. "But what are we to do about the nurses and detectives?"

"As you distrust them, you had best pay them off and dismiss them before you make the substitution. Are there any hotel employees who would be likely to discover what had been done?"

"I don't think so," she answered. "We have never allowed Dickie to go into the office or the corridors, and he always is taken up and down stairs in a private elevator. But what shall we do for nurses?"

"The boy can be sent to my home in Great Barrington, and I will hold myself responsible for those who will take care of him. As for the child at the hotel, the easiest way will be to hire a mother and child together."

Mrs. Westerly looked at me as she might at some new and strange variety of insect

"Really, you know," she exclaimed, "you are quite the most astonishing young person I ever met."

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It was not hard for me to get whatever lines were necessary on Jack Westerly, for his good-natured, dissipated face was familiar to every *maître d'hôtel* and *restaurateur* from Columbus Circle to Fourteenth Street. At all events he was a comparatively easy person to pick acquaintance with. I must merely meet my gentleman under circumstances calculated to arouse his curiosity and interest, and for the rest rely upon my tact and ready wit.

It was a warm, moist afternoon early in the month of April. From the wet pavements a subtle mist arose at the suggestion of the sun that May was at hand, and, having reached a height of seven or eight feet, was wafted here and there by an equally subtle draft of cool wind that had lingered over from March. In front of a fashionable restaurant half a dozen gaudily painted motors gave the street the appearance of a pousse-café, while their panting made the place echo like the roundhouse of an engine yard. Westerly made it a custom to lunch at this restaurant and for that reason I had selected it as the most likely place for my purpose. His recent actions had been such as to indicate that divorce had no terrors for him. It was now about a quarter to three, and a signal from the coat-checker told me that my quarry had concluded his breakfast, or luncheon, and was on the point of arising from the table. By some mysterious sixth sense the chauffeur knew it also, and darted his big yellow touring car through the crush of vehicles and brought it to the curb with a roar.

I had donned for the occasion a light blue dress and a Merry Widow hat and had borrowed from one of my friends a wonderful gold chatelaine from which hung pencils, powder-puff, cigarette box—the chorus girl's symposium of necessities. I must admit that my heart throbbed in my ears almost as loudly as did Westerly's motor as I raised my skirt slightly to clear the pavement, and stepped daintily across the sidewalk and into the yellow car. The rat-faced chauffeur, being used to the unexpected, gave no sign that he was aware of my presence, but one or two men, who were lunching upon the piazza outside, watched me curiously and bandied some remarks about their table at my expense. Beneath my gray veil I felt my cheeks grow a furious red. Indeed, my hand was on the knob of the door and on the point of opening it when Westerly came slowly down the steps, lighting a cigar, and sauntered across the sidewalk. Catching sight of me in the motor, he paused and drew back with a slight start of surprise.

"Why, look who's here!" he exclaimed good-naturedly; then without hesitation sprang in, took the vacant seat beside me and slammed the door.

"Good afternoon," I said, smiling as cheerfully as I could. "Is Mr. Edgerton coming?"

"No," he answered, his laughing gray eyes taking in all the details of my costume. "No; I am going in his place. *Allez, Georges, au parc.*" The car swept forward.

"But I don't know you!" I exclaimed as coldly as I could. "Where is Mr. Edgerton?"

"I haven't any idea," he laughed. "The fact is I don't know any Mr. Edgerton. I only know that an attractive young woman has got into my car and that I am now riding up Fifth Avenue with her. Later we are going to the Park."

I uttered something by way of indignant protest

"Please let me out," I begged, only half wrathfully, for with one who was so good-natured it was impossible to be entirely angry. "You are keeping me from my appointment. You have no right to hold me here!"

I partially rose from the seat but he grasped my wrist and pulled me gently down again

"My dear young lady, I am not holding you," he said soothingly. "It is true you do not know me very well, but you probably know me about as well as you do Edgerton. At any rate that is easily remedied. Besides, your being here is an act of Providence, for I'm awfully down on my luck and need some one to cheer me up. Do be quiet and we'll have a run in the Park and stop at the Casino for tea."

We were shooting up the Avenue at about fifty miles an hour, past innumerable seemingly indifferent "speed cops", in fact, I saw Westerly nod to several as if he knew them personally.

"If you don't let me out I—I shall scream!" I concluded weakly

"Do," he answered. "I'm sure it would be a very nice little scream indeed"

I could hardly keep from laughing in spite of myself, and he saw it.

"That's a good girl," he remarked as we leaped the cartracks of Forty-second Street. "Be nice to me. I honestly need sympathy. You see I trust you, and I don't even know your name. Mine's Westerly—Jack Westerly."

"Jack Westerly!" I echoed in apparent astonishment. "Are you really Jack Westerly?"

"Come," cried he. "Let's be friends for the afternoon. I won't even ask who you are. Let's act just as if we'd known each other a long time and liked each other very much. Is it a go?"

"I've gone so far," I wailed, "I might as well go on."

"We won't go so very far," said he. "See all those robins? Isn't there a song—'When the robins homeward fly'?"

"Swallows," I corrected.

"Madam!" Interrupted One of the Mounted Officers, "Shut Your Mouth!"

"Oh, yes; swallows. I forget what happens when they homeward fly. Something very nice, I suppose—in the song. Lots of things happen in songs that never happen anywhere else. Now nothing happens when I fly home at all. And when I was married the things that happened—whew! But now—*Je suis libre!*" He stretched out his arms toward the sky. "Free—as a swallow! And I'm not going to fly home at all. I'm going to fly to Paris! Have you ever been to Paris? Would you like to go to Paris?"

I nodded.

"Well," he continued abstractedly, "you might go to Paris. One would not find it difficult to go to Paris."

"Oh, look at all those little forget-me-nots!" I cried, sweeping Paris out of the conversation.

"That is just as bad—as—Paris," he returned. "You see, everything about us speaks of sentiment and happiness. However, we will talk of something else if you prefer. I will tell you some more about myself. There is another song that says, 'There are no birds in last year's nests.'

Across the Park beyond those trees is my house. You have seen it a thousand times. Inside there are marble halls and family portraits and silver services and tapestry And there used to be a baby—that grew afterward into a little boy. I was going to make him everything that I was not. He was to profit by my example. I had it all planned out. Don't laugh. People were going to say, 'After all, Jack Westerly can't be so bad, to have a son like that!' And now she's robbed me of him."

He bit his lips

We had circled the Park on the western side and were scorching back by the Reservoir, when my companion, resuming his previous debonair manner of speech, waved his hand toward Fifth Avenue.

"There's the house. I'd like to show it to you. It's a trifle dusty maybe a shade gloomy, but it is not so bad Then you can say, for what it's worth, 'The last time I was at Mrs. Westerly's.' You won't have to mention it was with Mr. Westerly. *A la maison, Georges.*"

I hardly relished the idea of going to the house alone, but this sort of light intimacy was precisely what I had courted. I nodded acquiescence. The chauffeur gave the machine the gas and it roared around the corner of the Metropolitan Museum and with a sound of ripping tires circled into the asphalt carriage entrance to the great Westerly mansion

"Here we are," said my host, giving me his hand. I jumped down and looked up at the great iron doors Somehow the sight of those massive emblems of exclusiveness gave me, as I had not had before, a conception of this man's actual worldly power. Westerly laughed encouragingly.

"You needn't be afraid. It's much nicer inside. Most of the cold stone is covered up with velvet or calico, or something. And there's a wood fire in the library, and old Dobson the butler, who used to be with King Edward, can make as good a cup of tea as Mrs. Keppell. Come on in. Be a good sport, and I'll deliver you back to mamma safe and sound in twenty minutes."

There was something irresistible about the rascal. I almost liked him.

"I accept your promise and will take a cup of tea—as good as Mrs. Keppell's," I said, smiling.

A lackey had appeared from somewhere and opened the ponderous doors. He now stood motionless as Westerly slipped his arm through mine and escorted me up the steps. At the top another lackey, or rather two of them, held back a piece of priceless tapestry for us to enter

We were in a marble corridor hung with armor. A gentleman in a frock coat assisted me to remove my wraps and took Westerly's hat, while a fellow in livery stood by and received them from him.

"Tell Dobson to make tea," said Westerly. "Come in, 'friend for the afternoon.'"

He led the way down the corridor and into a great room wainscoted to the ceiling and filled with books. Facing on Fifth Avenue and a side street as well, it was flooded through the high windows with the afternoon sunlight. Great rugs of polar bear, tiger, leopard and lion covered the floor, and antique chairs were drawn before the fireplace, which, carved of many-veined marble, supported a row of Grecian busts. In its depths glowed a heap of embers on a great hill of ashes. Westerly kicked a rug into place and half crept into the fireplace to rub his hands.

"When you homeward fly you are a sort of chimney swallow," said I.

"I always liked these big fireplaces," he replied. "When I was a kid I used to hide in here and jump out at the butler. It pained my mother beyond expression. But here is Dobson. Good afternoon, Dobson."

An ancient gentleman in evening clothes and long white hair, with a wrinkled and kindly old face, came shakily in, followed by a footman bearing an enormous silver tray covered with a massive tea service.

"Good afternoon, sir," he said, smiling. "How will you have your tea, miss?"

"One lump and just a drop of cream, if you please," I answered, watching him with interest.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Dobson after handing me the cup which he had prepared—and indeed it was delicious. "There was a telegram just came for you. I was going to leave it on your dresser."

He placed his hand in his breast pocket and tendered a yellow envelope to Westerly, who with a hasty "Excuse me" tore off the end and glanced at its contents

"All right," he said. "That's all, Dobson. Give me a brandy and soda, Willits."

Sipping my tea and nibbling deliciously thin toast, I began for the first time thoroughly to enjoy my adventure. Surely, so far as I was concerned, it was safe enough. Why, the place was full of men. And, on the whole, Jack Westerly was a rather attractive if not fascinating fellow.

"Well, my little friend," said he, noticing my appreciative glance, "how would you like to be Mrs. Westerly?"

"I'd want a little longer acquaintance before making up my mind," I laughed.

"Why not extend the period of friendship?" he asked.

"Very well."

"What is your name, then?"

"Mazie DeWolf," I answered.

"Well, Miss Mazie, I want you to help me do something." He sat down on a cushion and looked deep into my eyes.

"What is it?" I asked, letting my glance drop to where the telegram had fallen on the floor. Even from where I sat, at a distance of nearly ten feet, I could read, "Expect you sixteenth. Ronalds."

"I want you to help me get back my child," said he.

II

HIS eye wandered toward the window, and he arose and paced slowly to and fro before the fire, his hands behind his back.

"I don't exactly know why I think you can," said he half abstractedly, as he stooped and picking up the fallen telegram placed it in his pocket; "but somehow you seem to me to be a person who could do things. God knows I need help badly enough."

"Where is the child now?" I said, testing the ice with a conversational toe before placing my weight upon it.

"With his mother—here—in New York—at a hotel. The courts gave her the absolute custody. But what is the boy going to do without me? Without my influence and my wealth? I could have made him a king! With her he'll just grow up into a society puppet. I tell you"—he shook his half-clenched fist—"I'll get him back—and before I go abroad! Will you help me?"

"How do you propose that I should help you?" I asked, handing him my empty teacup.

"I don't exactly know," he reiterated. "But there are lots of ways in which a woman—for example," he interrupted himself, "you could at least pick an acquaintance with her and find out what steps she is taking to prevent my getting the child away from her. Why, I could buy up the whole outfit and take the child in my arms and walk off with him, if I were not in turn sold out myself. That's how you can help me. Find out whether she has any spies in my house and what she knows of my plans. I suppose she already has information about my going abroad."

"But how can I make her acquaintance in such a way as not to arouse her suspicion?" I queried

Westerly glanced hopelessly around the walls which glowed so richly with the soft, deep shades of the crushed levant and purple morocco of his first editions.

"You might go to her and pretend you were a detective," he suggested suddenly, pausing in his meanderings in the center of a polar bear rug.

"That would hardly convince her!" I laughed.

"I don't know about that. She's a bit of a fool," retorted my host. "And anyhow she's probably in a blue funk herself just about now for fear I'll kidnap the child, and would welcome any suggestion. You could offer to scrape an acquaintance with me somehow—she'd think that would be easy, you know—and get into my confidence, and find out just what I was going to do." His eye twinkled and he chuckled delightedly. "That would be a good one, eh? Make my wife think you were working for her and all the time be really working for me! Ha—ha!"

"Not a very attractive piece of business," I commented.

"Ah," he exclaimed pathetically, "don't refuse me! I say—I've taken such a shine to you, you know. And mind,' if you pulled it off—money's no object! You could take a dozen trips to Paris. Is it a go?"

The absurdity of the whole thing struck me again and I burst out laughing. Westerly, supposing that I was amused at the neatness of his scheme, joined in my merriment.

"All right," I agreed; "I'll take it on—just as a flier."

"That's a good fellow!" he cried, taking my hand and pressing a concealed bell as I rose to my feet. "Lunch with me at one-thirty tomorrow. You can call on Mrs. Westerly in the morning and report to me what she says."

Two flunkies appeared in answer to the bell.

"Show Miss DeWolf out," directed Westerly, giving my hand another squeeze. "So-long—be good to yourself."

I smiled him a goodby.

Once more the tapestry fell behind me with a scraping of golden braid. Again the lackey in powdered hair and white silk stockings swung back the iron grill of the inner door and running down the marble steps pushed back the outer portal for my exit.

Next morning, true to her husband's instructions, I called on my employer and told her of my success the afternoon before, which she received almost incredulously.

"You must have made a tremendous hit with him," she remarked, puckering her low white forehead. "Really, he isn't so much of a fool. But I suppose he fancied your style. He always liked smart, snappy women."

"Thank you," said I. "At any rate we know that he intends going abroad—on the sixteenth. And incidentally that you can rely on the information the second man gives you. All we have to do is to get Dickie out of the way in ample time and arrange to give your husband the opportunity he wants an hour or two before the boat sails—to kidnap somebody else's child."

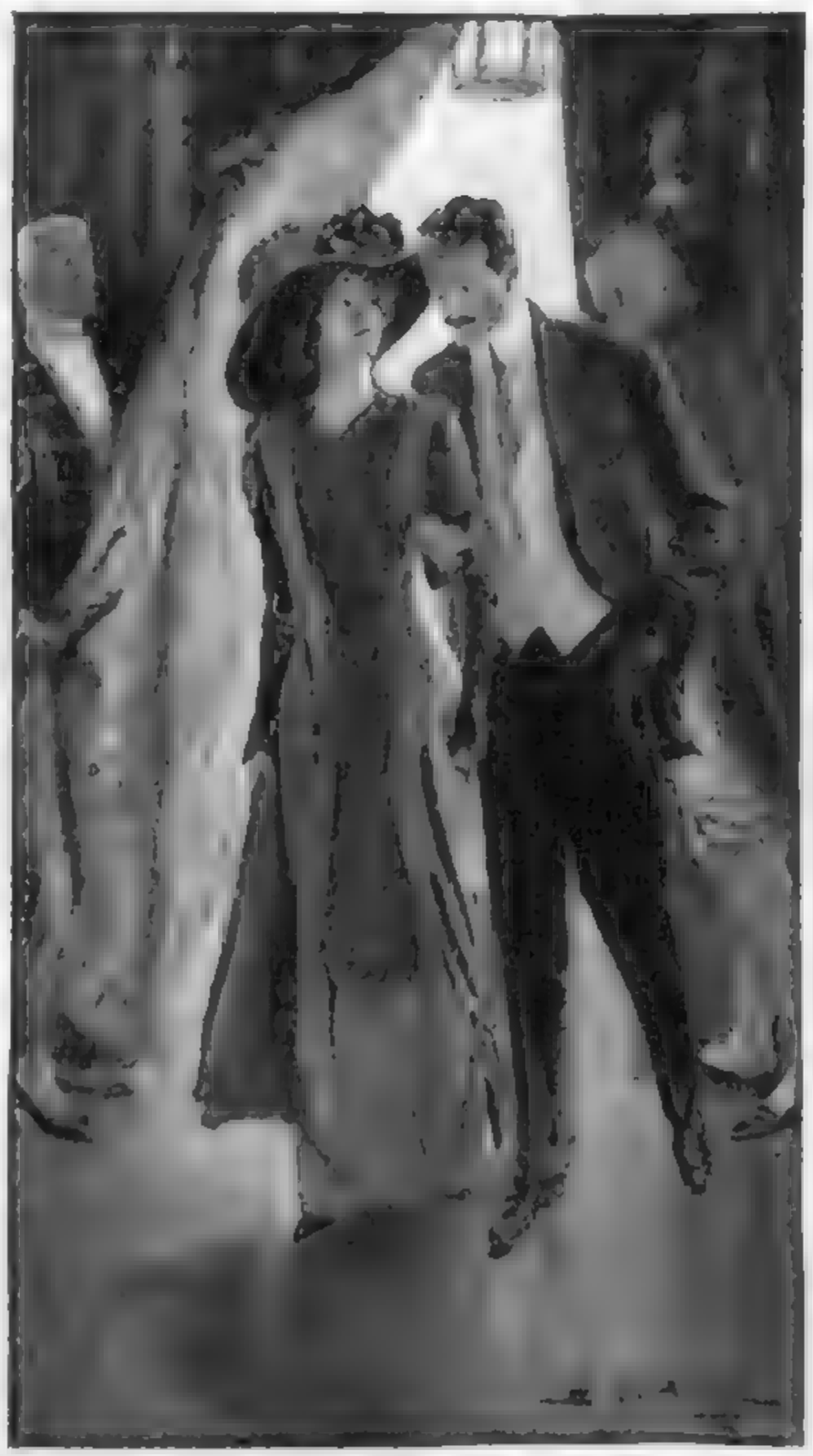
Dickie himself appeared at this juncture, about to start upon his morning visit to Central Park, accompanied by his two nurses. He was a palefaced little chap, about five years old, and a mixture of both parents in appearance.

"Come and kiss mother, darling," cried Mrs. Westerly, holding out her arms to him in an ecstasy of affection. She hugged him tight and buried her nose in his neck, which performance he underwent patiently with an air of expectation, fully explained when his mother handed him a silver half-dollar, saying:

"And here is Dickie's penny to buy peanuts for the squirrels and candy for the poor little boys."

Dickie grabbed the "penny" and stuck it in his pocket.

"Mummie," he said suddenly, "I want a fire engine, with real horses and fire coming out."



Another Lackey, or Rather Two of Them, Held Back a Piece of Priceless Tapestry for Us to Enter

"Oh, dearie! You must wait until you grow up," cried his fond mamma anxiously. "Then Dickie can have anything he wants."

"But I want it now!" wailed Dickie, preparing to make trouble.

"I can't bear to refuse him anything," sighed his mother; "and yesterday he asked for a monkey, and the day before that for a rhinoceros. I have to buy him off. It's really very expensive!"

"Just wait until we get him into the country—at Great Barrington," said I. "Then you'll see a change."

"It certainly would be much better than this," she assented. "But are you sure the water is healthy?"

"Perfectly!" I retorted.

We were on the fifteenth floor of the hotel and looked down upon a mosaic of miniature roofs. In answer to my interrogations Mrs. Westerly explained the plan and location of the apartment and its relation to the elevator and main offices of the hotel. All the meals were served in the rooms by Mrs. Westerly's own servants. The elevator—a semi-private one—was run by a faithful old employee who had been there for years. It would have been impossible to steal Dickie until he reached the ground floor of the house, and here he was each day "picked up" on his exit from the elevator by two trusted Pinkerton men, who kept him under close surveillance while he was away from the hotel. So far as I could see, the arrangements already made by Mr. Ludlow were the best possible, and practically guaranteed safety if treachery or an actual riot were eliminated.

I explained fully to my employer just what her husband expected of me, and we agreed that our best plan was to lead him to believe that his scheme had been successful, and that I had prevailed upon Mrs. Westerly to employ me for the purpose of spying upon him. The only other thing that remained was to make sure of finding a proper substitute for Dickie before the date that Westerly and I should select for the kidnapping of the child.

My own idea was to advise Westerly to go aboard the Lucania and leave the actual abduction to myself, aided by one or two competent assistants. The Lucania was to sail on the sixteenth, at eleven A. M., and I would propose that we should seize the child as soon as he reached Fifth Avenue on his way to the Park, rush him to the Forty-second Street subway and have a fast tug waiting at the Battery to overhaul the steamer on her way down the harbor. In this way Westerly himself would apparently be kept out of the whole thing, and would be placed in such a position that he could not abandon his trip on discovering the real situation. It did not seem particularly complicated or difficult. I merely had to shuttlecock back and forth between husband and wife, pretending to the former that I was simply following out his instructions.

That day, at half after one, I met Westerly and reported to him that all was well, that I had called on Mrs. Westerly and introduced myself as a detective who might assist her in discovering what her husband's intentions were in regard to her child, and that she had consented to employ me. My friend of the afternoon before was in a very jovial mood, due no doubt to his conviction that with my assistance he could easily carry out his plan of taking the child away with him and to the supposed success of the deception perpetrated upon his wife, and we sat for a long time looking out upon the shifting crowds of Broadway and discussing our plan of campaign.

Westerly seemed to take to my suggestion that he should go aboard the steamer and leave the actual kidnapping to others, and agreed that it would be simple enough to overtake the Lucania on her way to the Hook. He knew the captain and could easily induce him to slow down sufficiently to take Dickie on board in safety. He also approved of waiting until the morning of his departure.

It was therefore determined between us that no attempt to bribe the detectives or nurses should be made until the fourteenth or fifteenth, and that I should lunch with him every day or so to give color to Mrs. Westerly's idea that I was getting into his confidence, and at the same time report to him any change in her own plans or further counter-scheme that she might evolve.

Of course, if Westerly actually intended to leave the abduction of the child to me, no substitute or other expedient would be needed, for I could merely neglect to deliver Dickie on board the Lucania as agreed; but it seemed hardly likely that he would turn over all the arrangements to me, and unless he did so I could not count on being able to win over my confederates. To be actually sure, therefore, that no hitch would ensue, we decided to find Dickie's double as soon as possible and send the child himself to Great Barrington as originally planned.

(Continued on Page 53)

THE PILOT-FISH

By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

VII

WHEN Mr. Huntington Wood, at luncheon aboard the Shark, asserted that the real explanation for the extraordinary devotion of the Pilot-fish was a sentimental emotion inspired by one of the Misses Bell, Cécile found much matter for her maiden meditation

Not for one instant did it occur to this self-satisfied young lady that the cause of this infatuation might be one of her sisters. Paula was not the sort of girl of whom one would think in this connection, and Hermione was still regarded by Cécile as a mere child, though, as a matter of fact, the younger sister's superior height and dark coloring might readily have caused the casual observer to consider her the elder. Cécile was apt to be somewhat careless in her observation of anything outside of her own interests. Wherefore she complacently appropriated Mr. Applebo in her mind as her own enamored swain.

Of all her innumerable conquests, Cécile found in the peculiar methods of the Pilot-fish something singularly piquant. Here was a lover who asked absolutely nothing in return for his passion. He merely desired to be in her general neighborhood, to accomplish which he put at inconvenience nobody but himself. To be sure, many others had striven for this same result, but these had insisted on a gradual constriction of what might be considered a "general neighborhood," eventually finding the length of a transom all too wide a separation. Where Cécile had previously been compelled to throw cold water on her too ardent suitors, here was one who insisted on at least half a mile of this pure element, in varying depths, between them.

Thinking it over in the privacy of her own room, Cécile decided that this point of view was just as extreme, of its kind, as that which demanded but a single deckchair for two people. Moreover, for Mr. Applebo to choose his own line of conduct in the matter was not good discipline. Cécile was in the habit of herself outlining the régime to be observed in affairs of this kind, and she did not care to have it prescribed for her. In addition to this Cécile had been very much interested in the distant views which she had got of the poet and was curious to see him at close range. All that Wood had told them of his eccentric personality had served to sharpen this interest, and the girl found herself wondering whether, perhaps, he might not be the one who was to take captive her heart and her desire. She had always felt that the man to do this would not be the ordinary individual. It gave her a very lively emotion to picture this fair young viking threading his way through fog and storm, reef and shoal, drawn onward by his unselfish, unchanging devotion to her ideal self. Cécile considered that such devotion merited at least the reward of some slight token of her appreciation.

Wherefore she decided to attach Mr. Applebo forthwith, to keep him on the end of her line until she made up her mind just what she wanted to do with him. She came to this conclusion shortly after awaking, and she was lazily studying out some plan for bringing the Pilot-fish within reach of her landing-net when there descended through the skylight of her room the sound of the quartermaster's voice, as in low but excited tones he conveyed to Captain Heldstrom certain information regarding "der dam' Bilot-vish!"

Cécile lay there listening and a moment later heard Heldstrom's gruff voice say, "Yoomp back in der gig. Get a move on you, now. Lower avay, dere!" followed by the squeal of the falls and the splash of the boat as it took the water just outside her porthole. Cécile looked out, but could see nothing of interest. She was still looking when she heard Oleson growl something about "Miss Hermione svimmin' a r-race mit der Bilot-vish."

Cécile was "brought up all standing" at the coupling of those names. She sprang out of bed, slipped on her kimono and hastened to the companionway, where she thrust up through the hatch a very lovely face, flushed and still dewy with sleep, a heavy, opalescent *chevelure*, which seemed to gather all of the sunlight in its vicinity, and two eyes of a deep, misty gray.

Even as she looked, the gig, with Heldstrom in the stern, leaped clear of the schooner's side.

"What's the matter, Oleson?" cried Cécile, alarmed.

The quartermaster turned with a tug at his watch-cap.

"It vas Mees Hermione out dere svimmin' ar-round mit der Bilot-vish. Dot's mighty funny. She vent avay mit her skiff und here she comes back mitout it, und mit der Bilot-vish. Dot's awful funny."

He handed her his glasses, which Cécile raised to her eyes. The faces of the two swimmers were quite distinct, but as she looked Hermione's head was eclipsed by that of Applebo. Cécile could see that they were apparently treading water and waiting for the boat.

"How very odd!" exclaimed Cécile sharply. "What is that mad girl up to now, I wonder?"

Much disturbed, she laid down the glass just in time to miss the cream of the performance! Had Cécile witnessed that goodby kiss it would have changed considerably subsequent events and have saved her much wear and tear. But when she looked again Heldstrom was lifting Hermione into the gig and she caught the flash of Applebo's hand as he flourished it in farewell. Cécile then went below and waited impatiently for her sister's arrival on board.

A few minutes later she heard outside a light step and the swish of a wet bathing-skirt as Hermione hurried to her room

"Is that you, Hermione?" called Cécile.

"Yes." Hermione looked in at Cécile's door. Her face was quite pale and her eyes looked almost black.

"What have you been up to?" cried Cécile.

"I'll tell you all about it when I've changed."

"Can't you relieve my curiosity a little at once? What became of your boat—and Applebo?"

"Oh, well ——" Hermione gave a brief and rather impatient outline of her adventure. Cécile listened attentively.

"How dreadful!" she exclaimed. "I hope that this will teach you not to run about alone in that wild way. Now, go and take off your wet things and get a pot of good hot coffee. You look very badly."

It occurred to Hermione that since she looked so badly her sister might have sacrificed her own curiosity and let her change before telling her tale. But she was feeling rather gone and with very little fight left in her, so she turned and hurried off without a word

Her maid gave her a vigorous rub-down, then put her to bed and brought coffee with eggs and bacon, which Hermione devoured with great enthusiasm, despite the varying emotions through which she had so recently passed. Her breakfast finished, she fell into a deep and refreshing sleep from which she was awakened a couple of hours later by a stamping and roaring overhead, which she recognized as proceeding from her father, and from which she gathered that he was being put in possession of the facts concerning her adventure. This was indeed the case, but in the meantime there had arrived from the diplomatic superintendent of the Gun Club a note of apology and regret for the too-great zeal of his minion.

Wherefore, balked in his opportunity to raise a tremendous row, Captain Bell was working off steam in storming about and vituperating the Club, Shoal Harbor, the state of Maine, the Pilot-fish, Hermione, and generally, as sailors put it, "cursing everything a foot high and a minute old."

This innocent pastime exhausted, it occurred to him that after all he owed a duty to the Pilot-fish, but for whom Hermione would have been subjected to great indignity. From the account given him by Cécile, Mr. Applebo had apparently done a hammerthrow with the gamekeeper, then swum off to the schooner with Hermione trailing from his shoulders. Captain Bell was a stickler for etiquette, and therefore he decided to call immediately upon the poet and express his obligation.

"You say that you have seen him somewhere?" he asked of Heldstrom.

Christian Heldstrom shook his big, shaggy head. There was a distant, brooding look in his blue eyes, usually so keen and alert.

"I am not sure. Dere vas someding like an echo in his voice. Like somebody I haf known, long ago, in Norvay or some odder place. His name, Applebo, vas Scandinavian too. I do not know."

Bell shot him a quick, curious look. Heldstrom looked old, and it suddenly struck the choleric owner that his sailing-master was getting on in years. He observed that Heldstrom's thick, curling hair, formerly of a rich, lustrous chestnut color, was grizzled almost to the point of being white, while the bushy eyebrows, heavy mustache and thick, curling beard were fast becoming snowy. The big Norwegian's face was very deeply lined, and at this moment the creases looked like those of age and suffering rather than the result of exposure to all winds and weather. Bell was a little startled, for Heldstrom was but slightly older than himself, and it occurred to the ex-naval officer that, if Heldstrom were becoming an old man, he must be doing the same.

"He seems to have given you a bad turn," said Bell crossly. "You look as if you'd just come from a funeral."

"Und I feel like it too," muttered Heldstrom. "It is a long time since I have let myselluf t'ink of my old home. Someding about dis yoong man br-rought back der fjords und der midnight sun und der big fires on der heart' of my fader's house."

"You think he's a Scandinavian?" demanded Bell.

"No, sir; I t'ink he vas American, like myselluf. But he is from Scandinavian stock. It is so t'at he can find his way ar-round in der fog ——"

And his deep-set blue eyes roamed across the intervening water to where the Daffodil lay at anchor.

Bell ordered away the gig, and as he was about to set off on his formal call he turned to see Cécile, fresh and lovely in pink muslin and a little Panama hat, wound about with a rose-colored pugree. In her hand was a tiny parasol to match. Cécile made it a point never to wear anything nautical.

"Huh!" snorted Bell. "Where are you going?"

"With you, papa."

"But I am going to call on the Pilot-fish."

"So I imagined. As Hermione's older sister I thought that I ought to go with you. You see, in a way, I stand *in loco parentis*."

Bell wrinkled up his nose. He was on the whole pleased with the idea, but he guessed that Cécile's object was less inspired by a sense of social obligation than a feminine curiosity to see the man reputed to be following them about through hopeless love of herself. He determined to tease her a little.

"Oh, it ain't necessary. I'm parent enough. It would only embarrass him if you were to go too. He's shy as a red-head duck."

Cécile bit her lip. "Very well," said she, "if you don't want me. I merely felt that I ought to go because the situation was a rather delicate one—those two wandering about at daybreak in their bathing-suits. My instinct

told me that some official recognition of such an incident should be taken by a woman of the family; it seems scarcely the thing to be left for two men."

"Oh, well, well!" interrupted her father. "Come along, then. I—eh—it had never occurred to me in just that light. You are quite correct, my dear, quite." He ushered her to the rail with great ceremony. Yachting etiquette requires that the owner shall be the first one to board his vessel and the last to leave her. Bell invariably observed these details, which are, of course, modeled after naval etiquette. There was a little smile in the corner of Cécile's pretty mouth as she descended the accommodation-ladder. These three girls were each quite able to manage their father; Cécile by guile, Paula by sweetness and Hermione by violence. Heldstrom, on the other hand, managed the girls by one quality—quiet, dominant force of will, which was, of course, backed by deep affection.

Off they started, then, crisply and with four lusty oars. Bell would have no "chugging stink-pot" for a gig, although not disdaining power for errands and market-work. His gig was a beautifully modeled, diminutive man-o'-war's whaleboat, with the official arrow on the bow, the insignia of a gig. She slipped through the water like a barracouta, light, easy-pulling, buoyant and dry in any seaway, and swift under sail. The distance to the Daffodil was quickly spanned and they drew close aboard to find Mr. Applebo, immaculately clad in ducks, regaling himself with tea and macaroons in the cockpit.

As the gig shot alongside, the poet arose and saluted. In response to his deep-toned order the Finn squeezed out of a small hatchway up forward in a way that suggested a crab coming out of a hole, and sidled aft, boathook in hand. Cécile observed that the bow-oar, an Irishman, crossed himself

Mr. Applebo's manner was dignified and polite, but had he been discovered sitting atop of an iceberg in Davis Strait he could not have been more cool and distant. His leonine features betrayed no hint of any sort of emotion and the deep, amber eyes, half hidden behind his long, dark eyelashes, blinked sleepily at his guests.

"Good morning," said he, and bowed again. Seeing a little hesitation on the face of Captain Bell, he added, "Will you do me the honor to come aboard?"

Had the words been, rather, "Will you do me the honor to clear out and not bother me?" the hospitable desire behind them could not have been more distinctly expressed. Bell was sadly taken aback. He had expected to be met with embarrassment which he would graciously seek to allay. Though himself the heart and soul of hospitality, he always clung to a certain punctilious formality and detested the social negligée of the Corinthian sailor, in spite of which it was a little discomposing to be received aboard a little two-by-six shallop with this "Sir, I have the honor to request" manner. If Cécile shared his surprise she did not show it. Leaning slightly forward she regarded the poet with that expression of polite inquiry which one might bestow upon an unfamiliar entrée served at the table of a friend

A person sticking to good form, however, need never be more than momentarily embarrassed. Captain Bell arose as though there were but three joints in his body, only one of which was needed for his bow. "Thank you," said he, and turned to Cécile, who floated up from her cushions and gave the tips of her fingers to her father. Bell preceded her aboard, using two joints in the maneuver, and shook hands with Mr. Applebo, whose expression suggested a person roused from a beauty-sleep. "H'm—h'm! Daughter, permit me to present Mr. Applebo," said Bell to Cécile, and added, turning to the Pilot-fish, "My daughter, Miss Bell—h'm—huh!"

With the face of one oppressed by the recollection of a sad dream Mr. Applebo assisted Cécile to the deck of the Daffodil.

"Pray come below," said he; "the glare is rather intense."

A one-and-a-half-jointed bow from Bell and a swift, curious look from Cécile acknowledged this invitation. The Pilot-fish shot back the sliding-hatch and led the way down, the others following with something of the manner of people who inspect an apartment still occupied by a polite but greatly bored tenant.

On entering the cabin the two guests were forcibly struck by its peculiar atmosphere of warm and immaculate emptiness. One does not, as a rule, associate warmth and emptiness, but the former quality was in this case conveyed by the peculiarly rich and mellow light pervading the place, which Cécile quickly discovered to be due to the sun shining through amber-colored skylights and reflected from the yellow enamel of the paint-work. It was a peculiar effect but, unlike that of red, blue or green lights, extremely restful and agreeable.

"He's a Balm, That's What's the Matter With Him"

People whose homes are on the wave usually like to surround themselves with personal trinkets suggestive of the land, which is, after all, their natural element. Cécile's room aboard the Shark was a *sans-souci* of delicious luxury in exquisite taste. But here in the Daffodil's cabin there was not one single object that did not have its distinct and practical use; not a picture, not a curio or knickknack of any sort. Books there were, no doubt, in the double row of lockers on each side, but nothing of ornamentation. There were two big nickeled lamps set in gimbals, one over a gravity table, the other over the head of the single bunk. A large watch hanging on the forward bulkhead furnished noiselessly the time; above it was a tell-tale compass and a small aneroid barometer, while a battered and archaic-looking sextant was jammed against the bulkhead under a yellow leather strap.

The poet produced a couple of campchairs, which he opened and offered to his guests.

"I hope you do not object to yellow light," said he "Yellow is my color. I find it intellectually stimulating"

"It is said to be the mental color," observed Cécile

"In France," Bell remarked, "they say that it is the symbol of a *mauvais ménage*. But since you are not married it does not matter."

"I am wedded to my Muse," said Applebo, "and it is true that we sometimes quarrel. Perhaps that is the reason."

Bell shot his daughter a glance which said as plainly as words, "There! I said that he was off his chump." The poet looked sleepily unconscious. The dreamy expression of his eyes would have led one to believe that he were dreaming of meadows sown with asphodel. Bell made noises in his fat throat.

"H'm—huh, huh! My daughter and I have called to thank you, Mr. Applebo, for your services rendered this morning to an indiscreet member of our family. H'm—"

The poet made a graceful, undulating motion with his hand, expressive and deprecatory. Cécile, regarding him intently, decided that he was quite correct in saying that yellow was his color. Her eyes clung to him, fascinated by his odd, unusual type. The yawl swung a trifle on her cable and a golden shaft of light that struck diagonally through the skylight traveled slowly across the bulkhead and bathed the leonine head of Applebo in a golden effulgence, wreathing his wavy hair with a true aureole. A golden man he looked. Cécile was unable to take her eyes from him.

"My sister is much to be congratulated," said she, "in finding a champion at the critical moment."

"Oh," said the poet, "the one to be congratulated is the keeper. Miss Bell was about to fill him full of shot."

"What!" cried Bell, much startled.

"Quite so. He meant to drag her off by force and she felt differently about it. When I arrived she had him covered and was promising to blow his head off," he blinked.

"My God!" cried the horrified Bell.

"How terrible!" exclaimed Cécile.

"It would have served him right," said the Pilot-fish. "If she had done so I would have dug a hole in the sand and buried him, and we would have said nothing about it."

"But—but—bless me!" cried the horrified Bell. "It would have been—eh—manslaughter!"

"The fellow deserved to be slaughtered," observed the poet. "However, he was so fortunate as to escape. I persuaded him to go away. Then, while Miss Bell was recovering from her agitation, the scoundrel stole her boat. Unfortunately my man was ashore with my only boat and, as I did not like to leave your daughter alone and she assured me that she was a strong swimmer, we decided to swim. There was no great risk, as I could have towed her the whole distance at a pinch."

All of this was said in a sleepy voice, while the screened eyes blinked drowsily from Bell to Cécile. The girl's scrutiny was more intent than she realized and her soft cheeks were slightly pale. Little lines had appeared, running vertically between her brows. One would have said that she was agitated at thoughts suggested by the recital of her sister's adventure, but that was not the case. Cécile was inwardly stirred at something in the quality of the deep, monotonous voice, low and vibrant as the purr of a great cat The personality of Applebo had upon her an odd, exciting influence.

In rather ridiculous contrast to the effect he produced on the inner emotions of this accomplished coquet, the poet was sitting in the most uninspiring manner possible to conceive. He was perched on the extreme rim of his bunk, which being rather low brought his big knees chest-high. His feet, of generous proportions and elegantly shod in rubber-soled buckskin, were "toeing in," his forearms rested across his thighs and his back was domed like the shell of a tortoise, so that the long, wavy hair clustered about his shoulders as he turned his head from one guest to the other. Add to this a sleepy, blinking face and a wide mouth that seemed ever ready to yawn, and it appears odd that Mr. Applebo should have caused any acceleration of the pulse in a young lady who had successfully weathered many an impassioned declaration. As a matter of fact, it was the suggestion of swift, latent force masked in this somnolent pose that was discomposing. There was a deep, slumberous gleam in the amber eyes which told of a very wakeful spirit within, while the muscular contour of the inert limbs promised an output of tireless strength which their inert laxity sought in vain to conceal. Both Captain Bell and Cécile felt the existence of this masked vitality, the former with the admiration of a man who had himself been athletic in his youth, and Cécile with the aforesaid stirring of some new and unclassified emotion.

"Fancy your being able to drag a big girl through the water for a mile or more!" said he. "You must be a very powerful man."

"It would be easier for a good swimmer to carry a person for a mile in the water than on the land," said Applebo. "The water takes most of the weight. Besides, one could never tire in performing a service for so charming a girl as your daughter."

Bell looked startled. "H'm—huh!" he began, but Cécile interrupted.

"If you find a service of that kind so stimulating, I should think you would lend yourself oftener to it."

There was the least touch of sharpness in her tone. Applebo eyed her inquiringly.

"I do," said he, "but in spirit rather than in body. Thus, following you"—there was the faintest emphasis on the "you"—"about all summer has been a sentimental though unasked service. All services should be unasked; otherwise they are obligations. It has been a service, and I have never tired of it."

Bell's jaw slightly dropped. Cécile's glance was very intense. Applebo blinked.

"It seems to me that the service was on our part, seein' that we were doing your thinkin' for you," said Bell.

"The leader must always do the thinking for the one who follows," murmured the poet. "The stray dog that

attaches himself to your heels follows blindly where you lead because of his unasked and often undesired devotion. The pilot-fish does not dictate his course to the shark."

Bell looked confused, then turned a slightly richer shade of pink. The idea was slowly permeating his intelligence that Applebo was chaffing them, and so subtly that one hardly knew how to reply. The same idea had entered the head of Cécile. To this pampered beauty the idea that a young man should deliberately amuse himself at her expense was maddening. Cécile had plenty of fight in her and she was active-minded as well, and she did not propose to be set dancing on a string like a marionette for the pleasure of this sleepy-eyed enigma.

"After all," said she, "one might consider that we were quits. You furnish us with some idle amusement which otherwise we might lack, while we furnish you with some of our mind which otherwise you might lack."

"Precisely," drawled the poet; "a fair exchange."

Bell cackled outright. The color flared into the face of Cécile. Applebo blinked. Captain Bell came to the rescue of his daughter.

"Aboard the Shark," said he, "you are a sort of benefactor. You instil our monotonous lives with a great excitement. All hands make bets on how long after us you will arrive in port."

"In that case," said Applebo in a tone of dreamy regret, "I must sometimes have thoughtlessly spoiled the game by carelessly permitting myself to arrive before you. Hereafter I will not follow you out so soon."

Bell's face grew rather purple. Though obliged to admit the dull sailing qualities of the Shark, he had never particularly relished comment on the topic; but to have it so rubbed in by a little thirty-foot sword-fisher was infuriating.

"Of course," he snapped, "on these short runs it's not difficult for you to pass us. But I am afraid that you may not find it so easy to stay with us for the next fortnight or so. We're tired of mudholing around with the small fry."

"If you are tired of me," observed the poet, "you know that you have only to say so. Not for worlds would I persecute you with undesired attentions."

"Not a bit of it!" exclaimed Cécile. "We find you very amusing. The question is whether you will find your occupation so amusing from now on. As papa says, we are planning some good off-shore runs. I do hope, Mr. Applebo, that you will not find your duties too arduous."

Here was a challenge, directly thrown down. Applebo looked as if the mere thought of it made him overtired.

"Come, come," said Bell, with an assumption of his hearty manner. "'Fess up, now. What is your real object in trailin' us around? Wood says you find the proximity of three pretty girls stimulatin' to your poetry. Is that true?"

"Quite." Applebo looked slowly at Cécile. "Huntington exaggerates. The proximity of one of them would be quite enough. The focus of so many romantic and sentimental aspirations must by its mere juxtaposition inspire by repercussion the acme of poetic expression."

"H'm—huh—hough! I don't precisely understand," said Bell with perfect truth.

Cécile drew back with a little sniff. Applebo showed actual signs of awakening. He leaned toward Bell and spread out his large, well-shaped hands.

"We poets," he said, "are souls highly sensitized to extrinsic emotions. We are less sentient beings than esthetic interpreters of the passionate vibrations of Art and Nature. Like the æolian harp responding to the dalliance of a zephyr, thus do we translate soul-talk of alien origin."

He beamed at the agonized Bell, who was panting for air.

"Just as the compass swings to meet its electric affinity," pursued Applebo in a rapt voice, "so doth the spirit of the Muse within us react to the atmosphere of Love, that divinest of all motive forces. It is thus that I find your aura so stimulating"—he looked at Cécile—"like tabasco on an oyster." He gave her a celestial smile.

"I see," she answered. "You use us as a sort of stove."

"Less for its warmth," said Applebo, "than for the fuel with which it is fed."

Captain Bell mopped his brow. "I am a practical sort of person, myself," said he vaguely. "Why don't you accept our invitations and get your inspiration at short range?"

"To do that," said the poet, "would be to sacrifice my sacred Muse upon the altar of my own selfishness. No. All that I ask is merely to continue as I am; a humble and devoted pilot-fish."

Bell and Cécile both cast him glances of quick suspicion, but the face of Mr. Applebo expressed no more than a sad and somewhat sleepy resignation. Bell rose to his feet and Cécile, somewhat reluctantly, did the same. She felt that she was quitting a considerable loser.

"Well," remarked Bell, a little snappishly, "keep on being a pilot-fish if that suits you better. As far as following us is concerned, you can do that and welcome. Follow us till hell free ——"

"Papa!"

"H'm—huh—h'm! But I'm afraid you'll find that you've got some swimming cut out for you that will wear the brisket off you."

"Where the Shark swims," said Applebo, "the Pilot-fish will follow."

"We will see—h'm—we will see," said Captain Bell oracularly.

VIII

IT IS sad to chronicle the fact that on the way back to the Shark Captain Bell's language was not such as a maiden's ears should hear. But it is doubtful whether Cécile's ears did hear it, such paternal explosions being somewhat too common of occurrence to command attention. On the other hand, the treatment that she had just received at the hands of the poet was an entirely new experience, and, in consideration of what Wood had told her, one that puzzled her mightily. There was naturally no way of poor Cécile's knowing that the poet took her for her sister Hermione, and was working off a little artistic pique due to the return of verses that had cost him gallons of tea and many pounds of macaroons.

Bell was going off at intervals, like an automatic foghorn.

"The ——— fool!" he stormed, to the expressionless delight of his crew, who pulled away with stony faces. "Is he a wild ass of the desert, or does he think I am, or both? What in——did he mean by all that——rot about Hermione shooting the keeper and he standin' by to bury him in the sand? Was the ——— tryin' to josh me, I'd like to know? And all that ——— slush about percussion somethin' and poetic interpretation by an æolian harp crackin' on—Oh! Did you ever see such a cub-faced, swab-headed guillemot? Soul-talk! I want a drink!"

These and other winged words were lost upon Cécile. She was trying to hit on some solution of Applebo's treatment of herself. Certainly there had been some hidden meaning in the looks that he had turned upon her; something that suggested a subtle motive for his peculiar behavior. Cécile, who found it quite impossible to construe any situation as unflattering to herself, decided that the behavior of the poet was nothing less than sheer "bluff." Either he was trying to disguise some deep inner emotion, or else he had wished to mislead Captain Bell as to the true reason for his constant attendance. Cécile did not for an instant take seriously Applebo's sentimental effusions about the effect upon his poetry produced by the propinquity of the Shark. She was quite convinced that there was a very deep and subtle method underlying his apparently foolish pose. Theretofore she had been divided as to whether he must be considered as a really smitten lover or merely as a sort of half-witted loon, which, like all of its species, was quite at home on the wave. She had even thought it possible that he might be a fool of whimsical ideas who had actually attached himself to the Shark from sheer lack of objective. This theory had been overturned by Wood's revelations, and she had accompanied her father to call on Applebo with the secret determination of discovering what was really underneath his eccentric behavior.

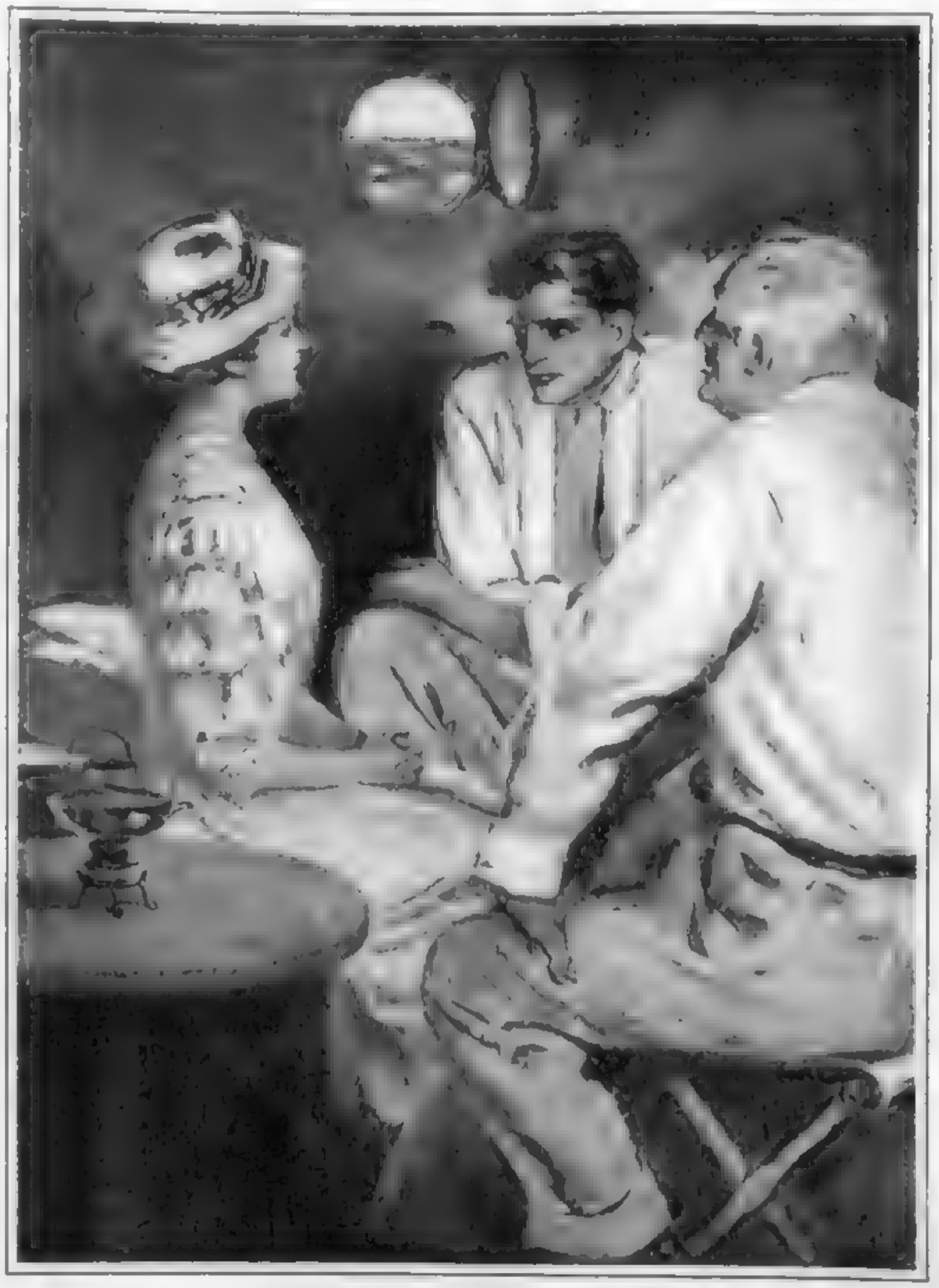
The sleepy quick-wittedness; the supine manner of attempting to disguise a fierce forcefulness beneath; the deep resonant voice, silky and warm; the inscrutable leonine face with its mane of tawny hair—the *tout ensemble* had deeply impressed Cécile, though she was not yet conscious of how deeply. But she knew that Applebo was very far from being the pilot-fish that he claimed to be. A chunk of pork on a hook, perhaps, but a pilot-fish—no! Cécile had a vague instinct that she was shortly to be more fully informed in regard to this matter.

Notwithstanding which, she arrived at the schooner in a state of extreme irritation, while her father had subsided into a sub-acute exasperation expressed by grunts and growls. A certain curiosity had backed up the real motive for the call aboard the Daffodil, and this curiosity had been politely but effectually flouted and both father and daughter much resented it. Especially the daughter, as much trifling with the affections of many young men is a poor way for a girl to get in training to have a young man treat her with *lèse-majesté*.

On coming alongside of the schooner they found a boat from the Arcturus, and Cécile's temper was not improved at hearing the gay laughter from the deck, where Hermione, Paula, Huntington Wood and Mr. Poole were having a very good time. Cécile was one of those girls who grow restive at the sight of attractive men in the possession of other girls; so she proceeded at once to break up the *partie carrée*, taking Wood away from Paula as one might deprive a child of some object that it was too young to play with.

All were curious to hear about the call upon Mr. Applebo, however, especially as the red and belligerent

(Continued on Page 77)



Cécile Was Unable to Take Her Eyes From Him

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 24, 1910

The Indiana Election

THE most important election to be held this fall is in Indiana, because nowhere else is the issue between popular and machine government quite so sharply drawn. Senator Beveridge broke with the organization of his own party when that became necessary in order faithfully to represent the people of his state. He fought for a tariff commission—to which President Taft now so largely pins hope of Republican success—when the Republican machine scoffed at the word. Aldrich's dictum was not sufficient reason with him for raising cotton duties or failing to lower woolen duties which the farmers of Indiana would have to pay. For good reasons the Tobacco Trust does not like him and every "big interest" animated by like ambitions would welcome his defeat. He has been well tried and well proved.

Opposed to him is Mr. Kern, who is simply a Democrat, representing only the party organization—which includes Tammany in New York, Taggart in Indiana, Sullivan in Illinois and some faithful protectionists of raw materials in the South.

In a seesaw from one party to the other the cause of popular government merely marks time. It can never really advance unless faithful, courageous, able representatives of the people are supported. Unlike Wisconsin, for example, Indiana is not traditionally Republican. Party for party, the balance is about even. So the question is very clear-cut whether a majority of the people will recognize public service above party label.

Can any Indianian who will candidly consider it doubt on which side his interest really lies? If he believes in government for the people, instead of government for "the interests," he knows from strenuous experience which side Senator Beveridge is on.

To what, that is one-half so convincing as Beveridge's record, can the organization that is personified in Mr. Kern point?

Cotton and Labor

COTTON sold in New York the last of August at twenty cents a pound, the highest price in a generation. The purchasers were not spinners, but merely some agonized "shorts," yet the price serves to illustrate the supremacy of this country in cotton production. Because our crop last year was small, and our prices high, European mills have shut down or run on part time. They were in much worse case, of course, during the Civil War, when the embargo on Southern ports paralyzed the cotton industry abroad. Practically ever since then Europe—England especially—has been doing all it could to foster a source of supply of the raw material outside of the United States. In some measure those efforts have succeeded; but not in such measure as to threaten our supremacy. In India and in Egypt are lands adapted to cotton-growing. Both countries swarm with the cheapest labor in the world—labor far cheaper than that of our cotton-fields. The product of that labor, of course, meets our cotton in free competition at European markets; but that pauper labor in free competition has by no means destroyed our cotton-growing industry. On the contrary, we sell Europe three times as much raw cotton as we did a generation ago. As to cotton manufactures, Professor Taussig, the ablest historian of the tariff, concludes that "probably as early as 1824, and almost certainly by 1832, the industry had reached a firm position, in which it was able to meet foreign competition on equal terms." In 1909 we protected this industry by duty of fifty-three per cent, and these duties were increased in the Payne-Aldrich bill.

A Wall Street Departure

IN WALL STREET this fall a singular condition has obtained and provoked much comment—generally ill-natured. Normally, of course, money accumulates there in the summer as country-bank balances pile up; but in early autumn, when crops begin to move, country banks want their money at home, and withdrawals from New York frequently cause a smart little money pinch there—rates on call loans jumping to usurious figures and the banks hastily turning to the Treasury at Washington for relief.

But this year, as the crop-moving season approached stock-market conditions being somewhat dubious also—four big banks began laying in a large stock of cash. By the last week in August they held nearly a hundred and forty millions of ready money, which was over forty millions more than the law required. In other words, as heavy demands might be made upon them, they actually prepared themselves beforehand to meet the demands.

This course, we believe, is unprecedented in Wall Street history in any fairly normal year. The Street viewed it, on the whole, with disfavor. A good many people wanted to borrow that extra forty millions on long time to carry stocks with, and felt peevish because the banks held on to the money—merely because the concerns that owned it might soon be calling upon them for it.

Some of the comments, in fact, are luminous as to Wall Street's conception of a bank's duty.

Express and Pullman Rates

THE four largest express companies have outstanding a hundred million dollars in stocks and bonds which mostly cost the holders nothing. One company, in 1898, gave its stockholders twelve millions, or a hundred per cent, in bonds; and, in 1907, twenty-four millions, or two hundred per cent, in other bonds. Another, early this year, presented its stockholders with eight millions, or one hundred per cent, in cash, and sixteen millions, or two hundred per cent, in new stock. Besides which, substantial regular dividends have been paid. The four companies report the cost of their equipment—horses, wagons, etc.—at slightly over six million dollars. This equipment represents the only capital that is necessary to carry on an express business.

Recently the Illinois Railroad and Warehouse Commission ordered a sweeping cut in express rates; and, though the companies will doubtless appeal to the courts, the action promises to start rolling a ball that will finally roll into the Interstate Commerce Commission and bring a wholesale investigation of express charges.

Like the express companies, the Pullman Company has given away most of its capitalization of a hundred and twenty millions. Since 1898 it has distributed sixty-four millions of new stock gratis among its shareholders. In any broad consideration of railroad charges this matter of express and Pullman rates must be taken into account.

Pick Out a Game

THE other day a man above forty years of age, actively engaged in a business career, won the national tennis championship for the fourth time in succession and now holds the title for the sixth time. Moreover, among those who competed for the privilege of meeting Champion Larned in the final contest were men in middle life who have been playing tennis many years.

Therefore, as to the weighty matter of picking out a game, we suggest tennis. You can play it all your life—and get more lasting riches out of it than out of many of your business undertakings. Golf, of course, is in the same category, but not so convenient, inspiriting or cheap. If you are an undergraduate never mind freakish football, which you will certainly drop at twenty-five. Choose a game that will last. If you are an overgraduate, and anywhere under sixty-five, pick out a game—hopscotch will do—and get interested in it. It is not only good in itself, but a powerful deterrent from very bad substitutes. We should not, for example, be much afraid that a young man who was addicted to a good outdoor game would become addicted to barrooms; and if we had to deal with a man who was slipping into the latter addiction our first step would be to thrust a brassy or racket into his hand, take him firmly by the left ear, face him away from the begilt mirror and give him a swift kick toward the golf links or tennis court.

The Arbitrament of War

AT THE end of the insurrection of 1868–78, it may be recalled, Spain promised Cuba a more liberal government; but the promises were not kept, and in 1895 insurrection again broke forth. Whereupon Spain threw a great army into the island under command of Don Valeriano Weyler. The name and methods of Weyler are well remembered in this country. He devastated whole districts of the island, destroying habitations and fields and driving the inhabitants into his "concentration" camps, where some of them perished of hunger, others of disease.

The point of this little recital is that for several months Spain herself has been politically convulsed, and the clerical press, which speaks for the standpat, or reactionary, element, charges that the insurgency or anticlericalism which so distracts the kingdom is inspired by none other than Don Valeriano Weyler—even our "Butcher" Weyler of the concentration camps.

Subsequently to the Spanish-American War, Spain enjoyed a notable industrial boom; but the boom seems to have spent itself, to be followed, as usual, by depression. According to a correspondent of the London Times, what makes Weyler formidable politically is his following of a hundred thousand veterans of the Cuban War, who are now, to a considerable extent, jobless, poverty-stricken and vastly discontented.

The instrument, in short, which Spain used to crush Cuba's aspiration for greater liberty now fights for greater liberty in Spain.

Of course many historic parallels of the two-edged sword might be adduced. To a demand for self-government, muskets are a poor answer.

The Coast's New Railroad

THE San Francisco Call devotes three pages to the arrival of the first passenger train over the Western Pacific—that extension of the Gould system which gives the Golden Gate its third transcontinental line. It was forty-one years in May since Leland Stanford, president of the Central Pacific—also governor of California—with a silver sledge drove the golden spike which completed the first road to the Coast. The blows of the sledge were repeated by wire to many cities. In New York a salute of a hundred guns was fired and a Te Deum sung. In Chicago, a procession four miles long, addressed by the Vice-President of the United States, celebrated the event; while, at San Francisco, business was suspended to give jubilation full scope.

Presently jubilation was succeeded by objurgation as California discovered what an unregulated railroad monopoly meant, and it was only at the August primaries—a fortnight before the opening of the Western Pacific for passenger business—that the state succeeded in extracting from her body politic certain spikes, not golden, which Mr. Stanford and his associates drove without singing a Te Deum. The Gould road, says one of its spokesmen, enters California for business, not politics. It proposes, not to cut rates, but to increase transportation facilities and give good service. This program is all that can be asked of any railroad, for cutting rates in railroading is as out of date as cutting throats at sea. As a substantial addition to the Coast's shipping power, the new line was roundly welcomed.

Crime and Punishment

OUT of a hundred thousand people, taking the country over, about seventy-five have been convicted of an offense so grave as to merit a state's-prison sentence. Accepting the expert view that two criminals are at large for every one locked up, we should have, out of a hundred thousand population, two hundred and twenty-five criminals.

Probably this ratio will decrease about in proportion as laws defining crime and prescribing punishment grow milder. In that way, mainly, the criminal population has decreased. Formerly there were more felons because there were more felonies. When stealing a sheep or half a crown was a capital offense, society was afflicted with a great number of persons so utterly abandoned and irreclaimable that nothing but death could be adjudged to them.

The number of capital offenders is much smaller nowadays because only cold-blooded murderers are put to death.

It is usually said that society has outgrown the old idea of vengeful justice; but it really hasn't. Public sentiment demands punishment for crime, and we fully agree with it—not because we are convinced that punishment deters crime, but because we hate the offense. Examine candidly your sentiment toward a murderer or footpad—the sentiment which makes you demand that he be punished—and you will find it ninety-five per cent pure hatred. We by no means doubt that this hatred is righteous, because we ourselves share it.

Yet the same hatred was felt for a deer-stealer when the persons who shaped the laws put him to death, and we think they were wrong.

Winston Churchill, in England, is proposing some quite radical departures in the criminal code. Nearly everywhere the whole subject receives searching reëxamination, stirs up many doubts, raises many questions that will sometime have to be answered.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

A Good Newspaper Man

YOU know the Place Vendôme. Excuse, please—the Plas Vondôme—'rah for Ollendorf. Of course! Certainly! Everybody knows the Plas Vendôme. More Kansas Citians know it, for example, than Parisians. Sure! Trees beans.

I would ask you to picture it to yourself on a sunny July afternoon, with the funny little hotel on the corner where the Kings stop, and the column casting a shadow that points directly to the *bodega* just below, and the taxicabs swooping around, and the gendarmes waiting to arrest you for obstructing the traffic if one of them—a taxicab—happens to hit you, and the Americans who have lost their letters of credit lurking about to ask you, for the love of the star-spangled banner, to loan them a hundred francs to tide them over, or five, or one; and all the other appurtenances that go with the place on a sunny July afternoon.

Dost frame the picture? 'Tis well. Now to unfold the tale. Proceeding leisurely, apparently immersed in deep thought, but with an agile Indiana eye out for the swooping taxicabs just the same, there might have been seen a tall, distinguished and attenuated gentleman, clad in a green hat, a pink suit, magenta spats, a purple shirt and various other delightful evidences of the art and color blindness of the haberdasher who keeps the shop not far up the *rue* from which the meager pedestrian came. Get that? Tall, thin man, in raiment that would be conspicuous at a musical-comedy finale, walking across.

Advancing rapidly in the opposite direction, stepping nonchalantly on an occasional gendarme and plowing through the lurking Americans who had lost their letters of credit, came another, a large, thick person who smoked a long black cigar, cursed eloquently at the quality of French tobacco, wore a straw hat on the back of his head, and after taking a short look at the column remarked, to the great scandal of the Parisians near by: "There are a dozen dead brewers out home who have bigger monuments than that."

The tall, sparse pedestrian, wearing the green hat, stopped. He regarded the oncomer with much interest. "I beg your pardon ——" he began.

"Nix," broke in the large, rectangular person; "I cannot do it. I am now on my way to suggest to the American ambassador that he shall advise all visiting Americans to place their letters of credit under porous plasters and fasten the plasters securely to the smalls of their backs. This losing of letters of credit seems to be epidemic with my countrymen, judging from the number who have nailed me for a few francs to help them out until remittances arrive. I cannot do it, friend. I am sorry, but, as a nation, we are too prone to carelessness in these money matters. I ——"

"I beg your pardon," interrupted the tall, thin man excitedly. "I have not lost my letter of credit. I ——"

"Shake, friend. I am glad to know you. What is the matter? Did an Apache rob you, or did the hotelman sting you?"

The tall, thin man became vociferous. "Nothing of the sort!" he shouted. "I merely intended to remark that if we were in Cincinnati and we met like this I should say you were Jim Faulkner."

"Discovered!" hissed the large, thick person. Then, looking closely at the man who had accosted him, he exclaimed: "And I should say you were David Graham Phillips."

They clasped hands, there beneath the column, these two voyagers from America, old friends who had not met for years and years and years. And, arm in arm, they went to a convenient place, recalling the fact that, when David Graham came from college to enter Cincinnati journalism, it was Jim Faulkner who took him out on his first assignment and asked him to walk a few paces in front as they proceeded up the street, because David Graham even in those days had individual ideas about clothes, and Jim didn't want his friends to think he had joined a minstrel show.

"Discovered!" Hissed the Large, Thick Person

A Specialist in Ohio Politics

JIM FAULKNER! Many another new reporter has he taken out on his first assignment, and many another puzzled youngster has he helped over the rough places in the early part of the game. And for years he has been on watch in Columbus, Ohio, writing politics for the Cincinnati Enquirer, extending the friendly hand to the correspondents who come to view the politics of that most political state; clear-visioned, level-headed, wise, aware of the tricks and trimming of the in-and-outers, contemptuous of the fakes and humbugs; not taken in by the pretensions of the shoals of pretenders, putting his own valuation on the patriots who blow in, blow up and blow out. He is not afraid to say what he thinks, assaying men the way a chemist assays ore, glad when he finds a pay-streak, and willing and anxious to give credit for it, but equally willing to point out what is bogus, pricking bubbles, laughing at the frauds, helping the real ones along—one of the good men in his line.

The power exerted on the politics of a state by a man like Jim Faulkner is large. Instead of going elsewhere he has preferred to stay in Ohio, the state he has always lived in, and has specialized on that commonwealth and its politicians and its politics. No man in the state has a wider range of political information. No man in the state knows more than he of the men who lead the parties and the men who follow in the ranks. He has seen a generation of them come up and go down, and he has helped some of them up and has pushed some of them down. He knows what he writes, but, like every other real man in his profession, doesn't write all he knows. He is the Ohio political authority. When he says a thing, no matter whether the politicians do squeal and deny—as they all do—what he says is a safe betting proposition.

He is modest, companionable, a story-teller of high class, with a sense of humor that is almost abnormally keen; interested and entertained by the vagaries of the men who play the game there, kindly toward the strugglers with stuff in them, but merciless toward the humbugs and hypocrites. He knows the state from end to end, and his Sunday articles are a joy, portraying the individualities and idiosyncrasies of the droves of politicians who get their heads above the grass. When he likes he can wither them with satire and sarcasm, but usually he laughs at them and has everybody else laughing with him.

Governors and senators and state officials ask and heed his advice. His experience has been so long and varied and his understanding of Ohio political motives is so comprehensive that he knows what things mean before the bulk of the men who are most concerned in the meaning. His outlook on life is joyous and buoyant. He refuses to take the parading and posturing statesman seriously. He hates peace and abhors inaction. Although he specializes on Ohio, he knows his national politics thoroughly; and when he lands at a national convention, or goes out to cover another state, what he sends back to his paper is worth any man's reading, not only because it is a correct recital of what is happening, has happened and is going to happen, but also because it is written in a most entertaining and sprightly manner.

Jeems is a sizable person physically. He has a good breadth of shoulder and a good thickness of chest. His big head is round, his eyes twinkle and he is generally about to smile. Once he was police commissioner of Cincinnati; but that wasn't any fun, for it is a lot more enjoyable to trail the politicians to their devious lairs than it is to direct the men who trail others—including, of course, an occasional politician—that the ends of justice may not be defeated, as we may say. Barring this excursion into office-holding Jeems has led a blameless life.

It is a great thing, I take it, to be a leader in your line in a state like Ohio, for that naturally makes one a leader in his line in the United States, and that is what Jim Faulkner is. I do not think Faulkner ever thought of himself in that way. As I have said, he is a modest man. And inasmuch as modest men are as scarce in Ohio as elsewhere almost extinct, indeed it has seemed worth while to turn the spotlight on one chap who is doing his big job in a big way and not calling attention to the fact by means of megaphones, billboards, conversation, posing, printing or other means of personal publicity.

Big Chief's Reasons

"BIG CHIEF" MYERS, the catcher of the New York Baseball Club, is an Indian and has a regular Indian name. He picked out Myers for his baseball name.

"Why did you select Myers?" asked an inquisitive person one day

"Oh," replied Myers, "because it sounds so Indian."

Fittener Currency

A FORMER Missouri Member of Congress, named Rea, was campaigning for election at about the time of the free-silver craze. He went to a small town to talk. When he was in the middle of his speech some one yelled out: "Where do you stand on the money question?"

Rea was not anxious to answer, and he didn't. He coughed, said he was coming to that and went on. Presently the same man shouted again: "Where do you stand on the money question?"

Rea dodged again and continued with his speech. Not to be put aside the man got up and bellowed: "I demand to know where you stand on the money question!"

Rea had to answer. Straightening himself to his full height he yelled back: "Fellow-citizens, I stand where I always have stood on the money question. I am for more an' a fittener currency."

Appreciation Unappreciated

A MAN who hadn't been home to dinner and who didn't arrive in time for midnight luncheon—if there had been one—finally landed at his apartment and was greeted with a silvery, "Is that you, dear?" from his wife's room.

"It is," he responded succinctly, not caring for much conversation.

"What time is it?"

"Oh, not so late!" he answered; and then observing a large bunch of roses on a table in the hall he sought to change the conversation by remarking: "What a beautiful bouquet of flowers!"

"They are lovely," assented the wife.

"Beautiful!" continued the late arrival enthusiastically. "Fresh, too, I should say. Their perfume is delightful."

"Can you smell them?"

"Oh, yes; their perfume goes through the entire place. It is lovely."

"You always did like the perfume of roses," cooed the wife.

"Yes; and these are especially fragrant."

"Well, go to bed if that is the case. You see, my dear, those are paper roses."

The Hall of Fame

¶ Lyman J. Gage, former Secretary of the Treasury, was at one time in his early career a clerk in a planing mill.

¶ Clay M. Greene, of New York, has written anywhere from fifty to a hundred plays. He's forgotten the count himself.

¶ Senator Henry Cabot Lodge has succumbed to the march of progress and has finally put a telephone in his house at Nahant.

¶ "Dick" Metcalfe, who edits Mr. Bryan's Commoner and ran for the Democratic nomination for Senator in Nebraska in the primaries, is the author of a book of essays about children that is very popular in the West.

¶ Whenever Senator Jonathan Bourne, of Oregon, steps into the limelight he prepares a typewritten interview previous to the step and hands it out after he emerges. Sometimes there are no reporters around to take the interviews, which is a waste of good material.

MYSTERIES OF THE LAW

The Nicks in the Knife Blade—By Melville Davisson Post

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

Happy it is for the interests of society that forcible injuries can seldom be perpetrated without leaving many and plain vestiges by which the guilty agent may be traced and detected.—STARKIE.

AN EXTRAORDINARY case, in which a trivial thing not only indicated the criminal agents but so certainly connected them with the crime as to render their conviction inevitable, was that of the State vs. John Mooney and Frank Friday. (49 W. Va. 712.)

The village of Elmgrove is a few miles southeast of the city of Wheeling. Here, on the first day of March, 1900, there resided a man named Hervey. He was one of those persons who, in a community where there is no convenient bank, are accustomed to lend money in small sums to the neighboring farmers. He was, consequently, known to have money about him.

Near ten o'clock on the night of March 1 some one called up the chief of police of the city of Wheeling and told him that Hervey's house had been entered by two men, a robbery attempted, and in the struggle Hervey had been shot and killed. Two women in the house, hurrying downstairs, had seen the men, but did not know who they were and could give no accurate description of them except that they had masks or something over their faces.

Two Arrests on Suspicion

AT THIS time the city of Wheeling was a sort of eddy into which criminals were accustomed to drift when moving across the continent. For a number of years this city made desperate efforts to rid itself of this criminal flotsam.

The chief of police was certain that those who had perpetrated the crime would return to the city. There were two roads leading into Wheeling from Elmgrove. He immediately posted men on these two roads. The result of this precaution of the chief was that about eleven o'clock the police arrested two men near a saloon on one of these roads. The men gave some plausible explanation of their being found at this saloon, and this explanation might have availed them but for the fact that one of the men was known to the police. This man, Mooney, was a notorious criminal. He had a number in three state penitentiaries. He was a fearless, daring, vindictive desperado. In attempting to escape from a state penitentiary in Ohio he broke both of his legs when he jumped from the wall, and with both legs broken he managed to get away, and came very near eluding his pursuers.

The police picked up Mooney and his companion, principally on the former's reputation. They took the two men to the police station. The police authorities did not know who the man with Mooney was. They never did know who he was. He refused to give any name, and as the arrest was made on Friday the police entered him in their docket under that name.

The men were searched; a revolver, some cartridges, a penknife, two handkerchiefs, one of them red, and some other articles were found on them. These articles were tied up in one of the handkerchiefs.

An examination of the premises at the place of the robbery developed that the two persons who had committed the crime had not at first entered the dwelling-house. They had gone into the carriage-house. Under a carriage tongue—used as a prop to hold it up—there had been a piece of pine scantling about four feet long and about two by four inches wide. This piece of scantling had been removed, and the persons who had committed the robbery had made a weapon of it by whittling a round handle. They had taken considerable time and care to shape the end of this piece of scantling into a round handle which could be held conveniently in the hand. The shavings were there in a little heap by the carriage wheel.

They had then gone into the house—one of them, presumably, armed with this club; the other, doubtless, with the revolver with which Hervey had been killed. They had attempted to rob the man, he had resisted, and in the end they had shot him. The club was lying in the house near the dead man. The noise of the struggle and the shot had aroused the other inmates of the house, and the two men had fled. The chief of police had been immediately called up and information of the robbery given to him.

Mooney and the man called by the police Friday were indicted by the grand jury and put on trial.

The attorney appearing for these prisoners was certain that they would be acquitted. Sifted of conjecture, there was almost nothing connecting these men with the crime. The prosecution had proceeded upon the notorious evil reputation of Mooney and in the hope that something would develop connecting these men with the homicide. The trial began in the criminal court and advanced to the point where the attorney for the prisoners was engaged in making his argument to the jury. Nothing had developed to support in any tangible way the hopes of the attorney for the state.

The city of Wheeling was at this time fortunate in having in its service, for this case, one of the ablest criminal prosecutors in America—a man whose ability, courage and untiring energy had made his name a terror to the desperado.

There is no dock for the prisoner in the criminal court of this city. He sits in a chair, almost where he likes, within the rail. On this day, while the attorney for the prisoners was addressing the jury, Mooney sat in a chair close to and directly behind the attorney for the state. This attorney was beside a table; the handkerchief which had contained the articles taken from the prisoners was open on the table before him. He was casually, idly, looking over these articles.

"If You Don't Get Me I'll Get You"

He was endeavoring to discover whether or not there was anything about the handkerchief that would indicate that it had been used as a mask. There were no eyeholes cut in it. He could find nothing to indicate that it had been put to such a use. He was being forced to the conjecture that the man had tied the handkerchief over his face without making eyeholes, trusting to be able to see through the meshes of the handkerchief. He had a jeweler's magnifying-glass, and with it he was vaguely examining the articles.

But principally the attorney was endeavoring to decide whether or not he should permit the case to continue. He knew perfectly well that the state had wholly failed to connect these two men with the crime. It was certain that if the jury did not acquit the prisoners the judge would set aside the verdict. He was thinking whether he ought frankly to say this to the jury and end the case. But he hesitated to do this. Mooney was a desperate character. A valuable service would be rendered to the country if he were got rid of. If he escaped he would become a greater menace, encouraged by this fortune.

An Eleventh-Hour Clew

MOONEY was acquainted with the jeopardy of criminal trials. He knew that the state had failed. And from time to time, sitting thus close behind the attorney, without moving his head, without changing his expression, scarcely moving his lips, he would say in a low voice audible only to the prosecuting officer, prefaced with an oath:

"If you don't get me I'll get you."

The attorney for the state was a courageous and resolute man, not accustomed to regard the threats of criminals. But he knew perfectly well that Mooney was capable of carrying out this threat, and that if he escaped he doubtless would carry it out. It was clearly of no use to call the judge's attention to what Mooney was saying. Any reprimand or threat of punishment within the power of the court would obviously have no effect on a man standing trial for his life.

But the low, deadly threat of Mooney, monotonously repeated, annoyed the attorney.

To divert his own attention from it he took up the jeweler's glass and began casually to examine the knife that had been found on the prisoners. There was a little metal plate on the handle of the knife. The attorney for the state thought this plate had once contained initials. He began to examine it carefully with the glass. But suppose there were letters on this plate, what light would they throw on the case? They might be Mooney's initials or initials of no one knew whom. The handle was so worn that he could make out nothing

Destiny Trips Him Up by the Moving of an Incident Inconceivably Trivial

Then this prosecuting officer, in turning the knife, brought the edge of the blade by chance under the jeweler's glass; and when he did it he was so overcome with the magnitude of the discovery which he then made that he feared for the moment his features would betray it. Suddenly, as by a flash of light, he saw how the conviction of these two men was made absolutely certain.

Under the glass he had seen on the knife blade two nicks about one-eighth of an inch apart.

He sat quietly looking down at the table until he felt that his features were again composed into that placid mask with which an attorney conceals himself from the observation of the courtroom. Then he got up with the knife in his hand, moved around the counsel for the defense who was addressing the jury, picked up the piece of scantling with its round handle and carried it to the window. There he found what he expected: a certain, definite, indisputable link connecting these two men with the crime. In every stroke on this scantling there were plainly to be seen two ridges. He moved the knife down over the surface of these strokes, and the two nicks in the blade fitted perfectly into these ridges.

The attorney for the state said nothing. He went back to his chair by the table. But the monotonous, low-voiced threat of Mooney had no longer its significance.

When he came to address the jury in his closing argument for the state he pointed out the fact that the crime had been committed and the club identified. He called attention to the articles which had been taken from the prisoners, to the fact that these articles were admitted to belong to the prisoners and were found on their persons. Then he frankly said to the jury that all the evidence as to the location of the prisoners when arrested, the identification by the two women, the conjecture by the police, and so forth, were insufficient to connect these men with this crime. There must be some certain incident that would connect Mooney and Friday with the homicide. If that connecting link were not in the case they must be acquitted. If it were they must be convicted. Then he picked up the club and the knife, pointed out the nicks in the blade and the grooves in the handle of the scantling, and handed the two articles to the jury.

The first juryman took the knife, fitted the blade over the pared places, and ran it slowly down, observing how the ridges fitted perfectly into the nicks of this blade. He nodded his head and passed it to the next juror.

A conviction was inevitable. Mooney and Friday were hanged in the penitentiary at Moundsville for this crime. Nobody ever knew who Friday was; he died under the name the police gave him.

. . . . . .

This strange dramatic incident surpasses any imagined by the writers of the detective story. It is enough to appal the man who contemplates a homicide. It shows upon what slight, almost microscopic things do the issues of life depend. If these incidents are merely due to chance, how overwhelming these chances are against that one who endeavors to conceal a crime!

Here was a tiny thing which no man contemplating the perpetration of this felony would ever have thought of. He might have taken every other precaution. These men did, in fact, take every other precaution. The crime was afterward known to have been carefully planned by an old bank cracksman, and it was carried out so successfully that, although the men were fortunately picked up by the police, they could never have been convicted but for this extraordinary incident.

It would seem that a clew of some character always remains; that no precaution of the criminal agent would fully exclude it. These incidents differ with every case. They are so widely variable that all that one could learn by considering every case that ever happened would seem to avail him nothing. He might take precautions against the innumerable things which have resulted in the ruin of all criminals before him, and yet there would remain some clew, some trivial thing wholly unlike any of the others, unrelated to them, not suggested by them, as though each case produced its own peculiar, independent clew

. . . . . .

A similar case is that of Thornton vs. State of Alabama. (21 S. E. R. 356.)

Here Elias Thornton was charged with the killing of one Williams. Some one had picked up, at the place of the homicide, a little memorandum book with a piece of new pencil in it. There was nothing about the memorandum book to identify it. There was a piece of string tied around the book and the fragment of pencil inside.

The authorities for the state searched the book, hoping to find in it something that would indicate the person to whom it belonged. Naturally, their whole attention was directed toward the book. No one gave any particular notice to the bit of pencil. In the examination it was constantly overlooked.

But they found nothing. The book was such as might belong to a thousand persons in the State of Alabama Finally, however, some one did examine the pencil; it was a piece of new cedar pencil, with the maker's name and a number stamped on it.

The Malice of Destiny

AS THE bit of pencil was new, inquiry was set afoot to ascertain where in the community such pencils were sold. When that inquiry had got well on its way a witness, Louis Glassgow, remembered that he had seen Elias Thornton, the day before the killing, at the store of one Lee; that Glassgow had bought from Lee, at that time, a dozen cedar pencils, all alike, and that he had given Elias Thornton one of these pencils. This witness had one of these pencils in his possession, and it was shown that the pencil found in the book and the one exhibited by the witness were alike in color and appearance, and each had the same maker's name and number stamped on it.

If one believe with Poe that in the perpetration of all crimes the criminal agent, with incredible egotism, is presuming to match his cunning against the cunning of Destiny, how strikingly do such cases illustrate the futility of that effort! It would seem that Destiny took a sort of malicious pleasure in demonstrating with what trivial incidents she can overthrow the greatest human cunning.

A man prepares to commit a crime in secret, lays his plans, takes his precautions; and, without disturbing herself to lay a counterplan, Destiny, idly, casually, contemptuously, trips him up by the moving of an incident inconceivably trivial. He fails to see the two tiny nicks in his knife blade; he is offered a pencil in a country store!

If the human mind is pitting itself against such an intelligence, what a preposterous overmatching it is!

If, on the other hand, these things are merely the result of chance, accident, coincidence, then the peril is none the less imminent and deadly. If the field of criminal endeavor is so beset with these chances, these accidents, these coincidences, then how can any man hope to walk therein and escape them? It is a zone of peril more deadly dangerous than any other into which the human foot can enter.

. . . . . .

At midnight on the fourth of August, 1894, the Associated Press dispatches spread through the country the report of a terrible accident on the Rock Island Railroad

At ten o'clock on that night a passenger train went over a trestle at a point about four miles from the city of Lincoln, in Nebraska. Eleven persons lost their lives in this accident. The engine and cars were piled up under the trestle. It was one of the most terrible disasters that ever occurred in the West.

It was thought that the accident had been caused by the spreading of the rails on the trestle, and this explanation passed with the report of the accident. A casual examination of the trestle seemed to verify this. One of the rails was thrust out of place and there were marks where the wheels of the locomotive, descending from the rail, had continued for a moment on the ties. To those who walked about the wreck and, for the brief period that any catastrophe remains in the public mind, speculated on the cause of it, this explanation was sufficient.

But no theory of a wreck is ever accepted by the intelligent management of a great railway company. It is their custom to make a patient, minute, exhaustive examination of all physical evidences in such a disaster. The men who make these examinations are as much entitled to the term expert as any professor behind his spectacles. They are persons whose lives have been spent in the examination of certain physical phenomena—with whom no detail is likely to escape attention.

In all departments of human investigation the method is invariably the same. The astronomer, with his telescope, studying the mystery of the stars; the biologist, with his microscope, studying the mystery of life; and the trackman, with his clawbar, studying the mystery of a derailed train, alike follow similar methods.

When the track experts began to examine the trestle where the train had gone over they observed there marks of the wheels of the locomotive on the ties. This was the evidence which had led the casual observer to the opinion that the wreck had been caused by a spread rail. But it had a different significance to these experts.

They observed that these marks of the wheels of the locomotive were to be found only on the side of the track next to a rail that had been thrust out of its alignment, while no such marks or indentations were to be found on the ties next to the companion rail. They, therefore, concluded that when the engine struck this point of the track the rail on one side had yielded much more readily than the rail on the other side, since here, for some distance, one rail had borne the weight and pressure of the engine, while the other had been displaced.

Moreover, from these physical evidences it was apparent that for some reason this displaced rail had easily yielded when the engine struck it.

How did it happen then that, while the rail on one side was firm and solid, the one on the other had suddenly sprung? The experts stopped here and began to consider the structure of the trestle, the placing of the rails, the care of this portion of the track, and the condition of the engine and cars at the time of the accident. They found that the engine and cars of the train were, on this night, in good repair; that the trestle and the track were in good repair—comparatively new; that numerous trains had been daily running over this trestle and track since its construction; and that the trestle and track had been patrolled and examined on the very day of the wreck.

Having considered these things, they came back again to a consideration of the track. What had caused one rail, after having borne other trains on this day, and after having been examined on this day, suddenly to spread under this particular train at this hour?

They had now reduced the investigation to the examination of a particular rail at a particular point on the track.

In the Pocket of the Coat was a Picture of Some Theatrical Woman

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In other words, by exclusion, they had reduced their investigation to a single point. They subjected this point to a minute scrutiny.

With the care of the microscopist they examined the holes in the ties from which the spikes holding the rail had been drawn out, and they came to the conclusion that these spikes which had held the displaced rail had been drawn out of the ties by some agency other than the violence of the accident. They reasoned that if the weight of the engine and wheels striking the rail had displaced it the spikes would have been torn out of the ties; but there was here in these ties no evidence of such tearing. The holes from which the spikes had been removed were straight and clean.

They then carried the examination to the spikes, and upon inspecting the heads of the spikes they found fresh marks. These marks were of such a character that the experts, observing them, were of the opinion that they had been made by the use of an implement called a clawbar, a tool made and used expressly for the purpose of pulling railroad spikes from the ties.

In the light of this suggestion of the clawbar they again examined the ties, and they found certain indentations which could have been made only by such an implement.

They now went to the point where this displaced rail was joined to another, in order to ascertain, if possible, how this rail had become detached. Here they found no twist or breaking of the rails asunder, but a clean detachment! This was a significant fact. They at once subjected the bolts that had fastened the rails together to the closest scrutiny. The nuts of these bolts showed the fresh marks of a wrench!

Building Up the Evidence

They were now certain that some one had deliberately set about to derail the train. The method which this person had followed was as clear to these experts as though they had with their eyes seen him at his work. He had first detached the rail from its fellow by removing the bolts with the wrench; then, with the clawbar, he had drawn the spikes sustaining the rail in place, after which he had moved the rail out of alignment. His whole work had been confined to the displacement of a single rail on one side of the track.

It is almost a law that the criminal agent who uses a weapon or an implement will not carry it with him from the theater of his crime, since by the possession of it, or by the placing of it at some other point, his connection with the crime might be ascertained. He therefore almost invariably leaves it somewhere on the ground.

The railroad men organized a systematic hunt for the tools with which this rail had been displaced, and they found a clawbar and a monkey-wrench in the weeds near by the trestle. The clawbar fitted into the indentations on the ties supposed to have been made by it in removing the spikes.

The first half of the mystery was now cleared up. Some one had deliberately derailed the train.

The track experts, having thus swiftly and accurately cleared up their part of the mystery, one of those curious overnights of the criminal cleared up the other part of the problem.

There was not even a conjecture as to who had accomplished this piece of evil work. The wrench and the clawbar could give no clew. They were like a million similar implements used by the employees of railroad companies and they had been cunningly left on the ground. The clew that was obtained, and that led to the conviction of the man who derailed the train, was obtained wholly by what we would call "an accident" if it were not for Wharton's law of the criminal memorial.

Later on some one picked up, not far from the track at this point, a coat. It was the ordinary laborer's coat, fairly new, and it bore no distinguishing peculiarity. The finding of the coat would have meant nothing, perhaps would have availed nothing, but for an apparently insignificant trifle.

In the pocket of the coat, evidently forgotten, was a photograph or picture of some theatrical woman.

The discovery seemed unimportant. There were doubtless thousands of such pictures scattered through the country. Any one who liked might obtain one. The finding of such a picture apparently meant nothing except perhaps to give a false clew, since one endeavoring to solve this mystery might be led to imagine some relation between the possessor of the picture and the woman. Nevertheless this picture, in itself nothing, by the most commonplace circumstance attached the criminal to the crime.

When the fact that such a picture had been found was made public several persons in Lincoln remembered to have seen such a picture in the possession of a man named Davis.

The Mystery Solved

Davis was arrested, and when the web of circumstances tightened around him, issuing from this tiny thread attached to the forgotten picture, he made desperate efforts to clear himself by bringing forward one explanation after another. As one of these explanations was shown to be impossible he would follow it by another equally impossible. The man was evidently overwhelmed, amazed and demoralized at the trifling thing that, against all his prudence and foresight, had connected him with his crime.

After he had been identified it was remembered that he had been seen near the wreck at the time. In his terror he labored to explain this. He said first that he was at the clubhouse in Lincoln at the time of the accident, and that he heard the noise of the wreck and ran down there. But this clubhouse was four miles from the place of the wreck! He then said that he had been to Kearney, was returning from Kearney, and came over the Rock Island Railroad. But the Rock Island Railroad did not pass through Kearney! And the like.

As each explanation went to pieces under the pitiless logic of fact he finally admitted that he had derailed the train, and from this extraordinary motive: he said that he did not intend to kill anybody, that his object was to flag and stop the approaching passenger train, call attention to the displacement of the rail, and for this heroic conduct he expected the passengers to raise him a purse!

This extraordinary story availed him nothing. His doom stands of record in the opinion of the Supreme Court of Nebraska. (Davis vs. State, 51 Neb. 301.)

. . . . . .

The almost invariable existence of some indicatory sign left behind by the criminal is a profound fact. Natural laws are ascertained in the departments of human knowledge by the examination of a vast number of cases. If a certain thing is found to persist its presence is said to follow some overruling law.

It is a significant fact that great truths, thus established, have usually been long foreshadowed in some ancient belief. This one does not violate that theory. It was a tenet of the oldest religions that no man could effectually conceal the evidences of his guilt. That belief human experience has empirically justified. He cannot! If he move above the crust of human knowledge he will leave some track behind him, and if he burrow below it he will find the law to be "that wise old *kimri* who could see beneath the soil."

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of Mr. Post's series of papers upon the Mysteries of the Law. The seventh paper will be printed in an early issue.

Family First

WILBUR D. NESBIT, the Chicago poet and author, wrote a play once that had some chorus ladies in it.

One of the chorus ladies had a line that the exigencies of the plot demanded should be spoken as if the young lady had a cold in her head. She was drilled in it and pronounced perfect.

For two nights she spoke the line as directed. On the third night she spoke it as if she had never had a cold in her head in her life, with many trills and wonderful crescendos.

"Here!" shouted the stage manager when she came into the wings. "What in blazes do you mean? Why did you change the reading of that line? Don't you know that it is to be spoken as if you had a bad cold in your head?"

"I know," replied the chorus lady, "but mamma and my sister and my gentleman friend saw the show last night and they all told me it would sound ever so much better if I would speak it just as if I didn't have a cold at all."

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And it gives me a feeling
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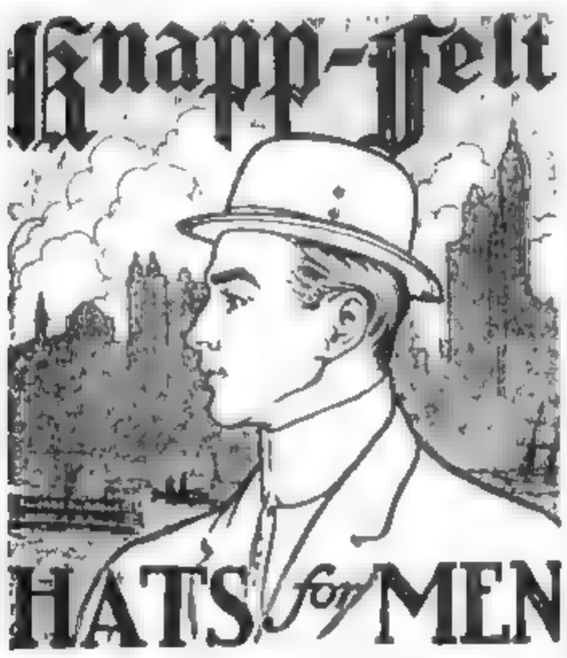

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WRITE FOR THE HATMAN

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
840 Broadway, New York

THE GOLD SPIKE

(Continued from Page 6)

"It will wear off," I told him, desperate. "Where is the call-book and the lantern?"

"What!" he cried, "ye have hired yourself! Why, ye do not know the town."

"I know pretty near every place," I answered; "I've traveled so much."

"Let him go around with the other boy for two or three days," begged Tillie. "Sure, he is a call-boy by nature; he could find a crew in the wilderness and wake them out of a trance."

"Av coorse," grumbled the superintendent, "and he must have the job. I am only glad ye didn't recommind him for mine.

"Go down beyant me to the telegraph office," he told me, "and the day boy will put ye on the scent, Rover."

And so I was sent down beyant the superintendent as one of his own men.

The day boy said it was a hard business to learn and dangerous when the crews were sleepy; but he wanted to help me out, and would sit on a box car bawlin' which way I should go. Most of the men lived on close-by streets.

He said it was the only way to teach me, and was quite hoarse with the day's work when it was over.

The other boy stayed one more night and showed me how to kick on the doors without hurtin' my feet, and not to answer the men who came till after they'd signed the book and we were beyant the gate.

In the early mornin' I went home to Tillie and fell asleep on the doorstep. But she heard me and came out with a candle.

"Ye poor little waif," I heard her say, "and ye are not hurt or lost or run away? I worried and have not slept. 'Tis boys are the great nuisance to me, and strange boys the most of all."

I staggered a little in going upstairs, but Tillie's arm held me up and presently I was in a little room lit with a candle, and that was the last I remembered till she came knockin' at my door and it was afternoon.

Her father, the engineer, was there when I went downstairs. He was a big man, but much afraid o' Tillie.

I went into the little dinin'-room and looked at Tillie, who was settin' a plate for me.

"Thank you for lettin' me indoors in the night," I said.

She put her finger to her lips and thought.

"I do remember lettin' somebody in," she said, "but you'd washed the cinders off your face and I wasn't sure you were the one."

I was afraid she'd ask my name, but she never did, then or any other time.

Pretty soon there was supper steamin' on the table, and she and I were eatin', I bet you, when the engineer looked in.

"Keep him at it," he said to Tillie; "it's the savin' o' me."

Then in a kind o' solemn way: "Good night, Denny; I've got to go out in the mornin' early." So, pattin' Tillie on the cheek he went upstairs to bed.

When he called me Denny I had a terrible shock; and, claspin' her hands, Tillie studied me a minute.

"Yes, you are like him," she said: "the boy we once had in this house named Denny. Now, what made you stop yesterday and come back this mornin'?"

"'Cause you looked like Mother out o' the door of the boardin' car when she was a colleen," I answered.

"Well, well; so it seemed like home to you? And when I saw you I thought the ragged boy is very like little Denny, who cannot come back to us himself any more. Perhaps he sent you as a great comfort, though of course you have people of your own."

She stopped quickly, as if not wishin' to ask questions I might not like to answer.

"I haven't any people—no, not a single one," I said. "There is only myself anywhere."

She saw I was speakin' truly, and nodded.

"And I knew this was home," I said, "'cause I couldn't go any farther."

"'Tis little we know," she said; "ye are come to take his place."

"And when I'm Denny," I told her, "I am my own boy and true blue to myself."

I was very glad and proud of this, for Miss Reynolds had wanted it to be so, and perhaps I looked it, because Tillie answered:

"Now, the good saints bless him. I feel strange about this, but Denny he shall be in name and heart till the end of the Donovans, which is the end of the world."

Well, I couldn't say a word more durin' supper—lookin' only at my plate, which I could see now, or into the bottom o' my cup—and then I picked up my lantern in the corner and started away.

"Good-by, Denny," said Tillie in a little voice.

"Good-by, Tillie," I said as deep and strong as I could.

And she didn't kiss me or pet me, which might have made us snivel, but shook hands.

"Begone—escape while it is yet time," she cried, with a little laugh that caught in her throat, "for I am a boy with ye only by courtesy."

And turnin' her face aside, so she might not look, she pushed me away.

"Nuisance!" she called after me from the door as I grinned back around the corner of the hedge.

Then I walked on without hearin' the beat of my own feet; the people I passed were smilin', the old engines snorted as if tickled by somethin'.

I declare, this comes of bein' your own self, I thought; and felt that everybody and me down beyant the superintendent had always been acquainted, so I said "How d'e do" to people, and they nodded.

All except one man. He stopped dead in his tracks.

"By the saints above and the devils under the campus," he said, "it's the Junior!"

The grin seemed torn off my face and I felt for my under jaw.

"What in thunder are you doin' here," asked Barry, "carryin' a lantern in daytime?"

"I'm down here to find out about that sweetheart o' yours," I said.

He'd laid a hand on my collar; now it fell to his side like a dead man's, and he actually turned white.

"How did they know?—it's that cussed bridge boss!" Barry gritted his teeth. "Why, it don't amount to anything," he explained. "Only a nice little girl I got acquainted with—she's all right, but I'm not a fool. I'm the general manager's son."

I was scared by what I'd done. Then my fists doubled up—could anybody speak as if Tillie didn't amount to much?

I didn't answer and he glared at me.

"'Tis only Tillie Donovan," he explained again, and looked over toward the little house with the green hedge. For a second his face was wrinkled and twitchin'. "Tillie? And that's where I'm goin' now," he shouted, and shook his big knuckles under my nose. "Smell that!" he said, "all you meddlers and tattlers, and tell my family or anybody else exactly what they're goin' to run into. Tillie Donovan—well, I guess she's none o' their business!"

I nodded my head. "I got a job," I said, "as call-boy. I'm livin' at Donovan's."

"Well, I never thought you'd be a spy," he said, disgusted.

"I ain't spyin'; only I was glad of an excuse to come down here. O' course nobody knows who I am. I'll be true blue, Barry."

"That's better," he said. "Now, I'm not a bit ashamed o' likin' that girl—but I'd rather carry the news myself when the time comes."

He promised not to tell who I was, because I liked it down there, but he was wild at Father and Mother.

He turned away and then stopped. "I'll do that under the general manager's nose with these fingers," he said, snappin' 'em, "and go up in spite of him." I was tremendously surprised, for in that minute he looked like old Regan himself.

"Why, Barry's on my side o' the fence," I thought, and laughed. "On Tillie's side o' the fence, too," I thought then, and laughed no more for a long while.

. . . . . .

It was plain that the folks thought I was at school, or Barry would have heard of it, so I kept a watch last I should meet the general manager, and went by the name of Rover among the men. They'd all heard

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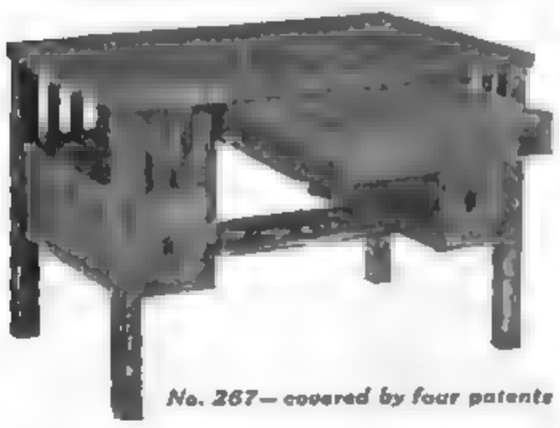

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of my travels and wanted me to tell of 'em in the switch shanty at night. All but one old switchman, who told everybody he was not interested, though one night he took me behind some cars and said if I'd had any adventure worth while I could tell him and he would make a story of it for the boys.

I liked this old switchman, whose name was the same as mine, and heard him tell many true stories of old railroad days. And now I seemed marchin' and workin' away in a world that partly belonged to me, among the roarin' yards, with headlights flashin' and the wires hissin' overhead.

And yet I went ahead with a heavy pain in my cheat most o' the time—it's a curious thing, but it was all along o' Tillie and Barry that my lungs ached so, and when sometimes I'd see 'em together while startin' to work on a Saturday or Sunday evenin' I'd gasp and go head down without a word.

Barry nodded to me, and joked a little about my bein' a Rover. But not much, for he seemed anxious and a little sterner. Tillie was anxious, too, and would sit at dinner forgettin' I was there, or tiptoe about, peepin' through the shutters, listenin' as if for footsteps and blushin' when she heard 'em.

"Now that you know Mr. Regan better, you like him well, do you not, Denny?" she whispered one evening, and I shouted "Yes!" very quickly, before I could say no as I wanted to.

"I like him, too," she whispered, "so much. Oh, Denny, I—I like him—too. Why should ye whimper?" she said crossly, just as Mother had done.

"What's the matter with women, anyway?" I thought, and went out miserable.

"I'll think o' Miss Helen Reynolds, who has some sense," I said to myself.

That night between calls I sat in the switch shanty with my chin in my hands, which is a bad way for any boy, when the old switchman came in, and Hogan, of the yard crew, after him.

"Hogan," said he, "which was the greatest fule ye ever met?"

"There is not much choice among many av ye," answered Hogan. "Still, there was wan fellow who tuk me for the man from Borneo and tried to get past the keeper to bite me."

"Perhaps that gentleman was only slightly mistaken," said Denny, "for it is a strange world."

"But he was no fule compared to the self-risen man who snubs the ould yesterdays av him."

His voice sank and he continued muttering; then it rose again.

"Didn't I know him whin he had the honorary position av sectionhand—pulling up a weed all day, or chasing tortoises off the right-av-way—though he cu'd niver overtake wan. And mighty civil he was in those times, calling me Misther Flynn, though I had not risen above division roadmasther and sunk back ag'in—and whin the local freight went past with me standing on the back av the caboose, how he wu'd break from the shade av a tree to salute me, and drop down to squint along the rails to see that the thrack was on straight. Didn't I know him ——"

"Denny, Denny," interrupted Hogan, "if ye go on talkin' to yourself they will ixplain ye are pinheaded."

"'Tis namin' no names I am," said the old switchman, fixing his eye on Hogan; "but if the gineral manager av this railroad shu'd be eavesdroppin' he'd not feel flatthered."

I was listenin', but without much attention, for o' course as soon as work was slack ever'body said what they thought about the management.

"I saw ye hangin' around the G. M.'s car while it was at the station today on No. 9," said Hogan.

"I was talkin' with Mother Regan," answered the other, swellin' up. "And I called her so when she beckoned and then shook hands with me.

"'Do ye remimber the good ould days on the P. D., Mother Regan,' I asked, 'when ye nursed the b'ys sick on the grade ——?'

"'Hush, Denny, will I iver forget them!' she whispered with a scared luk—and there in the door stood ould Regan himself, lukin' us through with his eyes av steel.

"Not a word did he say, though he knew me well, and without a nod to the traitor I tuk off my hat to the lady and said:

"'God bless ye, Mother Regan, 'tis a good memory shows a good conscience,' and turned aside.

"But in that wan moment she had raised her head and her look too; the pride av place comin' to her with Regan. Her heart went hard, all covered as it is with gold ornymints—and the ould friends she had confessed in a minute av weakness were flung back into the past where they belonged."

For a minute there was silence; then Hogan said:

"Barry Regan, who is takin' up kindergarten railroadin', is payin' court to Tillie Donovan. Katie has told me so."

"Tell Katie to treat her kindly—for Tillie will soon be a lonesome lass—either with the boy or without him," answered the old man in a bitter way. "Still, the bridge boss has recomminded his promotion to be rid av him—and perhaps to send him away so Tillie will forget, if it's not too late."

Then they spoke of the great new system Regan was building out of two old ones.

"The connectin' link will soon be finished; they say a thousand madmen in a tornado av dust and thunder are diggin' and blastin' and spikin' day or night," said Hogan.

"'Tis a pity the gold spike shall not be driven in the heart of ould Regan to satisfy his love av ——"

Old Denny had picked up his lantern, and so they went out talkin'. I followed into the dark. Up and down the lonesome streets I went all night, only meetin' the watchmen and hearin' the rattlin' wheels of the doctor's buggy as he raced to a death call.

The darkness and lonesomeness crept into my heart; the lantern swung dull and red without a ray. The men did not speak as they signed the book—and I heard only one friendly sound: the bark of a dog as he slept in his kennel.

"Tillie will go up in the world," it said. I thought it was the ghost of Rover, who had gone up himself.

I kept time to my footsteps by sayin' over and over:

I'm my own boy
And true blue too,

but I couldn't whistle it.

That day when I tried to sleep I could hear Tillie singin' in the rooms below, and she would laugh softly to herself. So I slipped down early and crossed the yards to the telegraph office. There I heard that the general manager's car was comin' back on a local and would be set in the yard for the Fast Mail to pick up.

I would not have gone back home; I don't believe I ever would have gone back if I hadn't thought Tillie would worry. For I knew that she was happy at goin' up, and I didn't want to tell her goodby, for she was the last of all.

I walked more and more slowly and, after standin' a while outside the yard, peeped around the hedge. There she stood in the door as on the first day, and said: "Well, there's that nuisance boy again! He ran away, but he just had to come back!"

"I've come for the tags," I told her. "I've got to rove around again."

She looked so surprised and hurt that I went in without sayin' any more, though I made up my mind to go the next day, which was pay-day, and leave money to pay for my keep.

Tillie had a secret; it danced over her face and she seemed whisperin' it to herself, but, seein' somethin' was wrong with me, she didn't tell it. She was so very kind and gave me so good a supper. Yet she couldn't help peepin' through the shutters and listenin'—she didn't notice I couldn't eat more than she could, and perhaps thought I'd been jokin' about rovin' again.

"Tillie," I said suddenly, "wouldn't you like to see the new general manager? His car goes through tonight."

"Oh, yes, Denny," she answered, her eyes sparklin'; and I promised to come over for her at traintime.

"At least, I'll be the first to show her my father and mother," I thought; and that evenin' when the private car was set on a sidin' Tillie and I stood on a handcar, lookin' in the windows. She was all of a tremble on seein' the splendid furniture and curtains and colored lamps. There sat the great general manager at his desk, with a scowl on his face, and across was his

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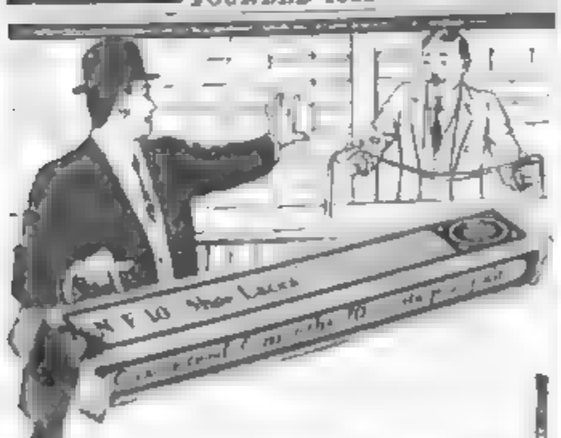

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lady, in silk and gold ornyments. For the minute I felt as though we were all together in one big family, and then all swam away like a bright cloud that held ever'one but me, and I stood in the dark watchin' it out o' sight.

"'Tis happiness to be so," whispered Tillie.

The general manager's lady watched her husband, who was too busy to notice. She picked up the edge of her silk skirt and wiped her eye with it.

He moved suddenly as if he felt her do so, and was angry, but he did not turn from the desk.

The general manager's lady tiptoed out on the platform. She said a word from the door in a quiet way; then, lookin' cautiously around, put both hands over her face. I turned weak and sick with the sob she gave, for never before in all my life had I seen Mother cry.

"He is ashamed av me," she said to herself, but the words were clear and plain as a bell. "It is hard to go up in the world!"

Tillie was bent forward and her little fingers grappled my arm like iron. Just then some one called and Barry swung aboard the car. He spoke to Mother, but went on inside quickly, and the general manager turned toward him.

Barry's face was flushed, and after a minute he began speakin' in a bold manner as if he'd come to have it out.

The general manager nodded, then made a quick motion with his hand as though brushin' somethin' aside. He took the papers he'd been studyin' and pinned 'em against the curtains on the opposite side of the car. I knew they were the blue maps of buildin' railroads. He pointed things out and stepped back; he walked up and down with his head back; he seemed big and powerful as a great Mogul, and his eyes outshone the lamps.

Barry looked and listened; he began to study the maps and was proud to be interested, because this was the first time his father had ever spoken to him of great plans. Then all at once Barry's face flushed again; he stood in an awkward position and said somethin'.

Old Regan looked him up and down with eyes like steel splinters; again he brushed somethin' aside and turned to the maps.

I looked to see Barry snap his fingers, but he did not. Instead he bent his head, while Mother looked on from a corner, smilin' and noddin', but with such a look of fear.

The train came in, and as Barry left the car the general manager called after him:

"The boss has commended ye, Barry, and up ye go!"

Tillie stepped down, draggin' me after her, and I walked as far as the cottage gate.

"'Tis hard to go up in the world," she said, as Mother had done; but she did not cry nor speak another word. Because she seemed troubled about Mother I didn't run away next day.

The next mornin' on goin' home from work I met Barry, who wandered about the street like a ghost of the early daylight. He came down on me hard and suspicious. "Have you told Tillie why you are here and so turned her against me?" he asked.

He was not excited, and I wasn't afraid he'd hurt me, but I wanted him to know I wouldn't spy. So I told him I'd run away—the whole truth—and was glad he believed it. Still, he didn't take much interest in the story.

"Tillie has thrown me over," he said, sittin' down by the roadside. "She would not listen to me when I came back from a talk with Father. 'I have reflected and concluded it's best to part. We are too far separated in the world.' She said that, Denny. 'We are too far separated in the world.'"

My heart jumped to hear this, and yet I was a little sorry for him.

"So you are," I agreed; but at that he was on his feet and I had to run for my life into the cottage.

Tillie mentioned this business, too, at supper that evenin'.

"It is all over. I told him we were too far apart," she half whispered, as if afraid I'd find fault.

"Of course," I answered, "I told him so myself when I met him hangin' around the street at daybreak."

"At daybreak! Was he still here—waitin'—and ye told him that, ye little monsther!"

Young Men: You Rarely Find Clothes Smartness Like This

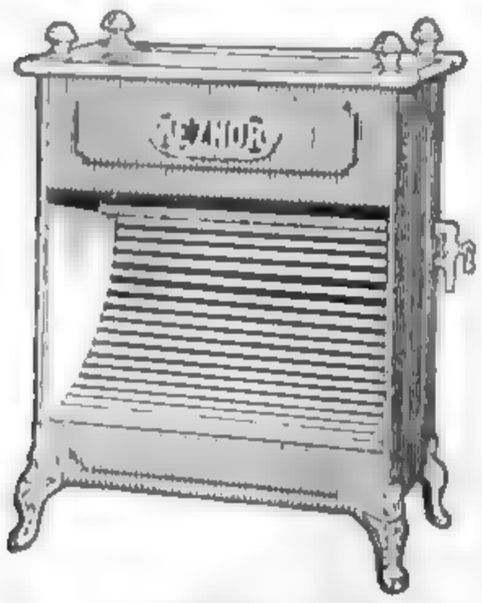
WE make Young Men's Clothes a study. We're like a scientist in his laboratory; we analyze and classify. We know all about your figures, whether developed by athletics or not. We know how you live; know your tastes, your ideas. We're specialists and the clothes we make are the most appropriate, distinctive and suitable for you.

Don't buy clothes simply because they fit and are well tailored. Don't buy clothes merely for the pattern or quality of material. These are only details. We go further. We give you perfect fit, tailoring, fabrics plus a hundred added qualities that make the clothes more becoming, better looking, more desirable. There is style, harmony, fitness. They give you better service. They yield the most satisfaction your clothes money can procure. Wear Ederheimer-Stein clothes this Fall.

Sold by good stores everywhere
Write for book, "Young Men's Clothes"

(6) **Ederheimer, Stein & Co., Chicago**

Thro' your dealer: 100,000 Stoves for a week's Free Trial



REZNOR

The Original Reflector Gas Heater

You can get a Reznor Reflector Gas Heater for a week's trial at home simply by presenting to your dealer the coupon printed below.

The trial costs you nothing; it costs your dealer nothing.

If he has the Reznor in stock, he will gladly send one to your home.

If he is not carrying it as part of his regular line, he can order a dozen—as many as he likes—to let you and your friends and neighbors try free for a week; and we will not bill him for thirty days.

He will have ample time to collect on his sales (for a Reznor trial invariably means a sale) before his account with us is due—and he will have no trouble at all getting the stoves out on trial on our remarkable offer.

The Reznor is the most wonderful gas stove in the world, as you will find.

It has been on the market for more than 20 years.

Half a million homes now know its comfort and economy; sales increase each year in leaps and bounds, due solely to the Reznor's remarkable efficiency.

It really does reflect heat. It is the only stove that does, because it is the only one that produces from the gas the yellow illuminating flame.

It burns every atom of gas—gives more heat from less fuel than any other stove.

It heats the floor first. It diffuses the heat evenly over the room. You have heat the instant gas meets match.

We stand back of every Reznor. Every one bears our trade mark in front, or the name Reznor stamped in the metal of the back.

For 20 years the Reznor has been sold under a guarantee that meant full and complete fulfilment of our claims, or money back within a week.

Now we make our offer even more liberal and generous:—One hundred thousand Reznors free for a full week's trial in American homes; no pay from the dealer for 30 days in order to insure the heartiest co-operation of dealers all over the country; to enable you to try the Reznor and prove the full truth of every claim we make for the Reznor.

Go right away to your dealer.

Present him with the coupon. Tell him of our plan if he hasn't already learned of it; or show him this advertisement. If he hasn't the Reznor in stock, he will not hesitate to order at once.

The coupon is his authorization; we stand back of the Reznor, knowing absolutely that it will make good.

Reznor Manufacturing Co.

WEST MAIN STREET, MERCER, PA.

Chicago Pittsburgh Kansas City Los Angeles Toronto

Authorization for Reznor Free Trial

To the Reznor Dealer:

This authorizes you to deliver to the home of the undersigned one (1) Reznor Reflector Gas Heater for one (1) week's free trial

The undersigned agrees at the expiration of the week, either to pay you the purchase price, or, if not perfectly satisfied, to notify you to call and remove the heater

If you do not carry the Reznor in stock, order one dozen to be billed to you for payment thirty (30) days after the receipt of the invoice.

Reznor Mfg. Co., West Main St., Mercer, Pa.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

I tried to make it up, but she would have none of me, so I went away feelin' as badly as if she'd really gone up in the world.

Then I had enough of misery and was desperate to keep busy at somethin' else.

I bought a flannel shirt and turned it down at the neck, and would ride cars and set brakes for the switchmen. Once I got my fingers pinched in a couplin', and wound 'em round with a big rag. The old switchman cuffed my head for this; then the superintendent threatened to fire me. But I kept up railroadin' on the sly, and was anywhere from the top o' the coal chutes to hangin' on the brake rod in a flyin' switch.

I got acquainted with the agent at the little branch freight office, and would help bill out company supplies. I was on the go almost night and day, and what sleep I got was in a corner of the freight office; but I was always ready for the call-book and lantern at night, and never missed a crew.

Tillie came to beg me to go home, but I backed away from her and explained that I couldn't stand to live two ways at once, goin' up and down at the same time.

"Besides, I'm my own boy," I told her; so she went away lookin' downcast.

The day after I met Barry, who was not workin', havin' accepted his promotion and dressed up in gaudy clo'es.

"You're gettin' to be a regular tough little fiend," he said, and then went right on without stoppin': "Tillie says to wait till I've done somethin' worth while! What d'ye know about that?"

But I felt the misery comin' over me again, and jumped aboard the switch engine.

Ever'where now I heard talk of the two systems bein' consolidated, and the great celebration they would have at layin' the last rail. I felt like campin' on a hilltop to watch for a great procession, and caught the sparkle of it beyant the skyline.

Old Regan would be there full o' glory, for he was to be president of all the lines. He was so far off now that I never even thought of him as Father any more. The great men and ladies with bands and colors—they would be there. The daughter of old Reynolds was to drive the gold spike.

The boys said she wouldn't hit it, but I knew better, and was bound to be on hand to wave my hat among the men down beyant the superintendent.

I knew I was doin' my share in bringin' things about, though I was wise enough to say nothin' except to roast the management like the rest.

I remembered somethin' old Reynolds' daughter had said:

"After all, we're the fellows who heave up these big works," I told the old switchman.

"I am," he answered, "but divil a porous plaster will they appropriate for a sprained back."

One evenin' some cars caught afire on a sidin' near Tillie's house. The switch engine could not get at them in time and they burned down toward a car of powder on the end of the string.

When people called out it was powder and began to run I saw Barry rush forward and draw the couplin', though the flame was already lickin' around him. Then he doubled up his big body between that danger car and the next, hopin' to start it toward the end of the switch, which was a blind one.

I was afraid he'd burst all his new clo'es, and runnin' up the ladder of the powder car I let off the brake. Then I unloaded as the car moved and let it go into the ditch.

When Barry came out he was smokin' all over, and I saw Tillie's white face among the crowd that cheered him.

"Was it somethin' worth while?" he whispered as I came up. But just then a man called:

"But did ye see the boy who ran the risk as well and had presence of mind to let off the brake?" So they cheered me, too, and Barry went away without stoppin' to put himself out.

In the mornin' he come to the freight office. He was haggard and worn out, as if he had been sick a long time.

"Ye have ruined me," he said, "just when I could have made a big hit. Still, I don't blame you. Tillie says ——"

"I don't care about misery," I interrupted. "I'm too busy."

"Tillie likes you," he said; "how do you work it?"

"I don't try to please anybody—they're all down on me, so I have to keep busy railroadin' and please myself."

It Hits Like the Hammer of Thor, the WINCHESTER

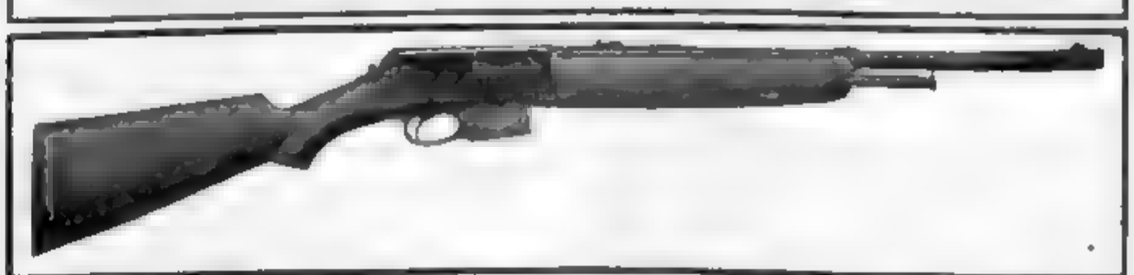
.401 CALIBER

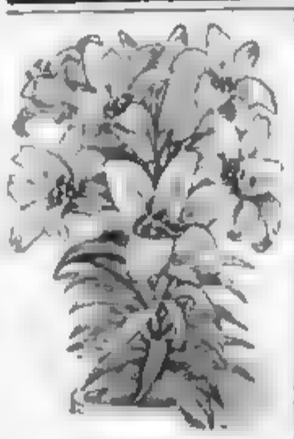
Model 1910 Self-Loading Rifle

This repeater, which is the latest Winchester product, has speed and power plus. It's speedy because, being reloaded by the recoil of the fired cartridge, it can be shot as fast as the trigger can be pulled. It's powerful because it handles a cartridge of the most modern type—one that strikes a blow of 2038 foot pounds. The knock-down, shocking power of this cartridge, with its heavy bullet of large diameter, driven with high velocity, is tremendous; and the combination of such power with the rapidity of fire which this rifle is capable of, makes it unusually desirable for hunting the biggest of big game. There is no rifle made which will deliver five as powerful blows in as few seconds as the Winchester Model 1910.

Ask your dealer to show you one, or send for circular fully describing this rifle.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.





New Dwarf Easter Lily

Growth stout and compact, leaves numerous, long, rich green. Flowers pure white in large numbers. Better adapted to pot culture and winter blooming than any other Lily, and will take the place of the old tall variety, which is now so run out and diseased as to be worthless. This new dwarf sort is perfectly healthy, vigorous, and will give great satisfaction in every case. Strong flowering Bulbs, 30c. each; 2 for 50c. postpaid.

OUR CATALOGUE of Hyacinths, Tulips, Crocus, Lilies, Narcissus, Freesias, Oxalis, Iris and all hardy Bulbs and Plants for fall planting or winter blooming (also choice window plants) sent free to all who apply. Write for it at once.

JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, Floral Park, N. Y.

PATENTS SECURED OR OUR FEE RETURNED

Send sketch for free search of Patent Office Records. How to Obtain a Patent and What to Invent with list of inventions wanted and prizes offered for inventions sent free. Patents advertised free. VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

Varicose Veins

Varicose veins are due to long-continued pressure of the blood within the blood-vessels, causing them to stretch both in length and width. Our Seamless Heel

Elastic Stockings

counteract this stretching tendency and gradually restore the blood [illegible] made to measure [illegible] new [illegible]

Ask us for booklet with self-measurement directions and prices.

Curtis & Spindell Co., Elastic Weavers, 766 Oxford St, Lynn, Mass.

FUEL OIL NEWS

108 CEDAR ST., NEW YORK

Monthly journal of latest reliable news from all the oil fields, particularly California, and fuel oil development in general. September issue—"Why Oil is the Coming Fuel," its adoption by World's Navies, Railroads, and Manufacturers."

Subscription, 50 cents year. Sample copy free

50 ENGRAVED CALLING CARDS $1.00

Hand copper plate engraving of the highest grade. Latest style [illegible] wedding invitations and announcements, die stamped [illegible] Samples free.

Charles H. Elliott Co., 1036 Lehigh Ave., Philada.

Use the Improved Never Fail Stropper

Whether you use a safety or old style razor you'll have keener edged blades and smoother, easier shaves with the Self-Adjusting **IMPROVED NEVER FAIL STROPPER**

For 15 Days FREE *Simply Mail the Coupon*

Enjoy shaves of this kind for 15 days at our expense. Send no money. Just mail the coupon. If the stropper proves itself worth $3.00 to you, send the money. If not simply return the stropper.

Ends All Razor Expense Forever

The Improved Never Fail sharpens both safety and old style blades. This stropper is *guaranteed for life. Ends honing expense and purchase of safety blades.* Saves its cost many times over. Easy to operate. Try it at our risk. Mail coupon today.

THE NEVER FAIL COMPANY
613 Colton Building Toledo, Ohio

THE NEVER FAIL CO.
613 Colton Bldg., Toledo, Ohio

Gentlemen:—Please send, prepaid, one Improved Never Fail Stropper for me to try. At the end of 15 days I agree to send you $3 or return stropper.

Name_____

Address_____

You Don't Need Electricity for Thorough Vacuum Cleaning

"Work Isn't Work Any More"

The Automatic Hand Power Vacuum Cleaner is a real "Automatic" Cleaner, affording the full power of the large, expensive cleaners, yet at a price that brings it within the reach of every overworked housewife.

The One Hand Power Cleaner That Blows

[illegible] and [illegible] the elimination of drudgery

Any Child Can Operate It

—it works so easily—and the Automatic is so light that a woman can carry it upstairs or down.

Now Ready—The 1911 Models of

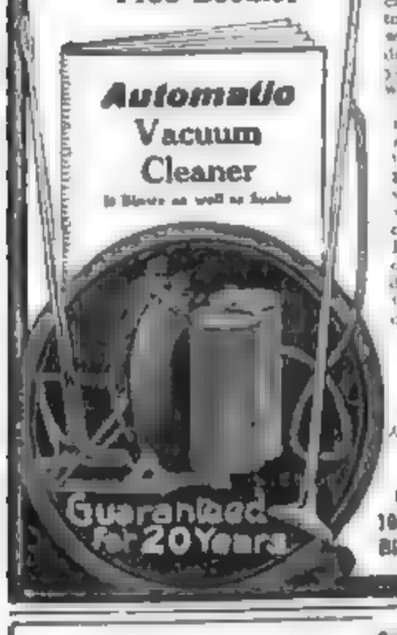
Automatic
(Hand Power $25.00)
Vacuum Cleaner

Our exclusive double tank device catches 96% of the dust in the bottom of the can, without screens, baffles or water making the "Automatic" easiest to empty. The "Automatic" is the one cleaner that does not contain any "dirt" and consequently is made of steel and brass being used exclusively in its construction.

Try It 10 Days In Your Own Home

We might write volumes about this wonderful Hand Power Cleaner and still not be able to convince you that you can't afford to try to clean house without it—a demonstration in your own home will convince you in a very few minutes and after you have tried the "Automatic" any other vacuum cleaner will be quickly out of the question. If you are tired of those carpet dragging drudgery days, ask us to make this demonstration—it will cost you nothing, impose no obligation.

Write For Free Booklet



We Want Live Representatives

Automatic Vacuum Cleaner Co.
1026 E. 40th St., Bloomington, Ill.

Eastwood Play Shoe

For the Boy who is Hard on Shoes.

$3.75
Sizes 2 to 5

Real smoke tanned leather, unlined. Natural (Chrome Grain) Color. Both inner and outer soles the best oak tanned leather. The shoe is outing cut, laces low in front. Seamless, easy and pliable. Spring heel, made with an arch to the last that gives full support to the foot.

Good for school and all forms of play. Always comfortable.

Eastwood Play Shoe does not become hard after wetting. Cleans easily with soap and water. Does not show scratches. Stands all kinds of wear and still looks good.

Very economical—Wears longer than the ordinary shoe. No nails in heels to wear out stockings.

Youths' Sizes, 10 to 13½,	$3.25
Boys' Sizes, 1 to 5,	3.75
Men's Sizes, 6½ to 11,	4.25

Play Shoe finder or general catalogue sent on request

Wm. Eastwood & Son Co. 341 Main Street Rochester, N. Y.

The Home of Good Shoemaking

Small Investments

We give special attention to the investment of small sums in securities of reliable corporations.

Carefully prepared analyses of values and other information useful to investors upon request.

Connor & Co.

Established 1881
31 Nassau St., New York

Members New York Stock Exchange

"I've been promoted, you know, and the new job's not quite ready."

I told him he was promoted to get him away from Tillie, and he began to get mad. Then I said maybe Tillie thought he couldn't buy her enough gold ornyments like she's seen Mrs. Regan wear on the car.

"Did she see us there that night?" he asked in a scared voice.

I answered she sure did, and that she felt sorry for Mrs. Regan, who'd been cryin' 'cause her husband was ashamed of her for wantin' to go up in the world.

"I don't believe that, though," I said, "'cause old Regan himself wants to go up just as fast as she does."

"My eye!" said Barry, "but you're gettin' to be a hard nut."

"That's nobody's business," I answered. "I'm goin' to be myself, true blue, and if they catch me I'll run away some more."

"Somehow, people around here like you," he said, "and they haven't much use for me. But then, I'm the general manager's son."

"Aw, forget it!" I told him.

I thought he was going to thrash me, but he held himself in.

"I know what's the matter with Tillie now," he said after a bit; "it's all that old fool Regan."

"Snap your fingers at him like this," I said, but I was ready to bolt.

He got perfectly white, he was so mad, but instead o' rushin' me he made tracks up the street. I followed and crept close as he went into the bridge yard, where a gang was workin'.

Barry threw his coat on the ground and started to work.

"What's this?" said the boss. "Do ye not remember ye were promoted, Mr. Regan?"

Barry come and stood in front of him.

"I will resign when I get a better job by myself," he said, "and not till then. I will not be blarneyed as the general manager's son. I have no use for old Regan, who is an upstart."

"But ye are pro——" began the other.

"Listen to me," interrupted Barry: "you may be boss o' this gang, but I am my own boss. And if you understand the humor of a man you will take my word that I'm goin' to work for you till I get the better job myself, on this road or some other."

The old boss' eyes twinkled as he watched him.

"'Tis little I care whose son ye are," he said sharply, "and since I can't promote ye I will fire ye bodily unless ye do the worrk av a man. Now catch hold, ye big loafer!"

Barry heard all this with teeth bared and fists doubled up—but he took it, and in another minute was swingin' the timbers about like straws.

Well, it wasn't any of my business to interfere, but I knew Barry didn't guess what he was gettin' into by stayin' down beyant the superintendent.

After a few days the great whirlwind I lived in blew me back to him. He was burnt and blistered, with a little cap on his head and smokin' a short pipe.

"You don't like it down here; why don't you go on up?" I asked.

"Why don't you mind your business?" he said. "If I didn't like it down here I'd go somewhere else."

To my surprise he didn't even care about Tillie any more.

"She can go to thunder for all o' me!" he said. "She thinks she's too darn good for a workin'man."

He seemed rather puffed up about this, I thought.

On the followin' mornin' the general manager's car came in. It stood in the yard all that day and the next.

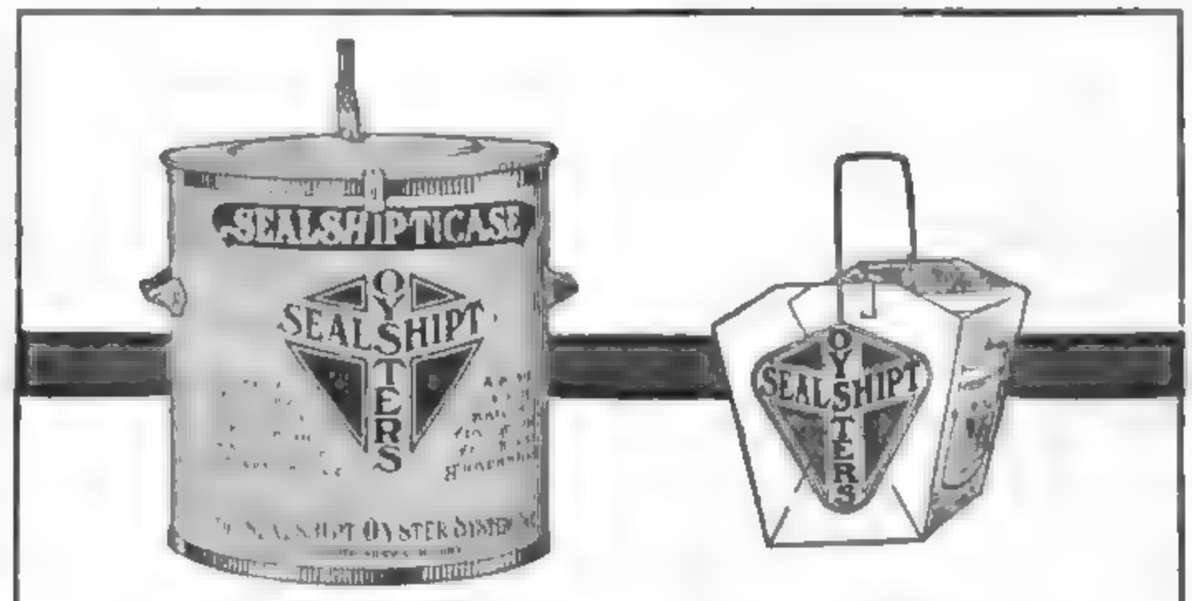
With that thing there I didn't feel right. The windows seemed to glance and watch me with a hundred eyes, and I would creep up close behind the cars to study it.

It was a bleak, gray October afternoon, I remember, that I stood tremblin' and watchin' as if the thing had been a haunted house full of terrible ghosts. I was afraid to go closer, yet there was somethin' in that car that I was sick to see.

Suddenly the general manager came out and I followed as he walked toward the bridge yard.

Barry was there at work, and paid no attention to old Regan, who stared at him a minute and then went over to Tillie Donovan's.

In a few minutes he came back with her, and standin' behind a pile o' timbers I



Genuine Sealshipt Oysters are sold from this fixture. Look for it in your dealer's Store.

Wax lined paper pail in which genuine Sealshipt Oysters are handed you by dealer.

Straight from the Sea Under Seal

The oyster season has opened and once more legions of oyster lovers will want Sealshipt Oysters—with the delicious tang of the sea. Last season many had to go without them. For inferior imitations of genuine Sealshipt Oysters were poured upon the market. We want everyone to enjoy the goodness of Sealshipt Oysters. So please note the facts that will insure you fresh, sea-flavored oysters during the entire season.

Wherever you live—in Maine or in California—you can now always have genuine Sealshipt Oysters as fresh and appetizing as the moment they came from the ocean.

Through a perfect organization—the Sealshipt System—we ship these oysters straight from Atlantic Coast and Gulf of Mexico beds to a Sealshipt dealer near you. Every mile of the journey under refrigeration—every mile under *seal*.

And the seal which is put on at the seaside is broken only when your dealer gets the shipment.

Sealshipt Oysters
The Cream of the Oyster Beds

Oysters depend on locality for flavor and quality, just as do fruits.

The best oysters are grown on Atlantic Coast and Gulf of Mexico beds, because certain properties in these waters give the oysters their delicacy of flavor and plump, appetizing quality.

The shell has no more to do with the taste of an oyster than the shell has to do with the taste of a nut.

Sealshipt Oysters embrace the cream of world-famous oyster beds: Narragansetts—Blue Points—Cape Cods—Chesapeakes—Gulfs—any oyster you like.

Besides the supervision of State and Federal Government, the waters where our beds are located are analyzed by the Lederle Laboratories—the famous food experts.

Packed In the Prime of Their Freshness

Our plants are directly on the oyster beds. So we pack the oysters the day they are dredged. They are packed just as you get them—fresh and delicious with the tang and zest of the sea.

We ship the oysters in our patented air-tight Sealshiptor—a perfect shipping refrigerator—which keeps the oysters at a uniform degree of coldness in transit.

Your dealer has the sole authority to break the seal of the Sealshiptor. He transfers the oysters to our Sealshipticase. He hands you Sealshipt Oysters in the wax lined, blue and white Sealshipt paper pail.

Finest In Flavor Richest In Food Value

Sealshipt Oysters are the only oysters that come to you as fresh and appetizing as the moment they left the shell.

They give you all the delicious qualities and splendid nourishment of the choicest oysters. Make Sealshipt Oysters a daily dish. Serve them in countless delicious ways.

Nothing so satisfying. They are also economical—no waste. Be sure of the genuine. See that the oysters you get are sold you from the Blue and White Sealshipticase and handed you in the wax-lined paper pail as shown at the top of this advertisement.

How To Be Sure Of the Genuine

Wherever you live there's a dealer nearby who will sell you genuine Sealshipt Oysters.

You can identify him by our Sealshipticase—the beautiful white and blue porcelain refrigerator which keeps Sealshipt Oysters in the prime of their freshness and flavor.

Look for our trademark in the centre of the Sealshipticase. See the name and address of the Sealshipt Oyster System near the bottom.

Do this in protection to yourself. For there is no other way you can be sure of the genuine Sealshipt Oysters.

Mark Twain's Oyster Story Sent Free

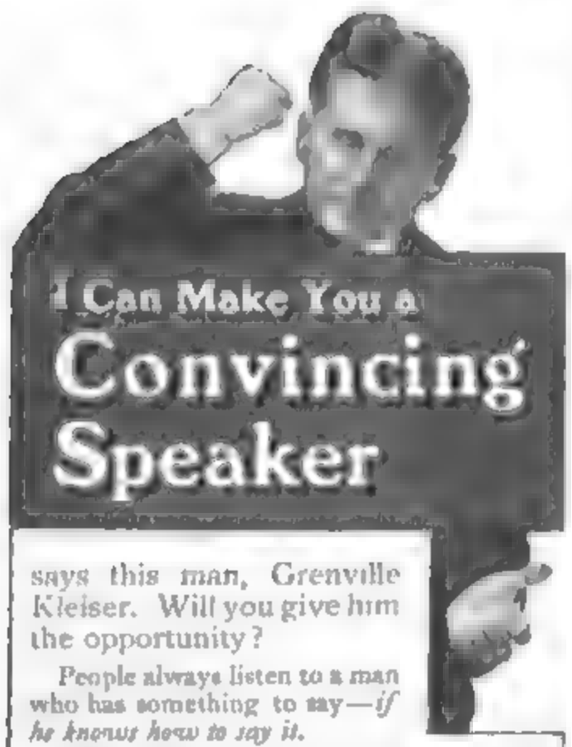
Write us the name of your oyster dealer and we will mail you this delightful little story, together with a number of recipes for delicious oyster dishes unknown to[illegible]

To Dealers Everywhere

We want registered agents for the Sealshipt Oyster System in every city and town in the United States and Canada.

Send for our book and full particulars regarding our co-operative plan of selling Sealshipt Oysters. Address Dept. F, Sealshipt Oyster System, So. Norwalk, Conn.

Sealshipt Oyster System
General Offices: South Norwalk, Conn.
[illegible]



I Can Make You a
Convincing Speaker

says this man, Grenville Kleiser. Will you give him the opportunity?

People always listen to a man who has something to say—*if he knows how to say it.*

"Ninety-nine men in every hundred in the crowded professions will probably never rise above mediocrity because the training of the voice is entirely neglected or considered of no importance," wrote Gladstone

Isn't there a world of truth in his words?

Haven't there been occasions when you have noted the tremendous advantage possessed by the man who can clearly express himself before one or a thousand people?

If you are lacking in this essential qualification, why not acquire it *now?*

Let Grenville Kleiser (lately of Yale Faculty) teach you *by mail*

HOW TO SPEAK
Confidently—Fluently—Powerfully

—in SALESMANSHIP —at PUBLIC MEETINGS
—in POLITICS —at DINNERS
—in SOCIETY —*ANYWHERE*

Let Him Teach You

How to Develop Self-Confidence, Power and Personality

It will take only fifteen minutes of your time daily for a few months, and the results are assured. Mr. Kleiser's successful students number thousands of men in every profession and business—lawyers, physicians, bankers, clergymen, teachers, salesmen, and other ambitious men who desire to win recognition in fraternal orders and clubs.

A BANKER of Denver, in writing of his success in the course, writes: "Any student who reads your lessons carefully and follows out your instruction, cannot fail to be very materially benefited thereby and become proficient in the use of language. He will as well acquire that self-confidence the lack of which is the bane of amateur speakers."

USE THIS COUPON, PLEASE, NOW

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Box 103, Mad. Sq., N. Y.
Without cost or obligation to me, please send full information including your special reduced price of Grenville Kleiser's Correspondence Course in Public Speaking and the Development of Mental Power and Personality
(S. E. P. 9-24-10)

Name _____

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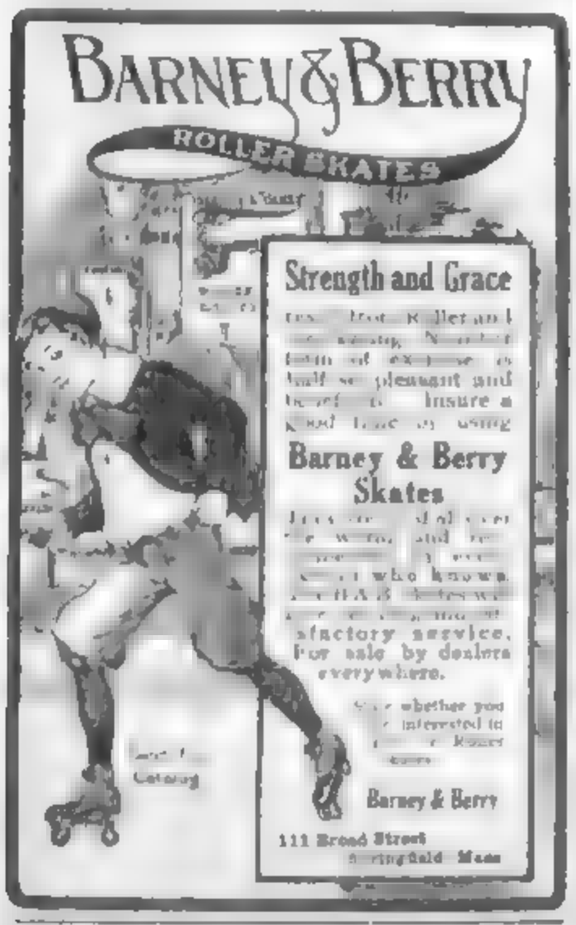
BARNEY & BERRY
ROLLER SKATES



Strength and Grace

[illegible] Roller and [illegible] Skating. No [illegible] form of exercise is half so pleasant and beneficial. Insure a good time by using

Barney & Berry Skates

[illegible] all over the world and [illegible] who knows [illegible] SKATES. [illegible] satisfactory service. For sale by dealers everywhere.

Write whether you are interested in [illegible] Roller [illegible]

Barney & Berry

111 Broad Street
Springfield, Mass

Why Pay Extravagant Hotel Rates?

THE CLENDENING 140 W. 103 St., N. Y. Select, Home-like. Recommended. Suites of Parlor, Bedroom and Bath $1.50 daily and up. Write for booklet C with map of city

heard him tell the boss: "Send young Regan to me."

Barry dropped his tools and walked over as brisk as business. He spoke easily to both of 'em and waited.

"I've tried to show you your duty, Barry," said the general manager; "are you still stubborn?"

"I'm not stubborn," answered Barry, "but I want to work up without help."

The old man held his temper, though the veins of his face swelled.

"Perhaps this young lady can persuade you," he said, and under his hard, bright eye Tillie spoke in a low voice:

"Barry—why don't ye do as your father would have you? Down here is not the place for ye—among us."

She seemed so little and thin, and shivered as if the cold blew through her very body.

"Tell him the rest—what ye have told me," said the old man with a scowl.

"It is your duty to go up," faltered Tillie. "Ye must not stay for me. It is not well; I could not marry ye. I—I do not love ye at all, I find, Barry. Oh, Barry—no, I find I do not love ye. So good-by ——"

Barry did not turn or flinch.

"Have I been near or troubled you since I was told so?" he said. "I know ye do not care, so I work here now on my own hook. What is a girl, or a general manager, to take me away or leave me? I am the man who says stay or go to myself."

So he held his temper, too, and the old man beckoned to the bridge boss, with his arm half raised as if threatenin' a blow.

"Did ye not promote this young gentleman?" he asked. "Then he has no job, I tell ye," he said again to the bridge boss, his face dark as iron, and his doubled fist big and heavy as a sledge. "This young gentleman was promoted; so, then, he has no job on this railroad. Eh!" he said. "Eh!" leanin' forward.

The little boss peeped from one face to another; then I thought his gray hair bristled like a rat's. He seemed to slink and grow vicious all at once, and Barry looked at him with contempt.

"I promoted the boy," declared the boss suddenly, "to be rid av him. Now he has come back. Then divil take him; he will have to promote himself to be rid av me! Back to th' job!" he said fiercely to Barry.

Old Regan stood as he was, but a spasm seemed to pass through all the other three. Regan had them cornered; his face seemed bloated with blood, and he had the look of storm. But his knuckled hand dropped slowly, and slowly he turned on his heel. The others seemed to read ruin in all this, and, though they had not flinched at his look, now they scattered at once, each takin' his own way, half stricken.

In a few seconds I caught up with Tillie and tugged at her shawl.

"Colleen," I said. She didn't heed, and this time I whined the word. It sounded like a dog.

"What is it, boy?" she asked quietly. Her arm went around me slowly and held me close under the shawl, and I didn't mind.

"Why are you troubled, Tillie?" I asked.

"It is the truth which the unfortunate must tell the unfortunate. It is a great blessing, too," she answered. "Denny, the great man is ashamed av his old wife, who cannot go up in the world with him. And so Barry would be ashamed av me. But ye will stand by Tillie now, poor little waif. Ye will stand by and comfort me, for we two are down together."

We stood there a minute in the cold and gatherin' dusk, and I felt her heart beat under the flutterin' shawl.

But in an instant I was draggin' her by the hand.

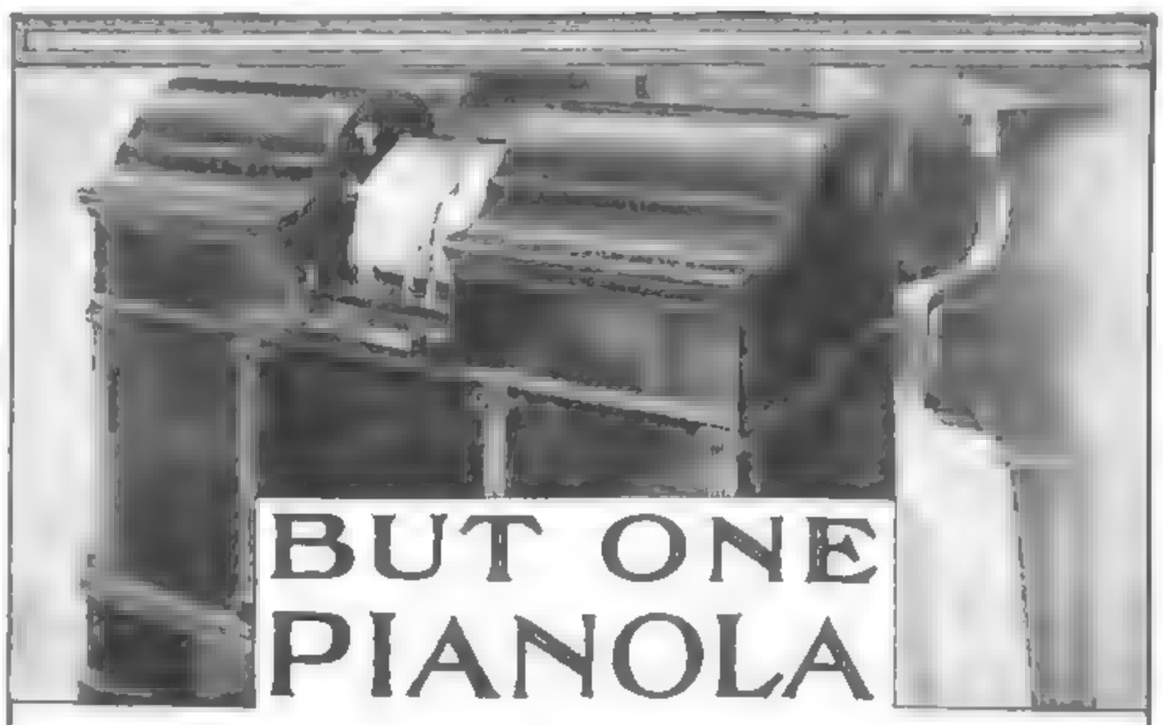
"You have got it wrong!" I cried. "Come with me. You are all wrong! Why, the great man was ashamed because his wife wants to go up ahead of him!"

I laughed out loud, and she seemed too weak to pull away from me.

"I can prove it, and you may go up in the world at once," I told her. "Come along. Don't you know enough to go up out of the cold and dark? I tell you, they have lights there, and cozy places ——"

I had seen the general manager start away down the yard, and as we came to the private car I pushed Tillie ahead of me up the steps. We burst inside and came on Mother sittin' there alone.

"Here is Tillie, Mother," I said; "and she says Barry would be ashamed of her."



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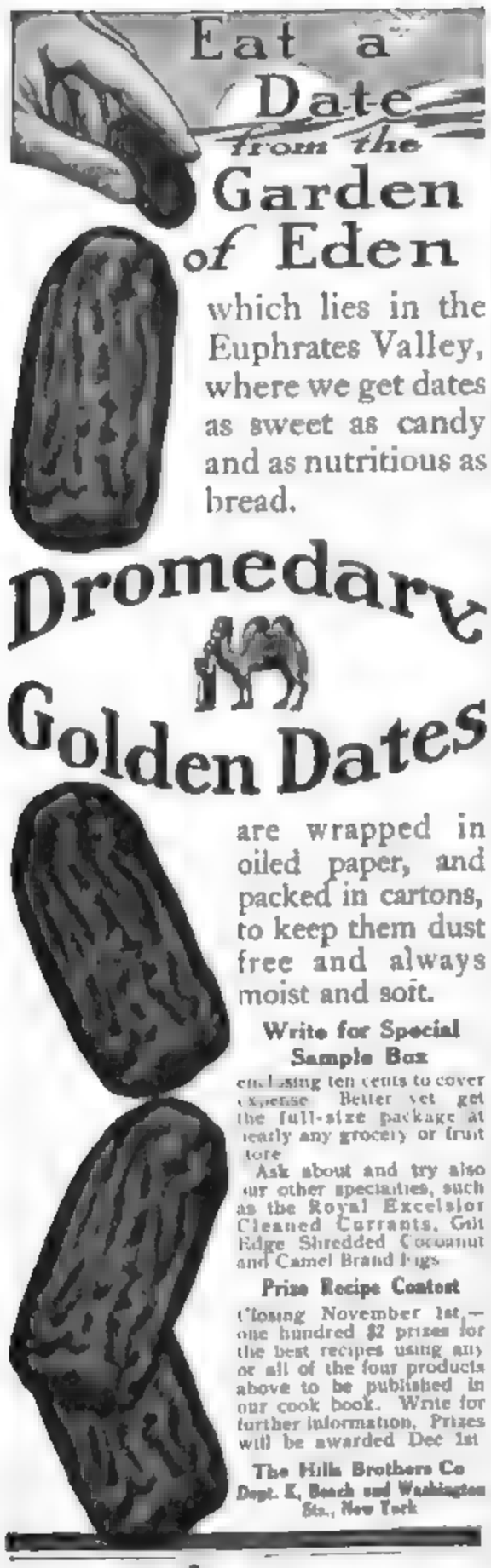

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I grinned and looked about into every corner. Oh, but it was good to be there!

But Mother stared as if not believin' her sight.

"And what a joke!" I cried out; "Tillie thinks my father is ashamed of you—of you, Mother!"

The old woman—how old she did look suddenly, and thin and worn! She did not speak or ask where I came from, or why we were come there. She only held out her hands to both of us, then her arms.

I felt the gold ornyments scratch my cheek, but I didn't care. Tillie sobbed a little, once, but Mother was still.

"When I've seen him kiss you a thousand times and say you were the one who had helped him up—oh, who'd be ashamed o' you?"

Then I looked into her face, but she seemed starin' beyant us, and there were two or three tears in the little wrinkles.

In that instant I felt dumb and dull in the change of things that I couldn't understand, and sank back limp as a dead body against her breast. Some one came through the corridor from the rear of the car and I managed to push myself away. Then I stood facin' the general manager; though my legs were unsteady, I stood there.

"You're 'shamed o' her!" I dared to tell him. I remember my throat hurt and was so dry that the words came with a hoarse whistle. "You're 'shamed o' her!" I said. "Then we're 'shamed o' you too!"

His eyes glittered blue and hard.

I was afraid and stared back as I took a step or two sideways and was out o' the car and into the dark. I didn't hear whether anybody called after me or not.

Tillie was right; old Regan was ashamed of his wife because she could not change from what she'd always been.

That's all I could think of as I went about callin' crews durin' the night. My brains were stretched taut as wires, with this message hummin' on 'em, and the muscles drew across my breast till my heart tugged hard to beat.

Somehow, I didn't worry about Mother or Tillie either. Somethin' worse than that had me down. Despair, I guess; and I felt I must rove on again before long.

That night the old switchman offered to divide his lunch, but I couldn't eat; and in the mornin' when I lay down, as I was on the pallet in the freight house, I couldn't sleep.

When Tillie came in I hardly knew her. But a dog ran over and licked my face, and as I held him in my arms I knew in a minute who'd come.

"Rover! and Miss Helen Reynolds," I said.

"Mark me on time," cried Miss Reynolds, "for I'm to drive the gold spike day after tomorrow."

She spoke cheerfully, but without laughin'; and I got up holdin' to the wall.

"Ye are sick, Denny," said Tillie; "and now ye must come home at last ——"

"I'm not sick, but I can't sleep," I said, and then was sorry I'd complained so, for Tillie's own cheeks were hollow and her eyes tired.

"You are troubled," said Miss Reynolds, who had taken my hand. "Come outdoors and run with Rover. Denny, how could you think to send him to me?"

She led me outdoors and I did make a rush after Rover, who jumped aboard a car.

"It is mine—go on inside," cried Miss Reynolds, comin' after. But Tillie lagged behind.

I went in with Miss Helen at my heels; and Regan, the general manager of the W. & W., was there waitin' for Mr. Reynolds.

For a moment not a word was spoken, while Miss Reynolds stood straight in the center of the floor, holdin' me a little aside.

"I heard you were coming, Mr. Regan, and sent my father away," she said then. "I wished to be first to congratulate the president of all the consolidated lines."

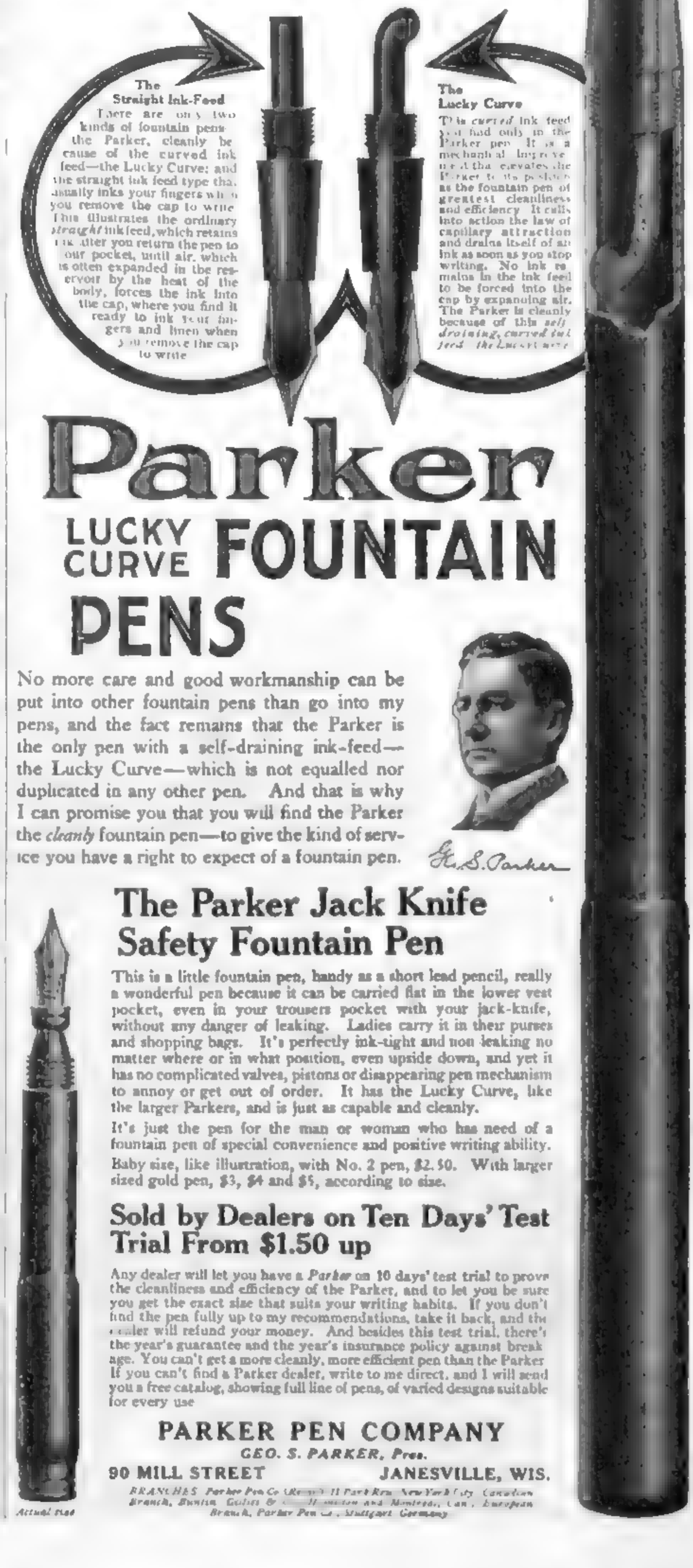
But she did not hold out her hand, and Regan only bowed.

"It is the greatest thing in all the world to struggle to the height of your ambition," she went on. "You are a happy man."

"I am a happy man, Miss Reynolds," answered Regan.

"Then I envy you," she said. "I have always lived high in the world, and have not been happy. But here is Denny, who has come back to us—he is the happy one, Mr. Regan." She spoke quickly and as if whippin' the words across his face. "He

What makes the Parker cleanly? This curved Ink-Feed instead of the ordinary straight one



The Straight Ink-Feed

There are only two kinds of fountain pens—the Parker, cleanly because of the curved ink feed—the Lucky Curve; and the straight ink feed type that usually inks your fingers when you remove the cap to write. This illustrates the ordinary *straight* ink feed, which retains ink after you return the pen to your pocket, until air, which is often expanded in the reservoir by the heat of the body, forces the ink into the cap, where you find it ready to ink your fingers and linen when you remove the cap to write.

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This *curved* ink feed you had only in the Parker pen. It is a mechanical improvement that curvates the Parker to the position as the fountain pen of greatest cleanliness and efficiency. It calls into action the law of capillary attraction and drains itself of all ink as soon as you stop writing. No ink remains in the ink feed to be forced into the cap by expanding air. The Parker is cleanly because of this *self-draining, curved ink feed*—the Lucky Curve.

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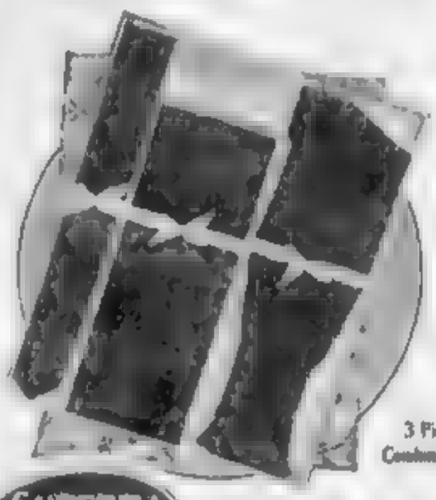

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has won his victory and been true blue to himself—which some are not. He has gone up—yes, of all the people we meet I hold him highest, you man of power and ambition. He is the one who is up in the world!"

There was somethin' like a princess about her, airy and slim in her plain gray dress; but her pride overmatched his and beat it down and to pieces.

I don't remember her goin' out; I only know that I was alone with the great president, who walked slowly up and down.

"Did I need to be told this?" he was sayin', "and must old Regan defend himself with a lie and say that he is happy? I am not talkin' to myself, boy, but to ye, though I do not look ye in the face. It is well to have a son who is worth a father's confession.

"Denny, Denny!" he cried suddenly, "what are all the people av manners and gold to me if I have lost my own!"

He held me straight out before him and looked me in the face.

"The girl is right," he said in a low voice; "she knows. Ye are up in the world and I have fallen. Ye are troubled for Mother?"

"Yes," I answered, and somethin' made me cry out; the muscles of my body were stretchin' to break.

"It was worse than all that. I thought we'd lost our father together. As if you'd killed yourself ——"

Then they gave way and I did cry some, I know, and nearly strangled him with both arms, as he knelt there a minute beside me.

. . . . . .

Miss Helen Reynolds stood leanin' on the hammer, circled by the crowd, and with the gold spike, held upright in its socket by a splinter, shinin' at her feet.

The band stopped playin' and people were hushed to listen.

"It seems to me," she said in that clear, silver voice, "that the honor of this should fall to those whose toil and faithfulness and independence make the great works and glory of this nation possible."

She gave the hammer to me.

"Strike, Denny!" she cried; "and don't miss, for they will talk it over in the switch shanty!"

And hardly knowin' what I did I struck once, twice, three times, squarely on the head of the spike, and so fixed the rail which made my father president of the consolidated lines.

The tough roadmen swaggered and cheered and held me up above the crowd, and Father was among the men. The ladies waved their handkerchiefs as the band struck up.

Then presently the day of music and crowds and colors passed, as all great days must, and we were on the road home. Somehow, Barry and Tillie were there too, and they all looked at me.

"I will send ye to school with your understudy," said Father. "We wondered that ye did not write, but the principal said ye were too busy eatin'. And if ye must, Denny, ye shall work down beyant the superintendents in vacation. For ye are my son, and railroadin' is in the blood."

How happy Mother had been all day, with Miss Helen beside her and all the other ladies gathered around laughin' as she told many a story of the old days. And how they envied when the old switchman had called her Mother Regan.

But the gold ornyments had gone since the mornin' before. I wondered, but had been too busy to ask for them till that moment.

"Where are the bracelets and rings and breastplate?" I asked now.

She turned a rosy red and hesitated, lookin' at Father.

"Tell us, Biddy," said he, curious too.

"'Tis a family secret," she said, "which shu'd niver be told to the family. But Denny will have it out o' me anyhow.

"Yesterday mornin' I stole the gold spike, and takin' it to the jooler had him recast it with all my ornyments melted into it."

I never heard such a laugh as went up, and Father's was the loudest of all.

"And so when Denny drove home your fortune I had my share in it," said Mother with the old toss of her head.

But late at night, when they thought me fallen asleep in the chair, I heard Father say in a low, grave voice:

"'Twas a greater thing than the two railroads Denny has welded together, Mother."

"'Tis our lives," she whispered; and I felt the touch of both of 'em on my hair.

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Not every jeweler can sell you a Howard watch. No jeweler can charge you more than the printed ticket calls for and the Howard is always worth that price.

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Romance in Merchandising

A CERTAIN great department-store merchant regards his advertising bureau as a news institution. There is an editor-in-chief, who assigns reporters to "cover" the store every day. One writer goes to the dress-silk department; another to the hosiery stock; a third to the shirt-waists. Thus this merchant's advertisements are snappy and up to date; and, what is more to the point, they are crowded with interesting details. Knowing the value of careful study of merchandise, he plays up the "story" end of his goods in his advertising. Among other things he has a full page every day in three New York afternoon newspapers. Each page is different each day because each of the three papers reaches a distinct class of people.

In the most conservative paper the romance of merchandising is unfolded. A new French perfume is not hailed as "the newest and finest ever imported," but, in a graceful, charming narrative, the difficulty experienced in imprisoning the subtle scent of the violet is revealed. Or take an imported trunk: Instead of crowding in the prosaic details of fiber and manufacture—"the strongest trunk ever"—there is a story about the cutting of the wood in the old French forest, and how it is piled up in the sweet-smelling lumber-yard to season under winter snow and summer rain. There is seldom a price; always the well-bred suggestion of fine things. This is just what the readers of this newspaper want. The page in the paper that has the largest and most popular circulation has gossip of the stocks, strings of prices and many pictures. It's like the difference between a piece of literature and a "best seller."

What does the writer of these advertisements do? Simply puts herself in the shoes of the prospective buyer, and she is clever and adaptable enough to fit her feet to the small pump of the Fifth Avenue woman and the more comfortable "Oxford tie" of her Sixth Avenue sister. And thus you see that successful advertising for women is merely a matter of specializing and making the right kind of appeal in the right place.

The matter of intelligent display leads to another signboard for women, and this is the shop window. Here is the headlight of the shop. It should, like the illustration of a story, be effective and tell something. Merchants have found that "specialized" windows are the most effective. The task in the successful window is to concentrate the beholder's eye on the one thing displayed. Timeliness enters into the matter, as the following incident will show.

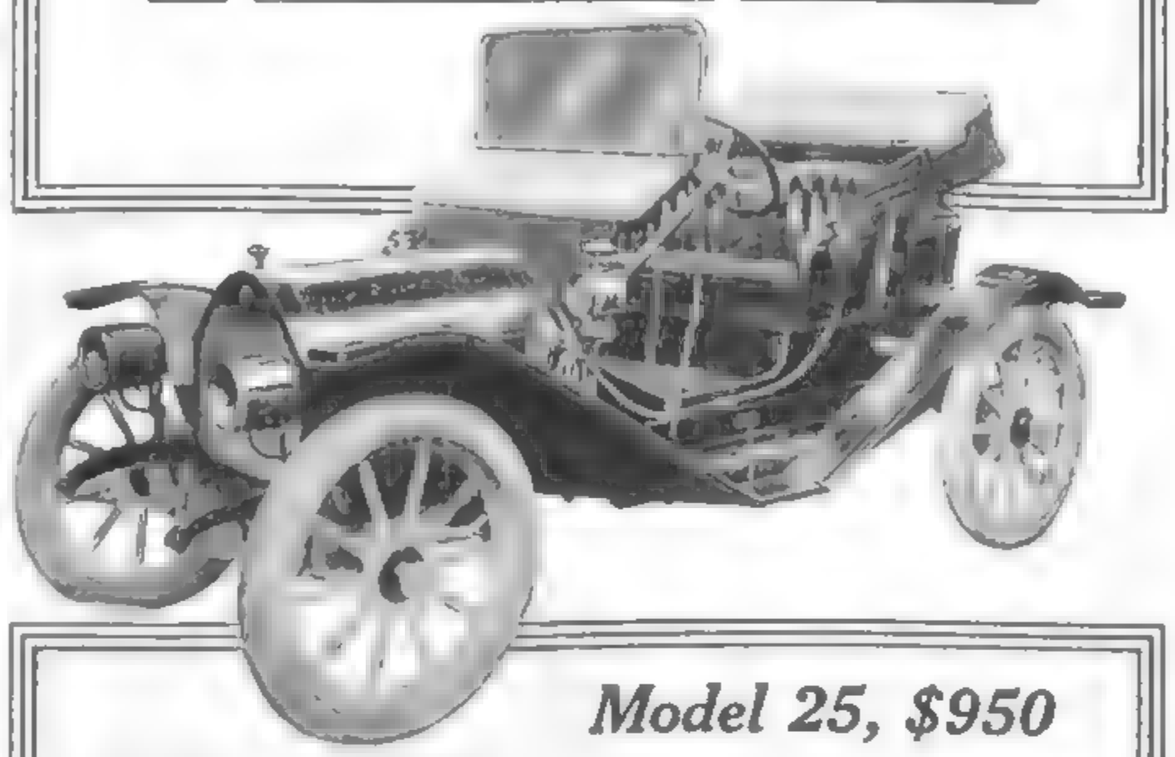
As most people remember, the summer this year was rather backward. Yet, because the season for bathing suits was coming on, two Sixth Avenue stores made window displays of them. They made the average woman who stood outside in the cold and rain simply shiver and yearn for her furs.

But a hot day finally came. The manager of a store across the street got down early. He sent for his head window-dresser and said, "Get out a bathing-suit display at once." In an hour it was on view and there was a demand for suits. Though this incident is very simple, it shows the larger significance of dressing the window at the psychological moment.

Brilliant illumination is a magnet in the store window. Lights sell goods. New York recently presented a good example of this. For years Broadway has been the "Great White Way," because it is a highway of lights. Fifth Avenue, even where the retail shops are, was well-nigh deserted. There were no lights in the windows. An enterprising electric-lighting concern that wanted to increase its business went to some of the Fifth Avenue shopkeepers and said: "You are losing business by not lighting up your windows at night. Let us put in a display and see how it goes." The windows were flooded with electricity and the fact was advertised on the motor buses and elsewhere. People were attracted to the windows at once; the traffic on the street increased, and business in the stores developed from it despite the fact that most of the stores were closed at night. The lights were good publicity.

"The National Champion"

HERRESHOFF MOTOR CO.'S ANNOUNCEMENT TO AUTOMOBILE DEALERS



Model 25, $950

THE BIG DEMAND in 1911 is going to be for inexpensive cars. The dealer who sells the car that he can bank on—the car that he can recommend with a clear mind—is going to reap the big steady profits, and you who connect yourselves with the new Herreshoff $950 car are buying an automobile that you can stake your local reputation on—that sells itself at sight—that goes out on the road and acts as your salesman, for they are built to outwear the most severe usage. And it is a positive fact one Herreshoff sells another.

This Herreshoff Model No. 25 is the greatest stride made in the automobile industry. It embodies the most advanced, practical improvements both as to durability and speed development. It's the one car that will stand out on your garage floor. The one car that you can show to the most critical. The one car that will make buyers out of people who never had the slightest idea of owning a machine. The one car that you can depend on not coming back to your garage on crutches. It needs no aid—no big upkeep. You can sell this car for $950 and assure each purchaser that the one cost is practically the only and final cost.

We Have Only 2000 Cars

for the 1911 season and a big portion of these are already contracted for. Dealers are quickly snapping up this most exceptional proposition, for they realize what the name Herreshoff stands for—they realize the value of an automobile which he personally has designed, and their realization is backed by the eagerness of the public who are just waiting to buy this remarkable $950 machine.

Get in touch with us by the next mail. Let us give you the full details on our proposition. Let us explain to you how quickly you can sell this $950 beauty. We will send you photograph and complete specifications of this 1911 winner. Get your letter off quick for it will not take many weeks for us to dispose of these 2000 cars. Then we are going to start one of the most comprehensive advertising campaigns the national magazines ever carried—a campaign that will bring buyers right to your doorsteps.

Look Over These Specifications:

4-cylinder Herreshoff motor, H. P. 24.
Left-hand drive.
Right-hand control one lever center of car.
Bosch high-tension magneto.
Selective sliding gear transmission, 3 speeds ahead and reverse. Straight line drive.
Body fitted with irons for top.
32 x 3 in. tires.
98 inch wheel base.
Five lamps including two Electric head lights—60 amp. storage battery.
Color: Body, Herreshoff Royal Blue with cream running gear.
Other specifications given in detail in our complete illustrated catalogue, which is mailed to your home upon request.

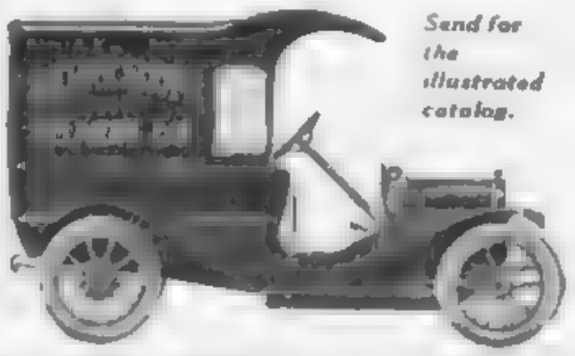
For the man who wants the utmost in a motor car at a moderate price this $950 Herreshoff is the one car he can bank on. It's an investment that he can realize on, for Herreshoff's name is your security. Top and wind shield $75 additional.

One Gallon of Gasoline Takes You 25 Miles

under ordinary conditions. Better records are frequent. So constructed that its operation requires less lubricant than any other car of a similar type.

Herreshoff Delivery Car

Model No. 25 shown herewith is convertible into light delivery car in a few minutes. The pleasure body is easily removed and delivery top shown is put on chassis. This interchangeable feature of the Herreshoff $950 car makes it most desirable for business men and store keepers who have light delivery to take care of and also want a classy pleasure car as well. Extra Delivery Body $100 additional.



Send for the illustrated catalog.

Other models—Tourabout, 100 inch wheel base $1500. Touring car, 105 inch wheel base, $1500.

Herreshoff Motor Co.
602 Harper Avenue
Detroit, Mich.

I'd like you to *think about* this advertisement.

My plan of selling cigars direct from my factory to the smoker was a new thing seven years ago when I originated it. Now, I have a flourishing business, patronized by men who have been steady customers since the first time they looked into my method.

I make cigars right here in my factory, one of the cleanest places in all clean Philadelphia. "Looks like a bank building," said a keen sighted lady who visited it.

My cigars are made by men only—and those men are expert cigar makers.

Now my Panatela cigars, which I have always sold for $5.00 per hundred, are regular ten cent "goods" of the "trade."

This is because I eliminate entirely any middlemen's profits. I can sell to you at the same price that *other* manufacturers sell at wholesale to their jobbers.

The filler of my Panatela is grown in Cuba—a clean, long Havana leaf, severely tested and carefully matured. The wrapper is of genuine Sumatra. And that is all there is in my Panatela—no shorts or cuttings, no doctoring or flavoring.

Here is my offer:

I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatelas, on approval to a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post*, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense and no charge for the ten smoked, if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased, and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

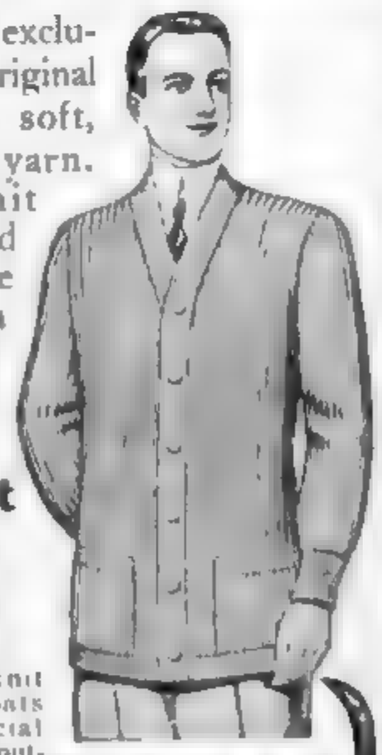
Shivers' Panatela
EXACT SIZE AND SHAPE

Think this over carefully—seriously. To you, it means better cigars at less money than you are now spending. In ordering, please enclose business card or send references, and state whether you prefer a light, medium or dark cigar.

Write for my book—it's free. It contains much concerning tobacco in general, and considerable about my cigars in particular.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS
913 Filbert Street Philadelphia, Pa.

Schmidtknit Sweater Coats



are made in exclusive and original designs of soft, long fiber yarn. Schmidtknit Coats hold their shape and give a world of comfort to the wearer.

Excellent Auto or Hunting Coat

Schmidtknit Sweater Coats are of special merit for outdoor use. The Schmidtknit stitch in the V-shaped collar makes them fit snugly and hold their shape. Ask your dealer to show you Schmidtknit Sweater Coats, or if he does not handle them write to us and we will send you our latest style book showing the large variety of Schmidtknit designs.

Standard Knitting Co.
Dept. 25 Cleveland, Ohio

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THRIFT

Wage Earners Who Managed

WHAT can be done with ordinary wages, backed by hard work, is very aptly illustrated in the career of Daniel G. Reid, the tinplate magnate, who was messenger and janitor in a small bank as a lad. When he rose to be assistant cashier at a thousand dollars a year he felt safe in getting married and buying a home with a mortgage. In three years, with the help of his wife, the mortgage was cleared off. Then he saved some more money, bought stock in the bank and became a director, and after that always managed to have a little cash somewhere for emergencies.

Sixty-five miles away from the Indiana town where he lived was an unprofitable tinplate mill. Reid got some friends to help him buy it, found a Cornishman who had made tinplate in the old country, rebuilt the plant, installing heavier machinery, and moved to the town where it was located, giving up his position in the bank against the advice of his associates, who maintained that tinplate could not be made in the United States, and that it was no use to try. Six years afterward his original mill was making plate at large profits; and he controlled thirty other mills and was a rich man.

A Start in Real Estate

Another wage-earner worked as a machinist until he had money enough to buy a little grocery store. Through lack of experience he failed. Going back to his trade, he saved again until all obligations incurred by this venture had been paid off. When he had a little cash in the bank once more, he looked around and found a house upon which a mortgage had been foreclosed. This place had originally cost twenty-eight hundred dollars. He bought it in at a sale for two thousand dollars, paying two hundred dollars cash and assuming an eighteen hundred dollar mortgage. Then he began putting in every leisure hour upon his property, helped by a carpenter. An extension, with kitchen and cellar, was built on the back, and the place rented for fourteen dollars a month. When he had put in plumbing and fitted up a couple of rooms in the attic it brought seventeen dollars. These improvements cost him only two hundred dollars, and within a year after they were finished he sold the house for thirty-seven hundred dollars, clearing seventeen hundred dollars after all debts had been paid. As the rent had covered improvements, and he had saved money from his wages, he now had capital enough to undertake a building enterprise.

Purchasing some lots, he put up a couple of two-family houses and let them to tenants. They cost him thirty-six hundred dollars apiece, and he paid for them partly in cash and the balance with a twenty-eight hundred dollar mortgage on each. His tenants paid him thirty dollars a month, so that the rents met the payments on the mortgages, the taxes, and so forth, and enabled him to carry the properties without expense until they could be sold. Within a year he disposed of both, getting forty-two hundred dollars for each of them.

His next undertaking was to build two seven-room cottages for foremen in a local factory, each costing two thousand dollars, and they were carried in the same way until he could sell them to his tenants at a profit.

Since he began, a matter of fifteen years ago, this enterprising ex-machinist has kept busy along the same line, studying the development of his community, building new houses a little outside of the boom belt, financing his operations with cash and mortgages, and carrying the property until he found a purchaser who was willing to pay him a profit. Today he is a retired capitalist, possessing twenty-five thousand dollars invested in small mortgages, which brings him in fifteen hundred dollars a year, and six rented houses representing a net value of twelve thousand dollars, which bring him in rents of two hundred dollars a month.

The owner of an Eastern factory, who is constantly talking thrift to his employees, persuaded one workman to take ten shares in a building and loan association, on which he would pay ten dollars a month. Before that, this workman had been earning good money and held a steady job, but saved nothing and drank heavily. Some time afterward his wife died, and but for the little fund that had accumulated on his shares he would have had to borrow money to bury her.

The value of a little ready money impressed him so deeply that he took out more shares, and started on an upward road that has entirely changed his life. Today he is an officer in the association where his first ten-spot was deposited, and also a common councilman in his town. Moreover, he has become a missionary in the interest of thrift, like his employer, and collects every month about one hundred and fifty dollars from workmen drifting along as he was in the old days.

In one case, this thrift missionary found a poor blacksmith, lately come from Russia, with a long name ending in "ski." The blacksmith rented a small shop for six dollars a month. It stood on a main road leading out of town, so that he got considerable patronage from farmers. He felt that somebody might offer the landlord more money for this place than he could afford to pay, thus taking all the business he was building up. One day, therefore, when the workman dropped in to have some tools repaired, the blacksmith spoke of this fear, and was advised to buy the shop, beginning then and there by saving a few dollars. They called upon the owner and found that he was willing to sell the building and a small plot of land for six hundred and fifty dollars. In a few months the blacksmith had one hundred dollars laid away. The workman lent him fifty more on his note; one hundred and fifty dollars was paid down and the shop bought with the aid of a five hundred dollar mortgage. This made him his own landlord and the six dollars' rent he had formerly paid, together with extra savings, soon cleared off the mortgage. Since then the blacksmith has brought his wife and two children from Russia, bought more land adjoining his shop, and is about to build a home for himself alongside it.

A Printer's Savings

A printer on a New York daily paper saved his money until he had two thousand dollars, and with this capital he embarked in business. He selected a line with which he was not familiar, however, and was further hampered by a worthless partner. Lacking experience, he made no contracts, took everybody's word, overbought materials, and finally failed, being left minus his original capital and eight hundred dollars in debt. Going back to the case, he worked hard and lived frugally, paying what he could on the debt, which consisted of money borrowed from friends not much better off than himself. In looking about for some way of earning extra money, he became interested in a branch of amateur sport, and began to write items for the papers on the subject. This brought his income up to such an extent that he was able to pay off the last obligation in two years.

All through these difficulties he had kept up his payments on five shares in a co-operative building society. The habit of economizing stuck to him after his obligations were all canceled, so he took some more shares. When they all matured, he possessed some thirty-five hundred dollars in cash, of which twenty-seven hundred dollars was invested in a house which he rented for twenty-two dollars a month. In a year this sold for four thousand dollars. Another house was then purchased for seven thousand dollars, of which he paid three thousand dollars cash, leaving a mortgage of four thousand dollars upon which he had to pay forty dollars a month. Two families leased the place at a total rent of sixty dollars a month, so that when repairs, taxes, insurance and heating had been met he was paying for the property and still had more than a hundred dollars a year profit. This property has since been nearly paid for and he owns some promising lots in a growing suburb.

Growing Children

develop sturdy bodies and bright brains when reared upon proper food.

One child, properly nourished, will grow to splendid manhood—strong and rugged as a young oak; another, carelessly fed, is handicapped through life.

A child's future depends largely upon the mother's careful selection of its food.

Grape-Nuts

is a scientific food, contains the vitalizing elements in wheat and barley, so prepared as to supply true nourishment for the child's rapidly developing body and brain.

This nourishment is derived solely from Nature's laboratory — the grain-fields — thus it is Nature's gift to mothers for the highest development of growing children.

"There's a Reason".

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, Ltd.,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

The October McCLURE'S

Working Girls' Budgets—A Chronicle of Waste and Conservation in Human Life—the beginning of a new McClure serial.

Six million women in this country must work to live. They get little but give much. Do they give too much? What do they give and what do they get? For three years the Consumers' League has been investigating conditions to answer these questions. Trained investigators were employed and the life stories of hundreds of girls working in factories, in sweat shops and in stores were obtained.

McClure's Magazine has the exclusive rights to this vast budget of human experience. In a series of six articles Sue Aineslie Clarke and Edith Wyatt will set forth, for the first time, the authentic record of the heroic—sometimes tragic—lives of the women workers of America.

In addition the October McClure's is more than usually strong in its well rounded list of selections.

Xavier Paoli in his "Monarchs I Have Guarded" gives such a pleasing picture of the human qualities of King Edward VII that one really feels the charm of his personality.

Henry Smith Williams continues to give a fair theatrical view of the cause of the increased cost of living, this article being on "The Ever Present Food Problem."

Perceval Gibbon in "The Best Adventure" makes us better acquainted with Lady Gregory. Goldwin Smith continues his reminiscences on "The Founding of Cornell". Franklin Kent Gifford gives us a Western story, "The Widow Who Couldn't Shoot," and Edsie Spigmaster tells "A Tale Out of Season."

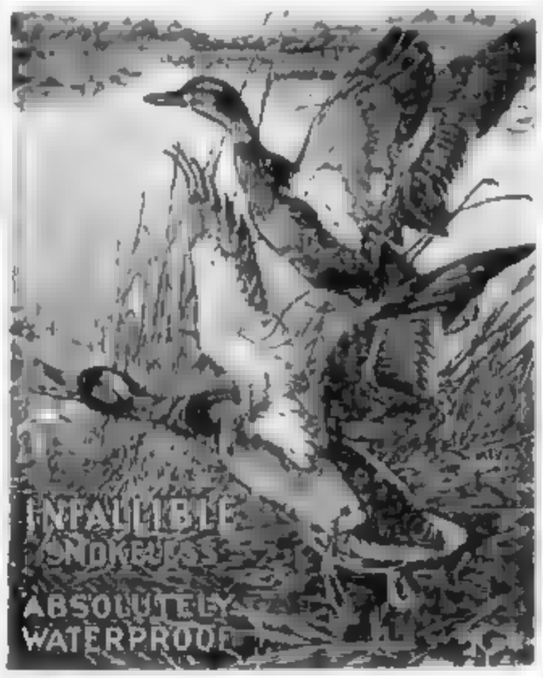
Many other features add variety and interest to its contents.

At all newsdealers' after September 22d.

MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE
MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE

"INFALLIBLE" SMOKELESS

The Dense Powder For Shotguns



Best For Trap and Field Shooting

"INFALLIBLE"

IS

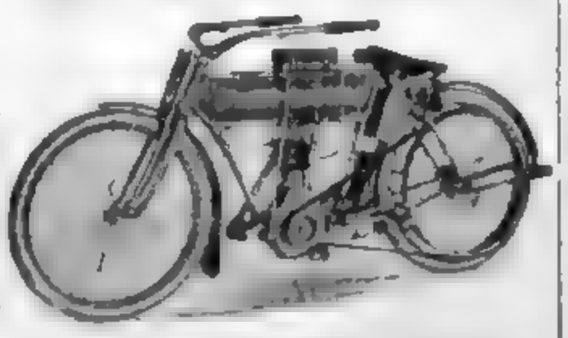
"ALWAYS THE SAME" UNDER ALL CONDITIONS OF CLIMATE

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS POWDER CO.
Established 1802 WILMINGTON, DEL.

Send 20 cents in stamps for a pack of DU PONT Playing Cards, postpaid.

Address Dept. M

The Yale Led Them All



In the gruelling Mt. Rainier Endurance Run, July 3 4, the most severe test of the year, the YALE's splendid efficiency was well shown. The three YALEs entered made a general average of 878 out of a possible 1,000. Our next competitor made 950 with 3 machines, the next with 17 made 708, and the fourth, with seven machines, made only 467 2-7 points.

4 H.P. Single Cylinder $200 YALE 7 H.P. Twin Cylinder $300

Ride a Yale—They Never Fail

The 1910½ Yale Models are ready for you. Don't buy till you see one. New features—long stroke motor—straight line frame—increased efficiency—greater power—low, easy saddle position.

Sworn statement of average upkeep cost in 1909 for all repairs—29c.

IMMEDIATE DELIVERIES—Write for Booklet Today.

The Consolidated Mfg. Company
1702 Fernwood Ave. Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A.

PLAYING POLITICS

THERE was a Chinaman, out in the Yellowstone Park, who ran the laundry for one of the hotels. He was an intelligent Chink, and he was much interested in the geysers. He studied them long and carefully and observed thousands of gallons of perfectly good hot water, that might be used for washing clothes, spouted foolishly up in the air at irregular intervals, and all to no cleansing purpose.

So one day he took a large washing and put it in the Beehive geyser. The washing floated on the water and the laundryman poked it with a speculative stick and saw that it was being boiled merrily. Then he went back to the hotel, got half a dozen cakes of soap, which he likewise threw into the geyser, and again poked with the stick. Now it so happens that soap, when it comes in contact with the particular sort of water that operates the geysers out that way, has what might be called an animating or arousing effect; so as soon as the soap had melted that geyser went off with a bang—w-o-o-f-f—wh-o-o-sh—sis—boom—ah-h-h! and scattered that washing all over three states. It was a calm, quiet, friendly geyser, simmering gently until the Chinaman threw in the soap. After that the deluge.

Just about the same thing happened in national politics. The geyser was there, bubbling and boiling but not gushing, and along came that restless person, T. Roosevelt, not particularly in the capacity of a laundryman, perhaps, but having full knowledge of the whereabouts of a good deal of dirty linen. He threw in the soap when he got back from Africa and that geyser has been spouting ever since, and gives signs of remaining in continuous eruption for two years, or such a matter. There was some national politics doing, but not a great deal. The insurgents were insurging and resurging, and the regulars were thinking that it might be a good thing if the Democrats did get the next House of Representatives, and President Taft was playing golf and preparing to make a few more speeches. Then came T. R. After that there was neither rest nor quiet. Politicians all over the country began scuttling about like bugs under a chip. It began to look as though the national conventions were to be held the next month, instead of in two years.

All Eyes Fixed on 1912

You see, the exact meaning of all this fuss, and flubdub, and flipflapping, and maneuvering, and double-crossing that has been going on in various parts of the country, is Presidential politics on both sides, Republican and Democratic. The stake that is being played for and planned for and manipulated for is control of the conventions that will nominate men to succeed Mr. Taft as President. There is an angle, of course, in the holding of the House of Representatives by the Republicans or the gaining of it by the Democrats, but that is more or less of a side issue. Congressional elections come every two years, and this is one of the years. There will be a desperate attempt to keep a Republican majority in the House, and a desperate effort to put a Democratic majority there, but that is a minor part of the game. What these excited persons—who are putting out statements and feelers, and saying one thing one day and doing the opposite the next, fixing up jobs here and jobbing up fixes there—are most concerned in is, who shall have the delegates in 1912? That refers not only to the men who are for or against the President or for or against Mr. Roosevelt, but also to the men who are running state elections, and to the men who are candidates for the Senate, and so on all down through the list.

Mr. Taft, doubtless, is concerned about the complexion of the next House, for if a Republican majority is returned he may well take it as a sort of a popular indorsement of his Administration thus far. But he can, and probably does, console himself with the thought that if the Democrats get the House they will hoist themselves with their own tariff petard, and smooth out some of the obstructions that now exist in the path Mr. Taft must tread for renomination and reëlection. Mr. Taft's concern about the coming Congress elections, therefore, is not so keen as his concern as to what T. Roosevelt intends to do and as to whether that eminent gentleman will be a candidate for President himself in 1912. When things were breaking badly for Mr. Taft, early in his Administration and before he was used to this job, there was some foundation for the story that he did not care for another term as President. All that is of the past now. Mr. Taft wants to be President again, and a good many men close to him want him to be President again. As the situation is now shaped, he is the only Republican who can be nominated in 1912, with the exception of Roosevelt. That is, if Mr. Roosevelt should utterly decline to be considered as a candidate Mr. Taft would be pretty sure of the nomination, whether the election were so sure or not. Now Mr. Roosevelt may be a candidate and yet may not be nominated. That might well happen. The point is that he is a possibility for the nomination, if he wants it.

The Plot of the Beverly Comedy

Thus, what Mr. Roosevelt is doing is of immense concern to Mr. Taft, although what Mr. Taft is doing is not of so much concern to Mr. Roosevelt, for Mr. Roosevelt cannot very well repudiate Mr. Taft utterly, but must go out for a nomination in 1912 on a platform of his own, not on a platform of Mr. Taft's mistakes, or omissions, or commissions. It is quite probable that Mr. Roosevelt thinks he can be nominated in 1912 if he says the word, unless those New York state experiences shall have given him a moment's pause. Mr. Roosevelt has come to consider himself somewhat of a man of destiny. Now he may be a man of destiny, twins of destiny for the matter of that, but he is not now President of the United States. There is where Mr. Taft has a tremendous bulge on him in the way of getting delegates who do the nominating, said delegates not being controlled by destiny in the slightest degree, but many of them being controlled by bosses and patronage and all that sort of thing. Mr. Taft having patronage to distribute and much that the bosses want, and Mr. Roosevelt having nothing to dicker with but policies and a voice.

When you get in behind the scenes of this serio-comic play that has been staged at Beverly and elsewhere you will find that the men who are managing the stage and directing the actors are working with 1912 in mind. All this hullabaloo, that started when the Republican New York legislature refused to support direct nominations when Mr. Roosevelt demanded such action and ran along for weeks in its various phases, embracing the injection of Senator Crane into the management of Taft's affairs, the sidetracking of Aldrich, the blanketing of Cannon, the further defeat of Mr. Roosevelt for temporary chairman of the Republican State convention, the strident yell against Cannon put out by Nick Longworth after he had left President Taft, the letter of Mr. Taft repudiating the part Vice-President Sherman took in the defeat of Mr. Roosevelt for temporary chairman of the New York Republican State Convention and the sop to Mr Roosevelt therein, and a lot of other interesting and noisy details from that t me to this—all these happenings are only incidental to the election of a Republican Congress. The renomination of Mr. Taft in 1912 is the plot of the play.

It is reasonably easy to nominate a man for President in a Republican convention if there is a Republican President in the White House. Any fair-to-middling campaign manager can safely promise to deliver the votes of the South if the President will help him with patronage. The Eastern states are controlled by the old bosses still, and insurgency has no foothold in party management there. Thus, if the old bosses will deal, the trick can be turned. The old bosses, however, are not in the game for their health. They want *quid pro quo* and insist upon it. Once they get their promises they will go ahead and deliver the delegates.

The old bosses, who still have delegates to deliver, want no more of Mr. Roosevelt as President. They are not particularly enamored of Taft either, but they are willing to take another chance with him. As a matter of fact, Taft hasn't hurt the

GROSVENOR'S Firfelt Auto Boot

for cold weather motoring

gives the utmost comfort on the coldest motor trips. It fits over the ordinary shoe and has a sole of leather which makes it possible for wear on the street or from the house, hotel or store to the automobile. It is made of the heaviest Scotch mixed Firfelt felt in four beautiful shades—black, dark green, purple and gray, and is trimmed with Firfelt trimming.

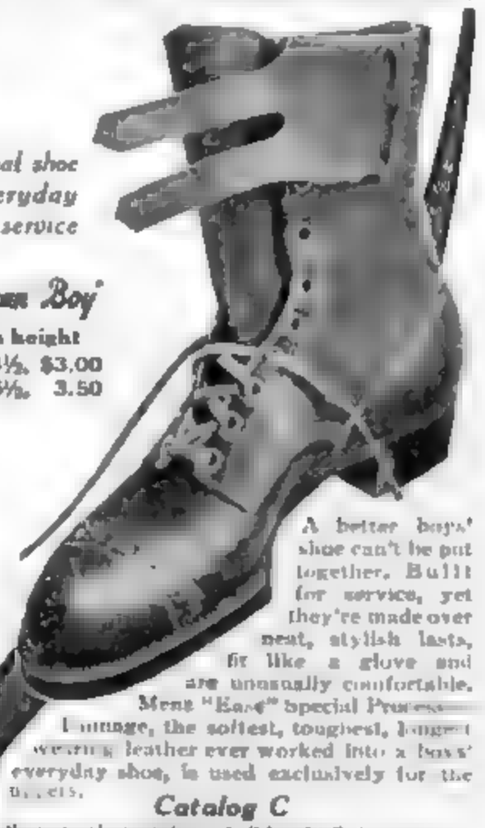
It protects the leg almost to the knee. The men's style can be worn either over or under the trousers. Made in two styles, with satin lining and elastic braid fasteners for women, which make it adjustable to any size, and with strap fasteners and Firfelt felt lining for men. It is handsomely finished throughout.

Ask your dealer, or sent prepaid upon receipt of $6.00. State size and width of stout shoe and color desired. Representative dealers wanted everywhere. Send for Grosvenor Firfelt Auto Boot Style Book.

WORCESTER SLIPPER CO.
J. P. GROSVENOR, Prop.
365 Park Avenue Worcester, Mass.

The ideal shoe for everyday winter service

American Boy
8-inch height
10 to 13½, $3.00
1 to 5½, 3.50



A better boys' shoe can't be put together. Built for service, yet they're made over neat, stylish lasts, fit like a glove and are unusually comfortable. Menz "Kant-Kut" Special Process Dongola, the softest, toughest, longest wearing leather ever worked into a boys' everyday shoe, is used exclusively for the uppers.

Catalog C

Illustrates thirty styles and all heights "American Boy" and Menz "Kant-Kut" for men. If your dealer hasn't them, and we'll tell you if he has, we deliver prepaid direct to you at regular retail prices.

Name always on sole and yellow label.

MENZIES SHOE COMPANY, Detroit, Mich.

DON'T PAY TWO PRICES
FOR STOVES AND RANGES
You Save $18.00 to $22.00 on

Hoosier Heaters and Ranges

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HOOSIER STOVE FACTORY
917 State Street Marion, Indiana

WHEN your car is Truffault-Hartford-equipped, bumps and ruts no longer disconcert you. Your car negotiates all with ease, for the

TRUFFAULT-HARTFORD SHOCK ABSORBER

controls the springs, never permitting of violent action under even the most extraordinary conditions. *It straightens out all the kinks in the road bed* so that solid comfort is yours.

The Truffault-Hartford

Take a ride in a Truffault-Hartford-equipped car and you'll learn at once what *real auto comfort* is. Or better still, have a set put on *your* car, ride on it for thirty days. If at the end of that period you want your money back, we'll refund it. The Truffault-Hartford must make good or we will.

The sign of the Truffault-Hartford Agency

We can fit any car and make any car fit for any road. Make the thirty-day trial. Send us make, model and year of your car today.

HARTFORD SUSPENSION CO.
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136 Bay Street JERSEY CITY, N. J.
BRANCHES:
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No Fishing or Hunting Trips

COMPLETE WITHOUT

BEACON FALLS

LEATHER-TOP RUBBER SHOES

You can't find a better protection from snow or wet than these soft leather top rubber shoes—neat, close fitting and light.

The Rubber Shoe part or Over is made in two styles. The Rock Elm has a pure gum Rubber Over without heel (see picture). The Manitoba Over without a heel, is made of pure Gum forced into duck.

The Tops are of soft, pliable, durable and practically water proof leather or Chevrette, made in various styles and heights, fitted with Copper Klondike Eyelets and Rawhide Laces.

The Soles are of extra rough pure Gum made to stand the hardest wear.

The usual price of the Rock Elm or Manitoba, 10 inch height, is $4 50 per pair.

Sold by shoe dealers everywhere. If you have trouble buying them of your dealer, send his name. We will see that you are supplied.

Ask for the Beacon Falls brand. Look for the Cross on every shoe. It insures satisfaction.

Send your name and your dealer's for Booklet A, which tells about good rubber foot-wear for sportsmen and out-door people.

THE BEACON FALLS RUBBER SHOE CO.
New York Chicago Boston

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT

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Agents Wanted for the only account of his adventures in Africa by himself

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
151 Fifth Avenue NEW YORK

persons the old bosses work for—the big financial interests—very much. The tariff he signed is eminently satisfactory to all the special interests. The railroad lawyers, though they pretend to be frightened at and concerned over the new railroad law, laugh at it in secret. All in all, the big interests haven't much fault to find with Taft, and they are willing that the politicians who work for them should deliver to Taft.

It is apparent, however, that the old bosses have been surer of Mr. Taft than the circumstances warrant. They probably thought they had a bargain, but it was not so hard and fast as they expected. Indeed, Mr. Taft is most likely to do unexpected things at times, and he is subject to changes of mind and method. Likewise he is peculiarly responsive to the last argument he hears. Wherefore, after Vice-President Sherman was named by the committee as temporary chairman of the Republican State Convention in New York over Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Taft, after thinking it over for a week or so, undoubtedly came to the conclusion that this work was too coarse for identification with him. So he wrote his letter to Griscom that put Vice-President Sherman in the nine hole, left the bosslets in New York far out on a limb, and held out a sort of a peace-offering to Mr. Roosevelt.

The general situation was not changed nor were the underlying motives shifted, nor will they be, by Mr. Taft's cozening up to the Insurgents, whatever shape that flirtation may take. The housecleaning done at the suggestion of Senator Crane was largely bluff. Aldrich is out anyhow, and so is Cannon, so far as being Speaker again is concerned—and has been for a long time. Eventually Ballinger must go, although the Old Guard may persuade Taft it is bad politics to get rid of him before election. Events shaped and will shape all these changes. The real question is the renomination of Mr. Taft, and the real obstacle is Theodore Roosevelt.

The Oldest Trick in Politics

It makes no difference whether there is a public falling-on-the-neck between Taft and Roosevelt, or whether endearing letters pass between them. They are not friends. The one man in this country who can stop the renomination of Mr. Taft for President in 1912 is Roosevelt, and both Taft and Roosevelt know it.

There may be an Insurgent candidate for President in 1912 in the Republican party, a man like Cummins, of Iowa, for example, and there are great consequences hanging on various state elections. Looking beyond the conventions to the elections, can the Republican who is nominated defeat Harmon, provided Harmon wins in Ohio this fall and is named for President by the Democrats, which is the plan at this time? Or if some eligible Democrat should sweep New York for Governor this fall could he get enough strength to throw over the plan and defeat Harmon in the conventions?

Mind you, next to a brass band the most non-partisan men in this country are the men big in finance, in banking, in business, in corporations, who control the bosses who control the delegates and who exact promises from candidates themselves, and get performances too. They want a President who is "satisfactory." They have looked over Harmon and pronounced him all right. Their managers on the Democratic side are playing the oldest trick in politics, which is to divide opposition to the man they want to name by putting many candidates in the field; and that explains the Woodrow Wilson enthusiasm, and the enthusiasm for some others who might be named, if such manufactured sentiment can be called enthusiasm. Now, with Harmon "satisfactory" and Taft "satisfactory," it remains with Harmon on the one side, and with Taft on the other, to get the delegates. That is what Taft is doing. Harmon is likely to have them if he wins this fall. If he doesn't win he will not have them.

Thus the game goes on, and it is livelier by far than usual, for the very reason that T. Roosevelt is in it; and much depends on his actions, speeches, works and affiliations. Though all the maneuvers may have the earmarks of present application, it will presently be found that they are but preliminary skirmishes for the big fight that may come—unless T. R. keeps out—in 1912.

GUARANTEED **Kirschbaum Clothes**
ALL WOOL HAND TAILORED

COAT: Cut 34 inches long. **Front,** gently straight, with 3 buttons. **Lapels,** extra wide and long and low opening. **Shoulders,** the Kirschbaum hand-worked concave natural athletic shoulder. **Back,** shaped into waist, with open centre vent and false side-vents creased up 14 inches. **Lap seams,** of half inch width. **Special Pockets:** Invisible watch pocket in breast pocket. Cash pocket in lower outside pocket. Extra cash pocket in facing. **Boutonniere** elastic under left lapel.

VEST: Cut to show one button above coat opening. Extension side buckles for slender waisted men, assuring smooth-fitting back. Vested or corded to match cloth.

TROUSERS: Cut extra wide at the thighs; extra narrow at the bottom. Concealed [illegible] pocket in the waist band. Pencil pocket in left hip pocket. Watch guard in watch pocket to prevent theft or loss. Velvet pocket to prevent scratching of watch. Fancy hanger inside of trousers—smart and useful. Button and hole on hip pocket. Tunnel belt slides, which hold the trousers firmly over the hips and keep belt in place. Buckle guard in front to buckle in place.

THE "REGGY" MODEL, $21

This is the sack suit for the young man whom Nature has fitted for fashion-leader.

Designed on lines totally different from those of any other suit—made by us or anybody else. EXTREME—yet in absolute **good taste.**

Note the set of the shoulders, the deeply indented collar, the bold lapels, the aggressive long roll, the three closely set buttons. There's perfect balance for you!

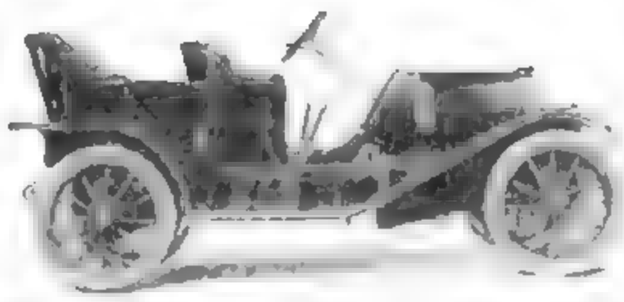
The fabrics are of striking originality. Weaves of most unusual and artistic conception. Colorful; but harmonious—even to the linings. And every thread *pure wool!*

Custom-tailored throughout, with every little detail worked up to perfection. A $40 custom-tailor value but sold by the Kirschbaum dealer in your city at $21. *(Look for the Kirschbaum special "Reggy" label.)*

Ask for the Kirschbaum All-wool Hand-tailored Clothes at your better class clothes-shop. Suits and Overcoats, $15 to $35.

Write for the beautifully illustrated, unique "Book of Fashion" showing the Kirschbaum models for Fall and Winter. Sent free.

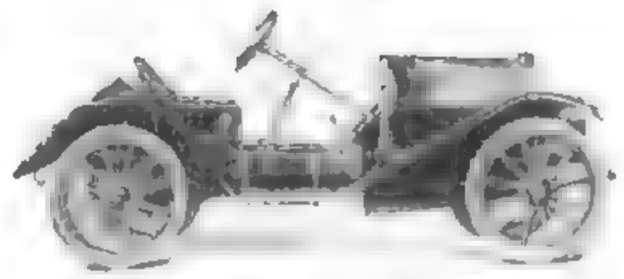
A. B. KIRSCHBAUM & CO.
Makers of All Wool Clothes only
PHILADELPHIA NEW YORK



Model 49. 25 h. p.—102-inch wheel base. Made with detachable tonneau as shown, with single rumble seat or double bucket seat on back. Choice for $1,000

20,000 Owners Say to You "Buy an Overland for 1911"

Licensed under Selden Patent



Model 45. 20 h. p.—four cylinders—96-inch wheel base. Made only in Roadster style shown here. Price, $775

22 Four-cylinder models from 20 to 35 h. p.—from $775 to $1,675—gas lamps and magneto included.

This new season starts with almost 20,000 Overlands in use—with 20,000 owners telling others about these remarkable cars.

During the first seven months of this calendar year we have delivered to users 12,326 cars.

At this writing—with the new models scarcely one week old—we have orders from dealers for over 18,000 of the 1911 models. On each of these cars the dealer has paid a deposit.

We start the new season with five model plants—with a daily capacity of 140 cars.

We start with such an equipment of modern machinery as was never before employed in this industry. We start with the ability to make good cars for less money than any other plant in the world.

We start with a reputation as wide as America—with a record which no rival ever approached—with a car which, by sheer merit, in but little more than two years, has attained the dominant place in its field.

Yet this Overland line—so seemingly perfect—begins the new season of 1911 with a dozen great innovations.

Another Reduction in Cost

The tendency this year is toward higher prices in low-profit automobiles. The higher cost of materials, the advances in rubber, the labor increases compel it.

But, despite these advances, the Overland has made another cut in cost. And this is how we have done it.

The Willys-Overland Company, though an astounding success, has never paid a dividend. All it has earned—and a great deal more—has gone into model plants and machinery. Over $3,000,000 has now been invested to produce Overland cars in the most exact, most economical way.

Last year we cut our costs 20 per cent by equipping ourselves to perform each operation by the best machines men could invent. This year, in the same way, we have cut the cost 8 per cent further. And all of this saving 28 per cent in two years—an average of over $300 per car goes to Overland buyers.

Prices for 1911

This year we shall sell a continued model—Model 38 with a tonneau—for $1,000. The same model last year cost $1,100.

Four other models which we retain—including our famous delivery car—have each been reduced $100.

This year we put a selective type transmission in our 25-horsepower car, and charge only $1,075 for it.

This year we make a 4-cylinder, 20-horsepower car, with 96-inch wheel base, for $775. We are making a Torpedo Roadster—20-horsepower—for $850. Such prices have never before been quoted on cars in this class.

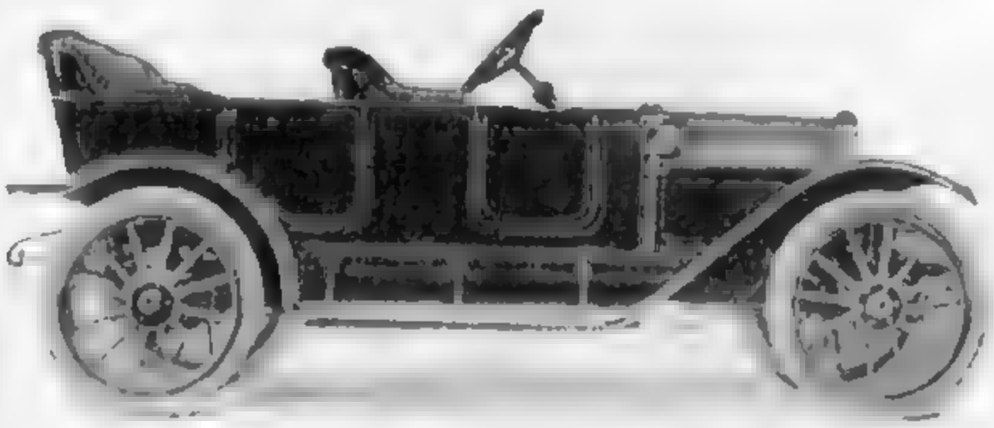
This year we are making a 30-horsepower car—either as Torpedo Roadster or Fore-Door Tonneau—for $1,250. The wheel base is 110 inches. We are selling an inside-drive coupé for $1,250.

For $1,600 and $1,675 we are making four separate models of 35-horsepower cars, with 118-inch wheel bases. They are cars as attractive as any price can buy—as powerful as any man needs.

All of these prices—as last year—include gas lamps and magneto.

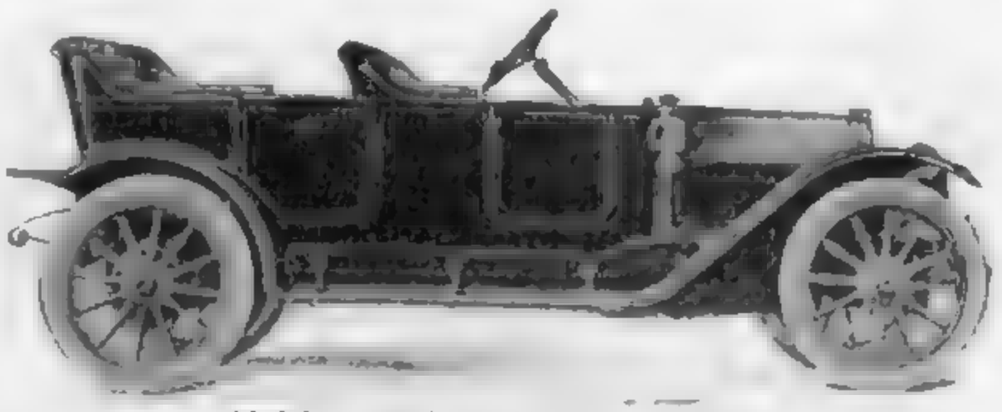
No rival of the Overland cuts its prices this year. Most of our competitors are making advances, directly or indirectly. So the Overland now gives the most for the money by a greater margin than ever.

But the Overland prices are now at their limit. New machinery cannot cut the cost further. Larger production can make no further saving. Unless materials come down, and labor comes down, Overland prices will never go lower. We have now reached, in all probability, the minimum cost in making good motor cars.

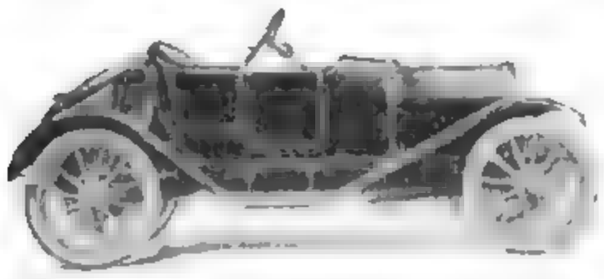


Model 51. 30 h. p.—110-inch wheel base
A 5-passenger car with fore doors or open front, for $1,250

All prices include gas lamps and magneto



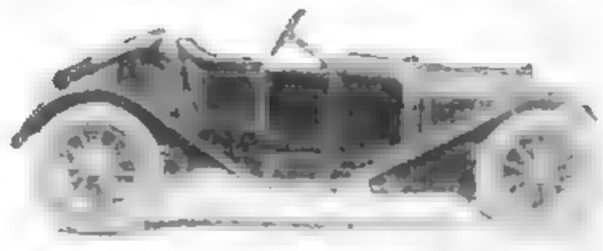
Model 52. 35 h. p.—118-inch wheel base
A powerful 5-passenger car—selective type transmission, Bosch magneto, fore doors or open front, $1,600



Model 50. 30 h. p.—110-inch wheel base. An attractive Torpedo Roadster, with selective type transmission, for $1,250

20,000 Owners Say to You "Buy an Overland for 1911"

Licensed under Selden Patent



Model 53. 35 h. p.—118-inch wheel base. A powerful, classy racing Torpedo—Bosch magneto, eight spark plugs, 30-gallon tank on back, $1,600

All Overlands for 1911 include the new Fore Doors, at your option, at one price.

We make open-front bodies for those who desire them, as tastes in such matters cannot be changed in a year. But those who know best know that fore-door bodies are to be the coming vogue. The open front must go the way of the rear-door tonneau.

Ninety-seven per cent of all foreign cars are now shown with fore doors. And Europe has always set the vogue in carriage and motor car bodies.

The highest priced makes of American cars are now shown with fore doors. The style leaders will this year put out nothing else.

On some modest-priced lines the open fronts are continued. But the main reason is an over-stock of parts which compels the continuance of 1910 models. Another is the extra cost.

No car but the Overland, in the low-profit class, is yet offering fore doors at the price of the open front.

No Extra Charge

The Overland this year announces fore doors without any extra charge. We do this because it is the style of the future. It is without doubt the coming vogue. Soon or late, every maker of motor cars must offer fore doors at their standard price.

The Overland starts doing that this year. We give buyers their choice fore doors or open front at an equal price. Up to this writing not another car in the low-profit class has followed this innovation.

22 Attractive Designs

For this season we are making 22 models of Overlands. They run from $775 to $1,675 —from 20 to 35-horsepower.

This gives us a range to meet every requirement—every idea on price and style and power. Every motor car buyer, whatever his wants, can meet them in the Overland at a lower cost than anywhere else in the world

We make the planetary transmission for the many who like the utter simplicity of the pedal control. But we make sliding gears, too, for those who prefer them.

On every model we use double ignition—magneto and battery. On some we supply the Remy Magneto, on some the Bosch. On some Overland models the two ignition systems are entirely independent, requiring eight spark plugs.

Mechanically the cars have been altered but little. The Overland from the start has been about as good a car as men can ever produce. That is why it so quickly won the leading place in motordom.

Our greatest improvements are in style and design. They are the creations of some of the greatest designers whom this industry has developed.

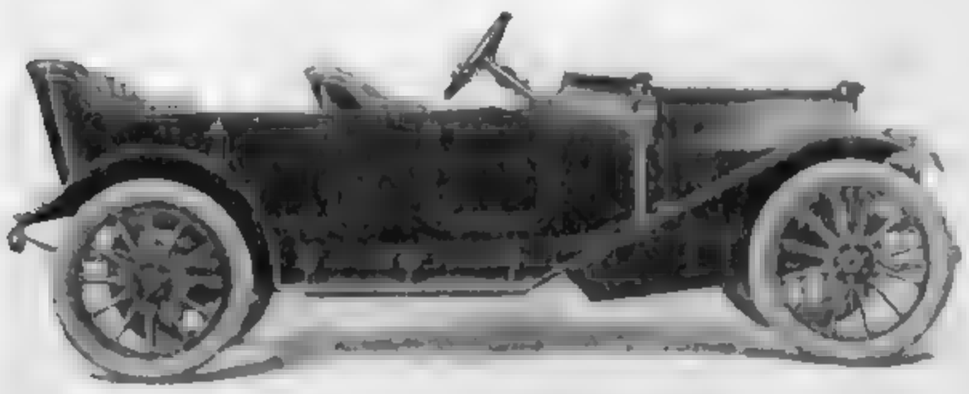
No line this year, sold at any price, offers more attractive designs than the Overland. It is utterly impossible, whatever one pays, to buy a more classy car.

Our 1911 Book Free

Please send us this coupon for the Overland book showing all of the models for 1911. Compare the specifications, one by one, with the best other car you know. Compare the styles with any others shown. Compare the prices with the lowest that others quote. Then see the new models at the nearest of the 800 Overland dealers.

The Willys-Overland Company
Licensed under Selden patent
Toledo, Ohio

Send me the 1911 Overland book



Model 54. 35 h. p.—118-inch wheel base
A 4-passenger Torpedo—as attractive a car as was ever produced—$1,675

Licensed under Selden patent

All are four-cylinder

Inside-drive Coupé—an ideal car for winter driving or for ladies. Extremely simple—carries four passengers—price, $1,250

Mr. Never-Close-the-Door
Mr. Always-Slam-the-Door
Goodbye!

Blount and Yale Door Checks
close doors quickly and gently, firmly and silently.

Protect your health from drafts, your nerves from odors and noises.

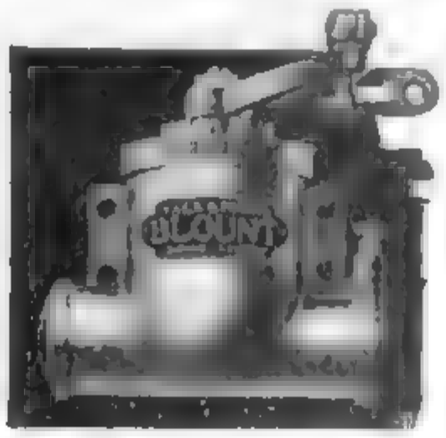
No more doors carelessly left open by Mr. Never-Close-the-Door.

No more doors idly banged by Mr. Always-Slam-the-Door, or by the old fashioned spring hinges.

No more double swing doors with their flip, flap, flopping.

We make door-closing devices that control all these things in the best way.

Thirty thousand hardware dealers can supply them.



The Blount Door Check

A combination of a spring and check.

Closes all ordinary doors gently, quickly, firmly; you only hear the click of the latch.

A device for *his* office, for *her* sewing room, for the front door, the kitchen door, and the door to the nursery.

The Blount Holder-Check

Looks like an ordinary Blount Check and acts like one, but does one thing more.

Holds the door open at any given point when you want it held open (to let the baby carriage in or out, for instance, or to hear an invalid in the next room).

The Yale Double-Acting Door Check

For double swing doors. For the pantry, the kitchen, the private office; Hotels, Restaurants, Department Stores.

All doors in fact that swing both ways.

This is the check that stops that flip, flap, flopping, —prevents pinched fingers and torn clothes. Brings the door to a stop right in the middle of the doorway, every time.

Any of these devices may be easily applied to any door, without even taking it from its hinges.

The Yale Checking Floor Hinge

A Combination Check, Spring and Hinge applied under the floor; all that shows is a flat brass plate in the threshold.

Most desirable for double swing doors.

An entirely new device, a very extraordinary one.

Especially intended for new doors; should be installed when the door is being hung.

Ask your hardware dealer for the Blount or Yale Door Checks for your doors.
The prices vary for different types and sizes from $3.00 upward.
Send your name for an interesting illustrated story called "The Peace Makers." Free of course.

Makers of Yale Products
Locks, Padlocks, Builders' Hardware, Door Checks and Chain Hoists.

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.
Works: Stamford, Conn.
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YALE

FORCEFUL individuality in clothes inevitably secures prestige for the wearer.

THE SYSTEM

Clothes possess a Difference and Effectiveness in pattern—a Daring in weave—a Distinctiveness in design—a general smartness that characterizes the wearer with the spirit of youth.

Prove this statement to your own satisfaction.

Go in at this sign

and try on those Different clothes

and accept the judgment of your eyes.

Look for our label sewn inside the inner coat pocket.
Send two cents for Style Magazine and 24c for set of four new original College Posters in colors.

Ask your local dealer.

H. M. Lindenthal & Sons
Style Originators
Chicago New York Boston

MAGAZINE MEN

An Actor, an Illustrator and Some Writers Making the Most of Summer Holidays

Eugene Manlove Rhodes

Henry M. Hyde

Henry Routerdahl and Mrs. Routerdahl Gardening

Francis Wilson in His Library

Emerson Hough in *His* Library

The Angldile buys itself by saving the merchant money he now loses through the inaccuracy of ordinary scales; through errors of computation and through time lost.

Overweight losses cost the average merchant every year twice the price of an Angldile. An Angldile once paid for goes on annually saving twice its cost. Why pay the price without owning this scale?

The Angldile is the only scale showing *A Plain Figure For Every Penny's Value.*

Its special, patented features make it unique among computing scales. Its accuracy and marvelous sensitiveness give it preeminence among scales of any sort.

The Angldile is a gravity (springless) scale of the highest type. Hot and cold weather do not affect its accuracy.

The Angldile is instantly understood; is read the same by all men. Prices are shown in large, clear figures—not by means of hair lines or pin point dots.

Cut out, fill in and mail today the coupon below, addressing our main office at Elkhart, Ind. We will show you how easily you may earn an Angldile.

You may see the **Angldile** in any large city. Don't think of buying any scale until you have done so.

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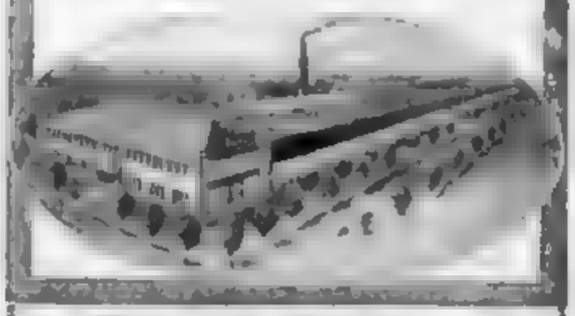

Angldile Computing Scale Co. P-4
Elkhart, Ind.

Gentlemen:

Please send me the **Free** Angldile book

Sense and Nonsense

In Deep Water

AN ELDERLY and very dignified gentleman, dressed in a new and modest bathing suit, walked down to one of the big beaches at Atlantic City, gazed for a moment at the crowds of bathers and then went out into the water.

It was plain from the way he jumped the breakers that he was a swimmer and used to the surf, and he gradually made his way out to the third row of breakers, where none but the good swimmers go. He was enjoying himself to the utmost when suddenly he began to make curious motions and to act in a frightened manner. A couple of big waves hit him and he came out of them spluttering. His motions became rapid and affrighted. He was evidently ill at ease.

A sharp-eyed lifeguard saw him and watched for a minute. The elderly man was struggling in the water. It looked very much as though he were in distress. He made no effort to get in, and in another minute the lifeguard gave the signal and two of those red-jerseyed guardians of the bathers seized a life-preserver and dashed out to the bather, who was splashing about at a great rate.

The lifeguards reached him at about the same time a couple of swimmers who were in his vicinity got there. All four grabbed the apparently exhausted man.

"Leggo!" he shouted. "Leggo, I tell you! I'm all right."

"Come on in, now," said a lifeguard. "Be easy and we'll get you ashore."

"Leggo!" yelled the man again. "I don't want to go ashore. Get away and leave me alone."

Just then a big wave came and turned them all over, and when they came up the elderly gentleman was still thrashing about in the water.

"Quit your monkeyin' now," yelled a lifeguard. "Keep quiet and we'll get you in."

The elderly bather fought desperately. Finally one of the lifeguards gave him a wallop on the chin and, assisted by the two swimmers, tugged him in to the shore with some difficulty.

Then they discovered why he had begged to remain out where he was. As they deposited him among the hundreds of bathers on the beach they discovered he had lost most of his bathing suit.

The Reactionary

The old ranch is sold to a syndicate
That is simply loaded with "tin";
They say that our methods is out of date
An' they're fencin' the ranges in.
They'll coddle the cows in a pasture lot
An' feed 'em on muffins an' tea,
But I'm goin' on to another spot—
They can't make a "milker" of me!

They can cut off the horns of the cows an' steers,
An' put 'em in rosewood stalls,
They can tie pink ribbons into their ears
An' take 'em on afternoon calls.
But I won't get down on a dinky stool
With a shiny tin pail at my knee.
Say, wouldn't I feel like a condemned fool?—
They can't make a milker of me!

I'm moving along with my old cayuse
To a place where the ranges are,
Where the cattle are runnin' free an' loose
With never a fence to bar;
Where the lariat's used an' they wear the chaps
An' the life's like it used to be,
They can make a "farm" of the ranch, perhaps,
But they can't make a milker of me!

—*Berton Braley.*

Christened by Cobb

IRVIN S. COBB, the humorist, has a house in one of the pretty suburbs up the Hudson.

Shortly after Cobb went there to live he noticed that his neighbors were naming their places. One blossomed out as "The Beeches," another as "Gray Gables," another as "Twin Oaks Lodge," and so forth.

Cobb observed these evidences of suburban life with great interest. Then he had painted and swung on his porch a neat signboard on which was lettered: "F. and S. M. Hall."

The neighbors noticed this odd sign. Finally the man who had named his place "The Beeches" came over.

"I see you've got a name for your place," he said to Cobb.

"Yes," Cobb replied. "Rather tasty, I think."

The neighbor studied it for a few moments. "What does it stand for?" he asked.

"First and Second Mortgage Hall," replied Cobb gravely; and next day the signs were all down in that neighborhood.

Eastward Bound

Oh, it's tony to ride on the brass back porch
Of an observation car;
But you somehow feel it is not so real
As the things behind you are.
Though the cinders fly in your musing eye,
Your vision they cannot blind
To the dream of the horse that you rode last week—
The cayuse you have left behind.

Oh, it's nifty to eat in the dining car,
Though your coat feels in the way;
For the cloth is white and the food all right,
And it helps to pass the day.
But you do not gloat o'er the table d'hôte;
For there comes to your wistful mind
The thought of the grub that you ate last week
In the camp you have left behind.

Well, it's back to the East, where the pay-checks grow,
To the desk and the jangling 'phone;
To the dinky flat where you hang your hat—
Where you never feel alone.
There your pipe you'll light on a winter's night,
And the backward trail you'll find
To the hills and plains of the Golden West—
The West you have left behind.

—*Gordon Wilson.*

Mac, the President

FORMER Governor "Dick" Oglesby, of Illinois, came to Chicago one time when President McKinley was there.

At that time the Governor's eyes were failing. One evening at a function in one of the Chicago clubs he asked a friend to take him over to where the President was standing.

"Mr. President," said the friend, "you remember Governor Oglesby, of course."

"Remember him," said the President. "Indeed I do. Governor Oglesby, I am glad to see you again"; and thereupon he launched into a nice little speech about the virile old Oglesby.

The Governor listened for a moment. Then he put out his hand and said:

"Sit down, Mac; I want to talk to you."

Impressing Mary

A COLORED lady from the interior of Virginia had her first view of the ocean the other day. She stood on the porch of the cottage where she was to cook for a few months and took one short glance at the sea, which was calm and quiet that afternoon. Then she turned away.

"Well, Mary," said her mistress, "what do you think of the sea?"

"Peahs to me it's awful flat," replied Mary, and she went into the house without another look.

The Corporation's Candidate

EVERY crank in the country gets to Washington sooner or later. Some time ago George Gilliland, who was William A. Clark's secretary, was standing in a hotel lobby, and a man with long gray whiskers and glittering eye approached him.

"Don't you see through it?" asked the man with the whiskers.

"See through what?" said Gilliland.

"See through this damnable conspiracy that is being hatched by these corporations and trusts. They have all got together and have formed a combination. I know what they are going to do."

"Well," said Gilliland, "I'll bite. What are they going to do?"

"Hush!" warned the man with the whiskers. "Keep it quiet. They have decided to nominate E. H. Harriman for President and elect him, because he is a friend of Grover Cleveland's."

WATROUS LIQUID SOAP FIXTURE

"The Modern Soap Convenience"

Acknowledged to be the most efficient and satisfactory liquid soap fixture on the market.

More economical than cake soap—more cleanly and convenient. Should be used wherever soap is used.

THE Watrous Liquid Soap Fixture provides the safest, most cleanly, sanitary, convenient and economical way of using soap. It prevents the spread of disease which many times results from using cake soap infected by previous users.

The Watrous Liquid Soap Fixture consists of nickeled bracket and glass container for soap. A slight pressure on lower part of fixture delivers a fixed quantity of clean, sanitary, untouched liquid soap direct to the hands. *There is no tipping of fixture as with other devices*—impossible for dirt, dust or germs to get into the soap as fixture automatically closes air tight when not in use.

The Watrous Fixture is simple, ornamental and easily attached. Made in various styles—all low in price to suit every requirement in

Homes, Offices, Clubs, Hotels, Public Institutions, Factories, Work Shops, etc.

Watrous Liquid Soap is especially adapted for Watrous Fixture—made of best vegetable oils. Unequaled for face, hands, and shampooing—cleanses and beautifies—scented or unscented. One filling of Watrous Fixture with liquid soap equals four good sized cakes of soap.

SENT FREE—Illustrated Descriptive Booklet "The Modern Soap Convenience," giving prices. Write today.

THE WATROUS COMPANY, 1251 Fisher Bldg., Chicago

Towel Supply Companies—Write for new interesting proposition

R. WALLACE SILVER

1835 R. WALLACE SILVER PLATE THAT RESISTS WEAR

The particular charm of 1835 R. WALLACE Silver Plate lies in the distinctive character and perfect workmanship of its varied and exquisite designs. The scientific application of the silver, with extra sectional plating at parts most exposed to wear, impart the appearance of genuine Sterling and guarantee unequaled wear-resisting qualities. We will replace at *any* time, any piece bearing the trade-mark "1835 R. WALLACE" that fails to give satisfaction.

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Each line, each curve, in every design is a master-stroke beautiful in its delicacy of execution. It is the visible expression of the skill and artistic individuality of the master-craftsmen who produce R. WALLACE Sterling Silver. The SAXON is the newest R. WALLACE Sterling design—a pure treatment of the Louis XV style.

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Send postcard for our interesting and instructive book "The Dining Room, Its Decorations and Entertaining," including "How to Set the Table."

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New York Chicago San Francisco London

MARQUETTE PATTERN

SAXON PATTERN

Book-keeping Without Books!

Abolish the day book, the journal and ledger—and make a salesman out of your book-keeper.

For, if there is one place in your business where you are losing money, it is in the endless posting from sales slips to one book after another.

You are losing money in extra book-keeping—in the wages of a book-keeper—in expensive mistakes—and in costly misunderstandings with customers.

You are losing money in hundreds of ways, due to carelessness and forgetfulness, that cannot exist with a McCaskey Gravity Account Register in your store.

Just so long as you sell on credit, for cash or on approval—pay money out or receive money on account—you can be sure of an accurate record only by using

The McCASKEY SYSTEM

Only One Writing — *Without Any Book-keeper*

With one writing, the McCaskey Gravity Account Register will handle every detail of your business from the time the goods are bought until the money for them is in the bank.

It automatically limits credit and flags the merchant at every danger point.

Does More for You than a Book-keeper

Your customers get a copy of each and every purchase at the time it is made. This copy shows the date, the clerk that sold the goods, the items comprising the same, the amount, the balance brought forward, *and the grand total due by the customer down to the minute.*

There is no chance for dispute.

The "McCaskey" is an automatic book-keeper that makes no mistakes, displeases no customers, has no temptations.

It is ready for business any minute of the day, never late for work—*and draws no salary.*

The McCaskey Gravity Account Register is admirably adapted to the needs of the dealer with 50 or the merchant with thousands of accounts.

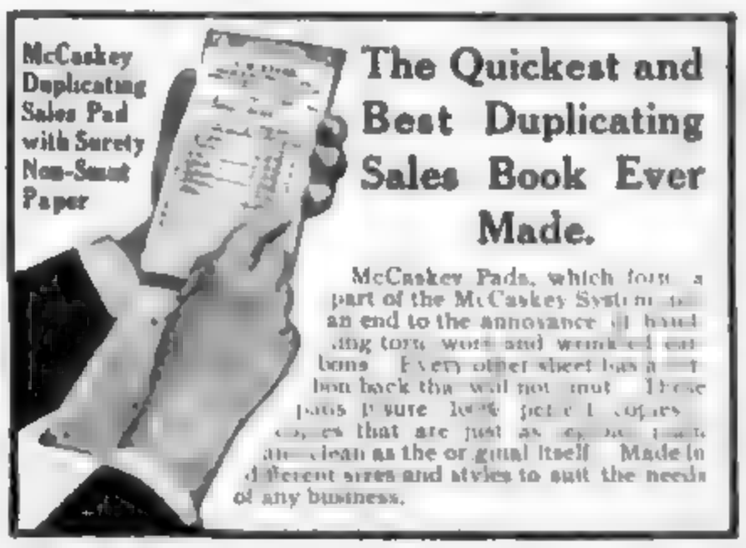
It is equally satisfactory to the grocer, butcher, or baker—dry goods, hardware or drug store—as well as merchant, manufacturer or professional man in any line of business

Learn about the "McCaskey" today. You needn't wait for the "other fellow" to try it out.

Over 60,000 merchants, storekeepers, manufacturers and professional men have proved the "McCaskey" a money-saver and a money-maker

What it has done for others, it will do for you.

Ask nearest sales agency for a demonstration. Or send coupon for booklet, "Book-keeping Without Books." It is really a gold-mine of information that will assist you in stopping the leaks and losses in your business.



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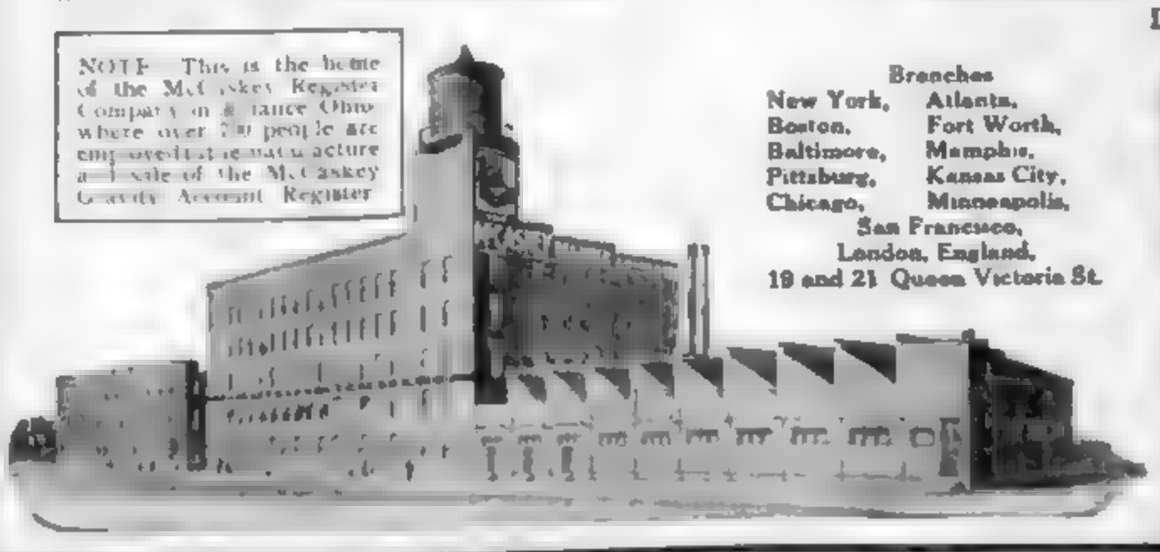
McCaskey Pads, which form a part of the McCaskey System, put an end to the annoyance of handling torn, worn and wrinkled carbons. Every other sheet has a carbon back that will not mut. These pads produce legible copies copies that are just as clean as the original itself. Made in different sizes and styles to suit the needs of any business.

NOTE—This is the home of the McCaskey Register Company in Alliance Ohio where over 700 people are employed in the manufacture and sale of the McCaskey Gravity Account Register



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Baltimore, Memphis,
Pittsburg, Kansas City,
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THE McCASKEY REGISTER CO., General Offices and Factories, Alliance, Ohio

Dominion Register Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Can., Licensees

Fill Out and Mail This Coupon NOW!

Send me free booklet, "BOOK-KEEPING WITHOUT BOOKS"—and testimonials of dealers in my line using the McCaskey Gravity Account Register.

Name _____

Address _____

Business _____

I have _____ credit accounts.

Are You As Well Dressed As You Ought To Be?

Do *your* clothes fit with the swing and the ease of some men's you know?

You may imagine that they spend large sums on their tailors. You conclude that you are shut out from style and fit because of your income. It is a question of economy with you.

You are in error. It is only a question of Knowing How. This suit is one of

STEIN-BLOCH'S Business Sacks

You may be the manager of the works, or the clerk behind the desk: this suit will dress you rightly. You will save money by it, and look better and be more stylish. This suit is but one of a dozen that STEIN-BLOCH have designed for the varying tastes of all sorts and conditions of men. The STEIN-BLOCH dealer has

them. Go to him and talk it over. Try them on. No better clothes are made, in value all through, than those that carry STEIN-BLOCH'S label. Fix it in your mind and buy no clothes without it. This is the label.

It Means 56 Years of Knowing How

The Stein-Bloch Co. Wholesale Tailors

NEW YORK
Fifth Avenue Bldg.

THE STEIN-BLOCH COMPANY
Wholesale Tailors for Men
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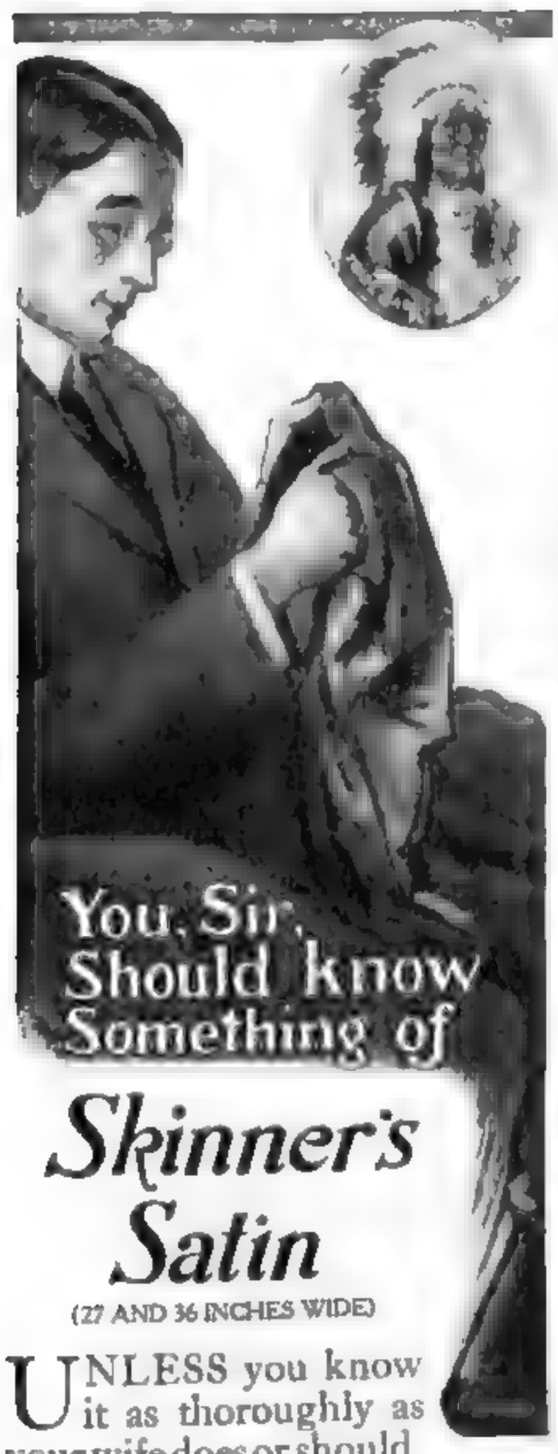

Skinner's Satin

(27 AND 36 INCHES WIDE)

UNLESS you know it as thoroughly as your wife does or should, you do not know it well enough—for the buying of it is important to you.

Questions of beauty and style we will leave to your wife for the present. *You*, however, should know something of quality, for from your pocketbook ultimately comes the cost of the satin she buys.

Here is the point of interest to you:—**Skinner's Satin** is guaranteed to wear two seasons. If it does not we will reline free of charge any garment returned to us. **Skinner's Satin** is the one satin sold with a guarantee as broad as this. It means saving for you. **Skinner's Satin**, bought by the yard, will be known by the name

SKINNER'S SATIN

woven in the selvage. Ready to Wear garments lined with **Skinner's Satin** should bear this label:

Address Dept. W

William Skinner & Sons

Cor. Fourth Avenue & 17th Street
NEW YORK CITY

New York
Philadelphia
Chicago
Boston

Mills: Holyoke, Mass.

THE KIDNAPPERS

(Continued from Page 22)

Just how Minna managed it I never knew, for when the actual time came for Mrs. Westerly's pilgrimage to the public schools the lady herself declined, and my sister had to make the search alone, aided only by her recollection of Dickie's contour and coloring and a small photograph. Had the young gentleman been more distinguished in appearance she might have had less success, but as it was she found upon her second excursion a little boy in the kindergarten class who resembled Dickie sufficiently well to answer our purpose, and whose mother for a couple of hundred dollars expressed herself as willing to allow us to do anything we chose with him. I accordingly engaged her as nurse for her own child and arranged that she should bring him in a closed carriage to the side door of the hotel at midnight on the eighth.

Dickie, clasped in the arms of his fond parent and deluged with her tears, was waiting in the apartments above, and the elevator that brought little Stephen O'Reilly up took the millionaire baby down to the basement floor, where Minna bundled him without more ado into the carriage and drove to the One-Hundred-and-Twenty-fifth-Street Station.

The two "Pinks" had already been called off that afternoon, and the new pair engaged for the following morning would never know that the child whom they were to watch with such untiring vigilance was that of a journeyman gasfitter. For there was nothing external, and perhaps nothing internal either, to indicate that young Mr. Stephen was not every bit as much of a swell as his predecessor. Thus on the morning of the ninth everything went on as usual at the hotel, with no suggestion that anything out of the ordinary had occurred during the night. The meals were taken up at the regular time, the Westerly servants came and went, and at ten o'clock Master Stephen O'Reilly, alias Richard Reutterdahl Winthrop Westerly, descended in the elevator with his nurse-mother and, accompanied by the two newly detailed detectives, left the main entrance of the hotel and started for Central Park.

Minna had already telegraphed of her safe arrival with Dickie at Great Barrington, and it was with a feeling of intense relief that I had breakfast and started down Fifth Avenue to pay my morning visit to Mrs. Westerly, for I had always feared that this part of my scheme might miscarry owing to Westerly's vigilance, and that he might avail himself of any attempt to remove the child from the hotel as an opportune occasion for descending upon him and carrying him away himself.

The windows of the Westerly mansion frowned down upon me, however, no less loweringly than usual. No sign of life was visible behind them. It was hardly to be expected that their owner would be up much before his appointed hour for lunching with me at the café. Yet, even as I looked, a maroon limousine rolled up to the door and Westerly came out and entered it without observing me. It was but nine o'clock—an impossible hour! The machine slipped down Fifth Avenue and was soon lost in the traffic below Fifty-ninth Street. Probably my friend had gone to bed unusually early the night before.

At the Netherlands I paused to admire the beauty of the display in the florist's shop. The whole window bloomed with flowers and Easter plants, and from the open door there crept across the sidewalk the breathless, heavy-laden atmosphere of the hothouse. On an easel beside the door a board with movable lettering bore the diagram of a ship and the announcement of listed departures.

For a moment I lingered, fascinated by the scent of the flowers and the atmosphere of opulence that hovers about a florist's. I wished that I could go on board one of those great ships and receive roses ten minutes before sailing. Why, this very day—this very morning—in an hour—that floating palace—that huge island of steel and satin would move slowly out into the North River and, with bands playing, suddenly throb with life and turn her nose to the sparkling spring sea. And tomorrow—the Oceanic! And on the sixteenth—Westerly. Was it conceivable that I should miss the scamp?

The wanderlust in my bones drew me across the Avenue and into the Park. A fat policeman, gazing introspectively at the asphalt, leaned against the agonized statue of Robert Burns, while Sir Walter Scott, crystallized in a contortion, sat stolidly across the way, a monument to the glories of municipal art. Three infants, bottle-equipped and in carriages, were stationed farther down the esplanade, and a few small girls were rolling around on skates. Near me little Steve O'Reilly, richly clad in the garments of his double and ecstatic in the joy of a real make-believe automobile, ran up and down, while his mamma perused a paper bearing date some thirty days previous and containing a full account of the Westerly divorce case, with illustrations. On a green bench not far away two men smoked languidly and conversed with monosyllabic loquacity. These, I felt somehow, must be the detectives. The scene was one of somnolent enjoyment.

Presently the toy automobile slipped from the unaccustomed hands of Stephen and rattled toward a crosswalk where he in great delight pursued it. At that instant a maroon limousine stole out from the driveway behind the Casino and drew rapidly near. As yet neither the complacent sleuths nor the entranced mother had noticed the distance to which the child had managed to escape. The automobile stopped, the door opened and a man in a gray derby and black mustache jumped out and drew near the unsuspecting Stephen. From where I stood it seemed as though he spoke kind words to him, for the child instantly ran toward the machine and climbed inside. It was at that precise moment that one of the detectives perceived the presence of the stranger.

"Look there, Jim!" he cried, seizing his comrade by the shoulder. Both started to their feet, but the man in the black mustache had already sprung into the motor and it had leaped forward at fifty miles an hour.

"Hi, there! Stop that machine!" yelled the detectives to the fat policeman.

"Eh? What machine?" he retorted, looking in the wrong direction.

The mother, her attention now for the first time withdrawn from the pages of her paper, gazed around vaguely for her child and then uttered an agonized shriek. The detectives had started across the grass in a lumbering pursuit of the abductor, shouting meanwhile at the top of their lungs and still clinging to their cigars. The motor darted down the western drive toward the Webster monument, and then at terrific speed, having led the pursuit in that direction, circled back across the bridge at the end of the Mall. The policeman remained rooted to the ground beside the statue of Robert Burns.

And now appeared, from the direction of Fifty-ninth Street, another maroon limousine moving with similar velocity toward the Mall. As if in accordance with some carefully laid plan they raced toward one another and stopped when side by side. Several persons changed from one car to the other, with confusing celerity. Then the doors banged again and one of the machines shot forward and disappeared down the easterly parkway, going north in a cloud of dust. But the other machine—did not budge. The chauffeur leaped from his seat and began wildly to crank it, but in his excitement apparently failed to retard the spark or turn on the battery. The door was thrown open and a young man jumped out and started giving hysterical directions. The motor cranked, burst into a roar, and both leaped back into the machine. But the half-minute's delay had been enough to arouse to action the sleeping policeman. Uttering frantic blasts upon his whistle he bore down at full speed and plumped himself in front of the car, which was now going at about twenty-five miles an hour. The chauffeur threw over his wheel, the car skidded in the soft slime of the spring mud, struck a lamppost, uprooted it and overturned. Two mounted officers came galloping up, while Mrs. O'Reilly brought up the rear. The first person to emerge from the wreck was little Stephen, who, climbing out of the window, rushed to his mother, clasped her skirts and shrieked:

"I don't want any automobile!"

After him came the young man, whom I now observed to be Myles, Westerly's valet, pale and disheveled, his collar torn and minus his tie, which was tightly clutched

THE *Slumber*

REGISTERED TRADE MARK U.S. PAT. OFFICE

CHAIR

Don't postpone your trial of this chair

You would be enjoying it now if you realized how different it is—in the way of comfort—from any other chair you have ever sat in

The Slumber Chair is not merely a comfortable chair.
It is **supremely** comfortable.
The back and seat are in one piece—tilt back **together.** Unlike a Morris Chair, there is no sliding forward—*no concentration of weight at the base of your spine.* Instead, you are held—weight distributed—muscles relaxed—in just the position your body naturally takes for rest.

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You can't even imagine how delightfully restful it is—what complete **undiminishing** comfort and relaxation it gives you—till you try it.

152 styles to select from

Get the catalog and the name of nearest dealer. Pick out the style at the price you want to pay—and

Try it for 30 days in your own home

At the end of 30 days, if you are not satisfied, if you are willing to part with it, your money will be refunded. Send today for the catalog.

Streit Davenport-Bed

Changes instantly from a deep-luxurious davenport to a real bed—with head and foot boards full width of mattress.
The Streit Davenport-Bed is the satisfactory solution of the small room problem. Back of davenport lets down and with the seat forms a perfect box-mattress—the best kind to sleep on. Mattress is always exposed to purifying light and air.
You have a real bed—no hard ridge down the center. You sleep with covers tucked in. Spare bed clothes kept in dust proof wardrobe beneath seat.
Get our big 90 page illustrated catalog now. It shows the styles of the Streit Davenport-Bed and the Slumber Chair—A postal will bring it.

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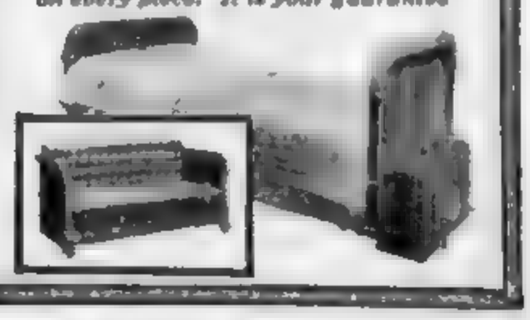

by little Stephen. He crawled shakily out of the wreck and seated himself on the overturned body with his head in his hands.

The Park policeman had meantime arrested Georges, the chauffeur, for speeding, and while the latter was expostulating in French with the sustained rapidity of a machine gun the two detectives appeared, panting, and joined in the chorus demanding the arrest of Myles as a kidnapper.

"Oh, I say," groaned the unfortunate valet, "let a fellah get 'is wind, cawn't yer? Don't make such bally asses of yerselves! I'm no kidnapper, I tell yer. There I was stalled—stalled, I'm tellin' yer—by the side of the road, and the first thing I know hup comes this other car and some one hopens the door and sticks in this squalling brat."

"Brat, is it?" shrieked Mrs. O'Reilly. "Brat! Let me get at the man! The wretch—trying to steal honest people's children! I'll teach him! Brat, indeed! Let me get my hands on him and he'll see ——"

"Madam!" interrupted one of the mounted officers. "Shut your mouth!"

"I'm sorry, sir," said the other. "We've no choice under the circumstances but to make an arrest. No doubt you can explain everything satisfactorily to the magistrate."

"But that's exactly what I don't want, don't you see?" expostulated the valet. "I cawn't have any notoriety, don't you know? I tell you I never saw or heard of this child or his mother before in me life. On me honor! Ain't it enough to smash up an eight-thousand-dollar car without being arrested as a rabbit-snatcher?"

"Sorry, sir; can't be helped," answered the officer tartly.

Myles glanced stealthily about him as if contemplating making a dash for it, and then, as if realizing the hopelessness of such an attempt, shook his head helplessly and looked around for his hat.

It flashed over me that nothing could be gained for any of us by publicity.

"Mrs. O'Reilly," I whispered quickly, stepping over to where she was trying to calm the snuffling Stephen, "there's another two hundred coming to you if you can manage to keep still."

The woman gave me a quick look of understanding and commenced to moan and mumble incoherently to herself.

"Please be quiet," I muttered to the detectives. "Don't you see we can't have any publicity? Everything has turned out just as we hoped. Simply decline to press any charge."

"Well," said the older of the two officers, "we must be getting along."

"O, wurra—wurra!" bemoaned Mrs. O'Reilly. "An' to think that me Cousin Denny would play me a trick like that! And he said he would give Stephen only a bit of a ride around the Park! 'Tis drunk he must have been to do such a thing! And look at the poor gentleman's car."

"What's that?" said the officer. "I thought you said this man had kidnapped your child!"

"I was that excited I don't know what I said," moaned Mrs. O'Reilly. "'Twas me Cousin Denny Sullivan asked me to let him give Stephen a ride, and what possessed him to put the child in this poor gentleman's car I can't explain!"

"You may be very sure I cawn't!" cried Myles, taking his cue quickly enough. "I tell you the car was stalled—stuck—and this fellah—I suppose he must have been drunk—opened the door and shoved in the child. Then this officer gets in the way and Georges runs into the lamppost. I call it pretty tough on me—let alone getting arrested."

"What have you got to say?" demanded the officers of the two detectives.

"We were just sitting on a bench," said the taller of the two, "and this lady here began to yell that her child was being kidnapped; so we just chased around, tryin' to help her."

"Humph!" grunted the mounted officer. "So that's all there is to it! I'm sorry, sir, you've had such a hard time, but it was all an accident."

"Thank you for yer sympathy!" said Myles.

"What I can't get through me head ——" began the Park policeman in a puzzled manner, rubbing his forehead ——

"Shut up, if you know when you're well off!" I hissed.

"——is how that domb ottermobile didn't run right over me!" he concluded, with the air of one who has been saved only by Divine interposition.

The officers now turned and trotted slowly off. Myles gave me a half quizzical glance and looked quickly at his watch.

"It may interest you all to know," said he, "that I've missed the Mauretania by just about eight minutes."

. . . . . .

"But wasn't Jack clever!" exclaimed Mrs. Westerly half delightedly. "Why, you never took him in at all, did you?"

"Apparently not," I answered, smiling; "but in any event my suggestion of taking Dickie away saved him from his father."

Mrs. Westerly pursed her mouth.

"Well, you can hardly blame him, after all, for trying to get back his own child—particularly when he's such a duck!" she remarked, a shade resentfully.

"I was not blaming him," I answered.

"I've no doubt you found him quite nice, didn't you?" she inquired lightly

"Yes," I said; "I found him very attractive, indeed. Of course I know nothing about his morals."

"That is no part of your business," retorted Mrs. Westerly severely. "They are probably quite as good as the average. And he hoodwinked you completely! Made you think you had deceived him, when in point of fact he was merely trying to find out and anticipate your plans!"

"The only thing I don't understand is the telegram," I remarked, disregarding her obvious disparagement of my professional skill. "It certainly said, 'Expect you sixteenth. Ronalds.' Mr. Westerly surely intended to sail on that day."

"Why, that was from Jimmy Ronalds!" cried my employer. "He's such a dear. The drollest fellow! Of course it didn't mean that Jack was sailing on the sixteenth, but would be in Paris on the sixteenth. How stupid of you!"

"That is quite true," I admitted. "Still, under all the circumstances ——"

"Do you know," continued the lady, "I can't possibly get on without Dickie a moment longer. It's bad enough living here all alone in this wretched hotel without any man about—I must have Dickie immediately."

I saw no reasonable objection to the suggestion, now that Dickie's father was presumably out of the country, and told her so.

"Then we'll telegraph at once," she cried cheerfully. "Oh, the dear little tootsums! Won't he be glad to see his mamma! How did poor Myles look? He's such a nice young chap. And which car was it that was smashed—mine or Jack's? You know we each have a maroon limousine."

"I'm sure I don't know," I said.

With my brain in something of a muddle I telegraphed to Minna to bring Dickie back to New York on the afternoon train, and we safely delivered him to his fond mamma at the hotel before his usual bedtime. Certainly Jack Westerly was not altogether a fool after all! I could feel my cheeks grow warm as I thought how neatly he had tricked me.

"He must be a clever chap," agreed Minna as we sat toasting our feet over the register in my room before going to bed, "and quite a dasher. How about that trip to Paris—eh, Mazie?"

"Shut up, you little goose," I retorted, and turned out the light.

. . . . . .

It was just quarter past nine next morning when the telephone on my desk rang energetically.

"Yes—this is Miss DeWolf," I said. "Who is this, please?"

"Don't you know me?" responded a familiar voice.

"Jack—Mr. Westerly!" I stammered.

"Your humble and devoted friend of the recent afternoon," he retorted. "I thought it might give you some satisfaction to learn that the automobile smashed yesterday morning by that stupid Georges was fully insured, and also that, although I missed the Mauretania, I am sailing today on the Oceanic—with Mrs. Westerly and Dickie."

"What!" I cried.

"Yes; she was so bored with living at a mere hotel and at the idea of Dickie's growing up without a father's influence that she has decided to return to me. Besides, she was really touched by my anxiety to get him back. That other little trip to Paris will have to be postponed."

"'When the swallows homeward fly,'" I murmured.

"They fill the last year's nests," he laughed back.

"Bon voyage!" I concluded abruptly, and hung up the receiver.

DES MOINES DOES THINGS

Des Moines Certainty Talk No. 6

Fifty Different New Manufacturers Can Become Wealthy in Des Moines.

THERE is a Certainty here for every man who wants to put his mind, his muscle or his money to work.

25,000 farm wagons should be made in and sold from Des Moines annually.

No matter how well you are doing where you are, in Des Moines you will do better. This is why:

IN Iowa alone the agricultural products last year were worth $621,000,000.

Iowa's eggs every year amount to $50,000 more than all the vegetables, grain, nuts and fruit (except oranges) of Southern California.

150 carloads of glass bottles are used in Des Moines annually. They should be made here.

Iowa's per capita wealth is greater than that of the whole country.

There are 2,250,000 people in Iowa and 10,000,000 people in the trade territory of Des Moines.

A network of railways radiates from Des Moines to every point in this territory. The railway facilities of Des Moines are sufficient for a city of half a million. The manufacturing concerns of Des Moines showed a profit last year of 20 per cent *plus*.

THE logic of the situation is simple. The State of Iowa and the surrounding territory are constantly growing more prosperous. Hundreds of things demanded in this territory should be and must be supplied from Des Moines. Des Moines is the quickest distributing center possible.

Invest your son in Des Moines. Give him a start where there is a start.

The market is here. It is ready for the men who will meet it.

THE greater Des Moines Committee is earnestly working out this problem. We have no lots to sell, factory sites to dispose of, or farm lands to market. Our sole aim is to co-operate with you and to help you to realize the absolute *Certainty* there is here for you.

Kitchen utensils should be made in Des Moines. Think of the market!

IS there another city in the United States where the business men are united in an effort to bring in more business men because the natural trade of the city is too great in volume. Workmen find Des Moines a splendid home town. Conditions for both labor and capital are Ideal.

Des Moines today supplies less than one-third of the demands of its trade territory.

WHETHER you want to move your business or industry, establish a branch, or begin business on your own account—whatever you want to do, interest yourself in Des Moines. Ask us to send you a copy of WEALTH, the little monthly of Des Moines. Write us if you will, or fill this coupon and send it at once.

Have you read about the "Des Moines plan" of city government.

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DES MOINES, IOWA.

Certainty Coupon

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Des Moines, Iowa
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My business is _____
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SEP 6

Young Men

WHAT would it be worth to you to have clothes with trousers that will keep creased forever? The problem of getting the crease exactly in its proper location and keeping it there as long as you wear the clothes has been solved in the "Patented Permanent Crease." It is being exhibited, together with twenty-five other unique and practical features, in

Society Brand Clothes

For Young Men
and Men Who Stay Young

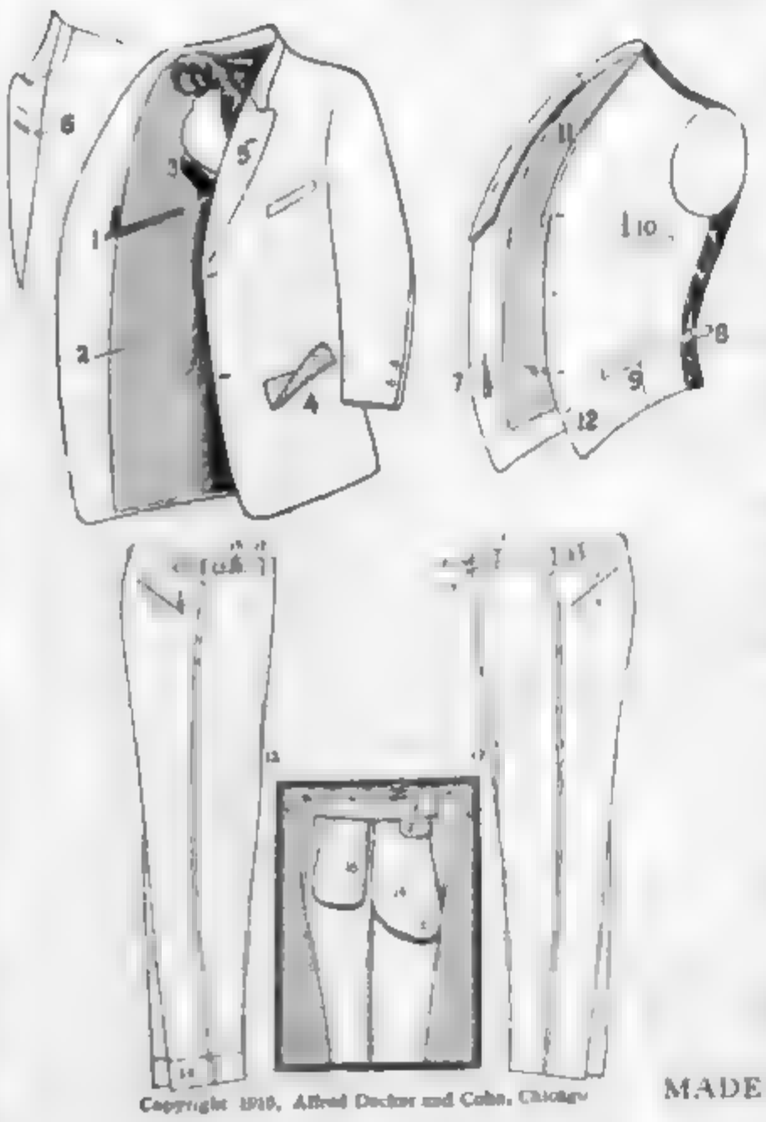
at the better clothiers throughout the United States.

Ask to be shown especially the "Ritz," the "Blackstone," the "Windsor" suit models and the "St. James," the "Counsellor" and the "Autogo" overcoat models.

They are styled, shaped and built for Young Men exclusively. Their tailoring is of the highest type possible to produce.

After you note their beauty of style and tailoring, ask to be shown their—

26 Practical Features



COAT

1 Additional Fountain Pen Pocket in inside breast pocket.
2 Match Pocket on inner left side.
3 Perspiration Shields at arm pits to protect lining.
4 Lining of cloth for flaps of side pockets—prevents wrinkling and gives finished appearance.
5 Wave-Gimp Button Hole in lapel—a beautifier.
6 Elastic Bouquet Holder under Lapel.

VEST

7 Elastic Band under right side to be attached to waistband button of trousers. Keeps vest down and in shape.
8 Side Buckles to produce smooth fitting back.
9 Slit in welt seam of lower left pocket for watch fob or chain.
10 Special Pencil Pocket above upper left pocket. Also exceptionally adaptable for fountain pen.
11 Vestee—Washable and Detachable. Adds dressiness.
12 Blind Button Hole with corresponding button—very stylish.

TROUSERS

13 Permanent Creaser keeps trousers pressed and prevents bagging at the knee. An excellent practical feature. Patented June 16, 1908, No. 890782.
14 Additional Cash Pocket in right hand side pocket. Permits carrying keys, knife, etc., on same side without confusion.
15 Guard in watch pocket to prevent theft or loss.
16 Pocket in right hand hip pocket. Very convenient, especially when no coat or vest is worn.
17 Braid Belt Loops. Neat, attractive, practical. None the less attractive with suspenders.
18 Tunnel Belt Slides; hold trousers firmly over hips and keep belt in place.
19 Two Steel Pivot Pearl Buttons at front of waistband. Add tone and smartness.
20 Loop for Belt Buckle Tongue; keeps belt down in front.
21 Improved Secret Money Pocket on inside of waistband. Closed and hidden by buttoning to inside suspender button.
22 Silk Braid Edging on Hip Pockets.
23 Our newly designed Side Pockets. Big, roomy and shaped especially to follow the form of the hand. Pockets curve down to crotch. Blind catch stitch keeps contents from rolling out when in reclining position.
24 Silk Braid Edging on Watch Pocket.
25 Hanger of Colored Silk Braid.
26 2½ inch Turn up for soft turn-up or permanent cuff

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Amberol Records

4minute Records for October

EDISON Amberol Records stand today as the greatest triumph in record making.

They have brought to Phonograph owners songs and music never before offered in record form.

Prior to the perfection of the Amberol much of the world's best music was too long to be put upon a record. If offered at all, it was spoiled by cutting or hurrying.

The Amberol, playing four and a half minutes, offers such music, executed as the composer intended and each selection is complete.

Before you buy a sound-reproducing instrument, hear an Edison Phonograph play an Amberol Record. Look over the Edison Record list and see the songs and selections offered exclusively on Amberol Records and remember that it's the Edison Phonograph that plays both Amberol (4½ minute) and Standard (2 minute) Records.

There is an Edison Phonograph at whatever price you wish to pay, from the Gem at $12.50 to the Amberola at $200.00.

There are Edison dealers everywhere. Go to the nearest and hear the Edison Phonograph play both Edison Standard and Amberol Records. Get complete catalogs from your dealer or from us.

With the Edison Business Phonograph you are not dependent upon any one stenographer. Any typist in your office can transcribe your work.

National Phonograph Company, 11 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J.

THE owner of an Edison Phonograph has the advantage each month of two long lists of Records from which to choose. Here is offered the real song hits of the moment, musical selections by famous soloists, bands and orchestras and tuneful bits from musical attractions—each on a Record of the right playing length to faithfully and completely reproduce it.

Edison Amberol Records for October, 1910

U. S., 50c; Canada, 65c.

520—Medley Overture—Haviland's Song Hits. *Edison Concert Band*
521—Boy O' Mine . . . . . *Frank C. Stanley*
522—When the Daisies Bloom. *Miss Barbour and Mr. Anthony*
523—Jere Sanford's Yodeling and Whistling Specialty. *Jere Sanford*
524—[illegible] Aria. *Charles Daab*
525—[illegible] Song. *Marie Narelle*
526—[illegible] Fading. *Knickerbocker Quartet*
527—Humorous Transcriptions on a German Folk Song. *Victor Herbert and his Orchestra*
528—Gee! But There's Class to a Girl Like You. *Manuel Romain*
529—"Mamma's Boy"—Descriptive. *Len Spencer and Company*
530—Kerry Mills' Nantucket . . *New York Military Band*
531—Come Be My Sunshine, Dearie. *Billy Murray and Chorus*
532—Hope Beyond . . . *Anthony and Harrison*
533—Just for a Girl . . . *Edward M. Favor*
534—You Are the Ideal of My Dreams . *H. H. Thompson*
535—Mandy, How Do You Do? *Ada Jones and Billy Murray and Chorus*
536—The Premier Polka . . . *Arthur Pryor and his Band*
537—When the Roses Come Again. *Will Oakland and Chorus*
538—Trip to the County Fair . . . . . *Premier Quartet*
539—Temptation Rag . . . . *New York Military Band*

Edison Standard Records for October, 1910

U. S., 35c; Canada, 40c.

10430—Stars and Stripes March . . . *United States Marine Band*
10431—Sweet [illegible] . . . *Billy Murray*
10432—The Bright Forever . . . *Edison Mixed Quartet*
10433—I've Found a True Love at the Fair. *Hayden Harrison*
10434—Canto Ecclesiastico . . . *Charles Daab*
10431—I'll Await My Love . . . *Hart Oakland*
10432—Yucatana Man . . . *Collins and Harlan*
10433—Play That Barber Shop Chord . . . *Edward Meeker*
10434—The Mocking Bird . . . *Harry P. La Rocca*
10435—Oft in the Stilly Night . . . *Knickerbocker Quartet*

Also six Grand Opera Records, including one by Sarah Bernhardt. Get the list from your dealer or from us.

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All are soft, porous and elastic—conforming closely to the figure, and so in sympathy with every line and movement of the body, that, except for their genial warmth, they never make their presence felt.

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Mentor Comfort Suits for Men and Women, $1.00 a suit upwards
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Ask the most progressive merchant in your town to show you Mentor Comfort Union Suits for winter. Prepare now for comfort in the cold season. Should your dealer be out of Mentor Underwear, write us and we will see that you are supplied promptly.
Write us for samples of Mentor fabrics and say whether you want heavy or medium weight and whether for Men, Women or Children.

MENTOR KNITTING MILLS, Exclusive Manufacturers of Mentor Comfort Underwear, MENTOR, OHIO

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Locks perfectly rigid when open—cannot wobble. Light—a child can carry it—but strong enough to support a half ton.

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WATSON E. COLEMAN, *Patent Lawyer*, Washington, D. C. **FREE**

THE TARIFF COMMISSION

(Continued from Page 9)

work, and yet give them as little power as possible? By this time, mind you, nearly everybody admitted that this so-called tariff board had no authority in law.

The President asked for an appropriation of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to enable these persons, whom the tariff law authorized him to "employ" to assist him in the administration of the maximum and minimum section of that law, to do investigation work. Here, then, was the opportunity. Some language could be inserted in the appropriation bill, giving this quarter of a million dollars, which would clothe these "employees" with some of the authority given by the Senate provision of a year before, which the Conference Committee had mangled.

After a good deal of wrangling and sham battle this was done, and is now the law; so that what we did in the Senate a year ago was substantially restored. The country should be thankful for that, little though it is. It was granted reluctantly. Nothing but growing and determined public opinion would ever have brought it about.

I do not know that the people are deceived when the men who fought against the commission try now to make the people believe that they have been for this reform all along. However, it is not in the least important whether they were for it from the first or whether they are sincere converts to it now. The point is that we have the beginnings of it. The cornerstone of a tariff commission has been laid.

It is, however, only the cornerstone; for you must know that we have not as yet a tariff commission. We have not a permanent tariff board. Members of the so-called tariff board are mere "employees" of the President; their relation to the Government is that of contract only; their salaries are not fixed by law, neither is their tenure of office. The President can discharge them at any time. Luckily for the country President Taft is in tremendous earnest about the work of the tariff board. But another President, who does not believe in it, could end its operations in a minute.

The Tariff Board Powerless

Also the members of this board—mere employees, mind you, like a stenographer or a clerk—though they have authority of law to gather information, have no power. Suppose, for example, they want to find out the facts concerning the sugar schedule. Mr. Payne, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the House, in an elaborate and carefully prepared article printed some three years ago, told of the experiences of the committee with the Sugar Trust. That institution, Mr. Payne declared, simply refused to give them the facts.

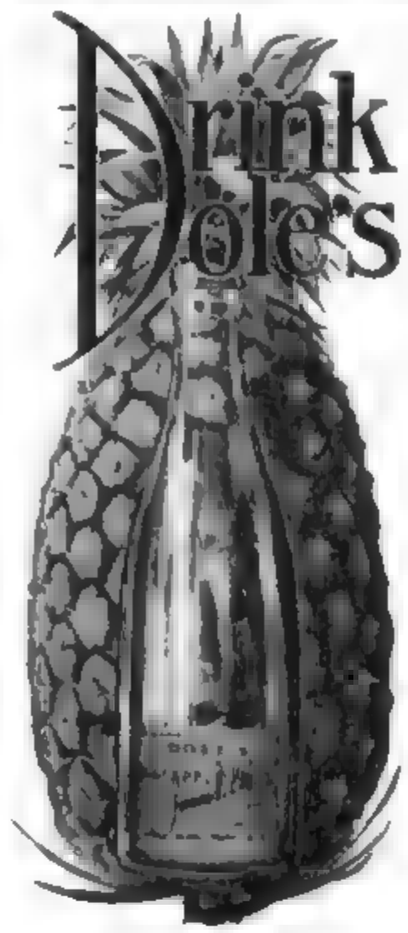
If our present tariff board, therefore, should go to the Sugar Trust, which has been convicted of plain fraud, and demand the facts the Sugar Trust could give them or not, just as it pleased.

Of course anybody can see that the board or commission—the name is not important—should have the power to examine the officers, agents and employees of the Sugar Trust under oath, and to compel the Trust to produce its books and papers so that the country might get the facts, and so that Congress could revise the sugar schedule upon those facts.

At the tariff session plenty of facts concerning the sugar schedule were laid before Congress, but it was denied that the truthful statements made on the floor of the Senate were correct. And, since the defenders of the Sugar Trust declared that one man's word was as good as another's, Congress blindly followed the leadership that defended the sugar schedule, whose chief beneficiary is the Sugar Trust.

Also the law should declare that this tariff commission, or tariff "board," as it is timidly called, should be a permanent affair. The tenures of its members should be fixed in the law itself. The law should fix their compensation; their duties should be specifically set out in the statute. They should be given the amplest powers in the terms of the statute; they should be non-partisan.

But now that we have the reform under way these necessary things will be added,



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or before it.

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with plain or salted biscuit, cheese straws, etc. It is good, handy, healthful.

For Dinner

as an appetizer, or with the meal.

At Bedtime

a delightful "night cap."

Add it to the menu of any afternoon or evening entertainment, at home or at the club; for the grown-ups or the children.

Try it at the Soda Fountain.

It looks like liquid gold, crystal clear; tastes like melting pineapple; is as refreshing a thirst satisfier as a glass of cool water.

In large or small bottles at your druggist's or grocer's.

Drink Dole's Pure Hawaiian Pineapple Juice

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Because it is pure—not a thing has been added at any stage of the process—no sugar, no water, no preservatives, no coloring—*nothing*. We emphasize this because you need to be sure of the goodness of what you drink. The juice of a ripe Hawaiian Pineapple (almost an air plant), is just a mixture of dew, sunshine and oxygen. We simply free the juice from such coarse matter as will filter out and sterilize it in the bottles.

Drink all you want of Dole's Pineapple Juice, because it is healthful.

Be sure this name in red is on the label

James D. Dole stands at the head of the pineapple business of the world, and his signature on the label of any pineapple product guarantees its purity and quality.

Dole's Pineapple Juice is pressed from the same sort of fruit which you have enjoyed as canned Hawaiian Pineapple, but it contains no added sugar. It is non-alcoholic, of course.

Ask your physician about pineapple juice. He will know its value.

If you cannot get it in your town, send the names of your druggist and grocer and we will mail you a useful menu booklet.

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are Standard the Country over, and the purchaser has an unfailing guide to style, fit and wear in the Corliss-Coon Mark.

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and soon, if the people do not relax vigilance and if they continue their demand.

The tariff commission is only in its beginnings. But I repeat that we are lucky to get even this little. We certainly should have got nothing at all had not the bitterest foes of a tariff commission idea been driven to it by public opinion. But no matter what drove them to it, they finally agreed to as much as we were able to get; and nobody should quarrel with them about motives. Whatever it was that moved them to it, "the stone which the builders refused is become the head stone of the corner"—the despised reform of only a year ago has become the main issue of a great campaign.

Of course the next reform in the methods of making our tariffs will follow naturally, and, as a matter of course, after we get a full-fledged, permanent and non-partisan tariff commission. We will then revise any particular schedule of our tariff when that particular schedule needs revision, and revise it by itself without any reference to the remainder of the tariff. Can you imagine anything more illogical, more foolish, and what is worse, more hurtful to the business of the country, than to revise an entire tariff covering many schedules and thousands of items, when most of them need no revision, in order to revise a few schedules that do need revision?

Two Reforms Well Begun

If a business man conducted his business in that way, or a farmer, or anybody else, he would not last very long, would he?

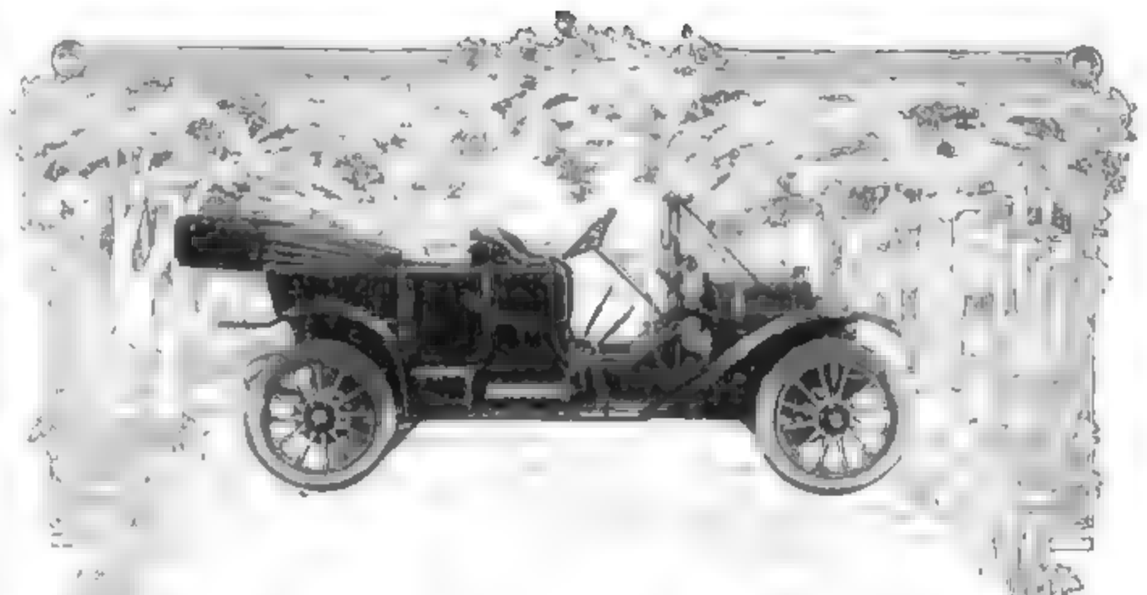
Yet this is precisely what we have been doing with our tariffs. We have refused to revise one schedule when that schedule needed revision; and when three or four schedules got so out of date that the people demanded their revision we have heretofore revised not only those schedules but the whole tariff. The reason old-school politicians, backed by the great interests, have insisted upon this grotesque method of tariff revision is because of the opportunities for log-rolling, trading and dealing that the revision of the whole tariff affords. Of course if one schedule that needs revision is revised by itself there could be no opportunity for such log-rolling. This is what we are going to do in the future.

If the wool schedule needs revision it is good sense to revise it, considering it by itself; the wool schedule has not the slightest economic or honest connection with the metal schedule. The cotton schedule is not connected in the remotest degree with the pottery schedule. Where is there any economic relation between the sugar schedule and the lumber schedule? Why should not each schedule be considered on its own merits? No reason, of course, except that if each schedule were considered on its own merits there would be an end to the log-rolling, trading and dealing; an end to the combination of half a dozen mighty interests that are concerned wrongfully in half a dozen schedules, and, therefore, form a combination that affects the whole tariff.

When our tariffs are attended to in this manner, and upon facts founded by experts, we shall have no more business upheavals due to tariff revision such as have made our economic history ridiculous for a hundred years. Tariff revisions in Germany, France, Japan, Italy or Austria do not disturb business. There is no more reason that a tariff revision should disturb business in this country than that it should disturb business in those countries.

Both these reforms, the tariff commission and a separate schedule revision, are now inevitable. We have seen the beginning of the first; we shall soon see its full fruition. Even the beginnings of the second are in sight and it will not be long before it also will have arrived. Let us learn from the history of this rational but difficult reform that the remedy for most evils that afflict the people is in their own hands if they will but use them. But also let these words sink into our consciousness and manifest themselves in our activities: the battle for these reforms is not over, just as no battle for reform ever is entirely ended. Public opinion must be kept alert not only until we have a full-fledged, permanent, non-partisan tariff commission and established the settled policy of a separate revision of schedules but also until the work that both these reforms are intended to do shall have been accomplished.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Senator Beveridge on the Tariff Commission.



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The Haynes you knew last year—the famous Model 19—has an even greater car for a successor.

Model 20 for 1911 has a 114-inch wheel base—with heavier wheels. The body is longer, wider, roomier and more comfortable.

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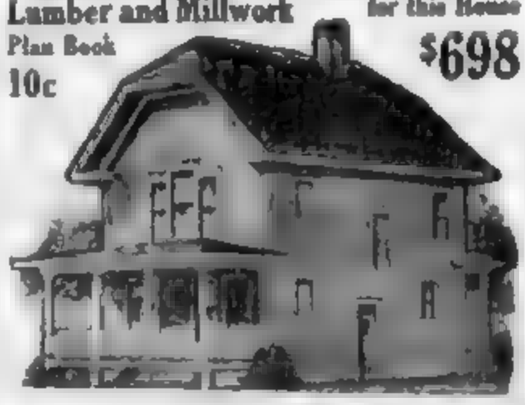

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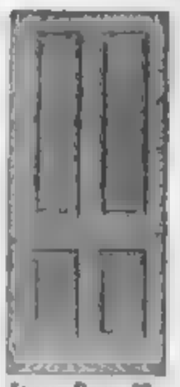

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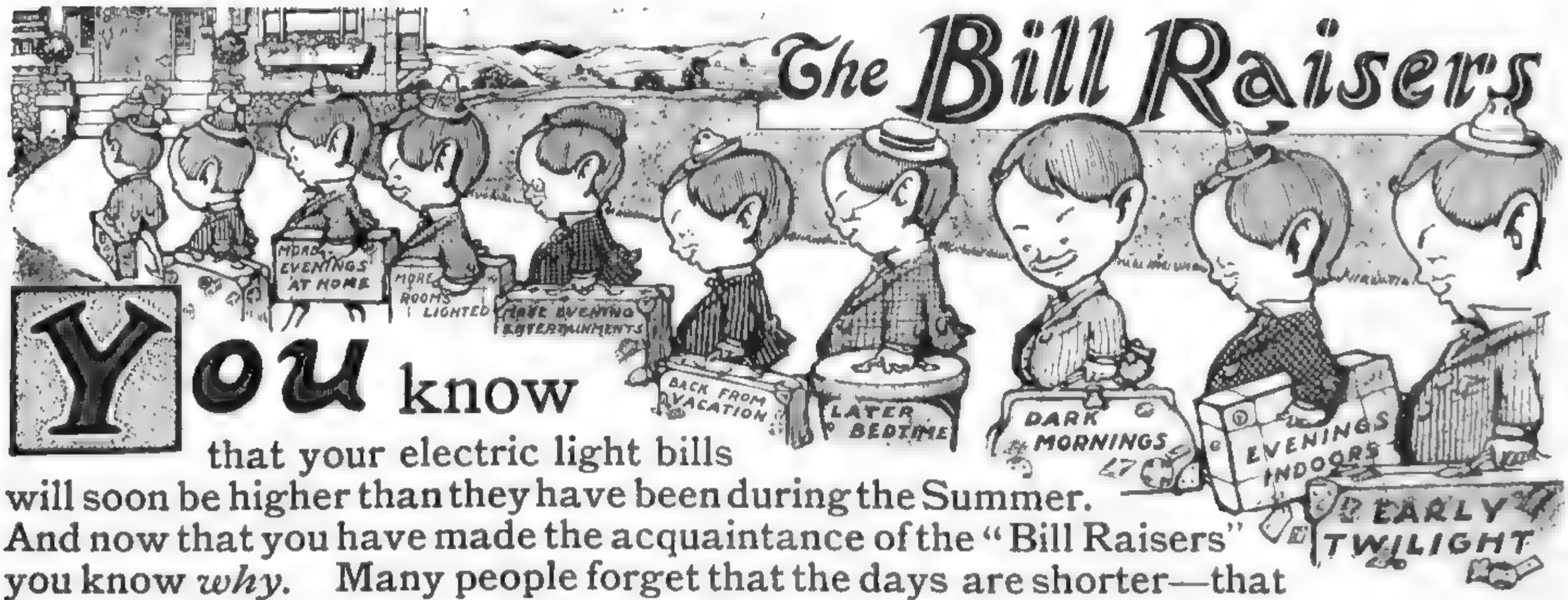

You know that your electric light bills will soon be higher than they have been during the Summer. And now that you have made the acquaintance of the "Bill Raisers" you know *why*. Many people forget that the days are shorter—that the electric lights are turned on earlier and used later—that for numerous other reasons more current is needed in winter. And forgetting these reasons they are surprised when their lighting bill increases in the fall. You should remember that the "Bill Raisers" come from natural reasons—that it would be a mistake to deny yourself the comforts—the good cheer—the pleasure they bring. And remember further that a Hotpoint Electric Iron saves money over any other method of ironing.

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This is the iron you want. So if your lighting company or dealer cannot supply you send your check and we will ship complete, ready to attach, at the regular retail price. We pay express charges to any point in the United States. Other countries we pay charges to export point.

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Standard Hotpoint Iron, 3 lb., 5 lb., 6 lb.	*$5 00*
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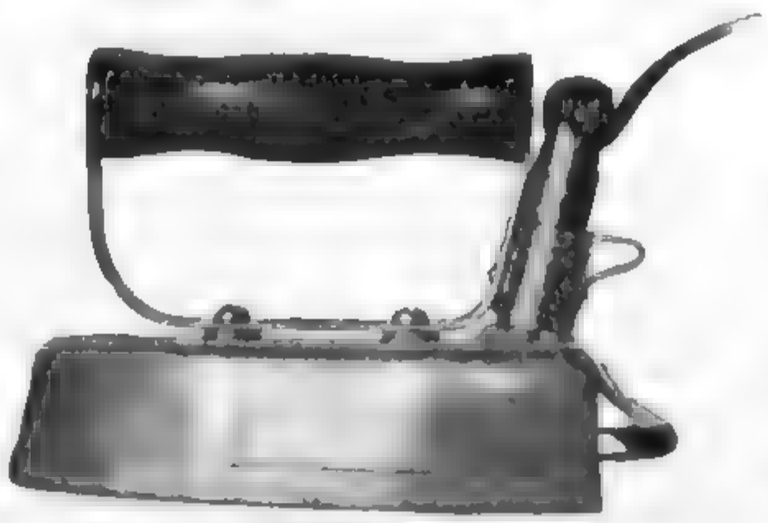
Voltage of Circuit _____ Be sure to state voltage.
Apply to your Lighting Co. for same.



Hotpoint Electric Iron

Lighting companies and dealers everywhere sell the Hotpoint Electric Iron.

THIS iron is built for hard and continuous service and no other electric iron is so generally used in laundries. The body is made of pressed steel. All parts are nickel plated with a mirror-like polish. Several hundred thousand Hotpoint irons in use by the housewives of America have given satisfaction for over five years.

The standard model Hotpoint illustrated above, is made in three weights—3 lb., 5 lb. and 6 lb. The 6 lb. will do the heaviest household ironing and is the one most commonly used.

Heavier weights for laundries and manufacturing establishments. Ask for catalogue.

Pacific Electric Heating Company

Home Office and Factory . . ONTARIO, CAL.
CHICAGO Office . 560 Washington Boulevard
NEW YORK Office . . . . . 136 Liberty St.

Write for our illustrated booklet and name of nearest dealer.

Dealers Attention: This one announcement will come to the attention of approximately five million people. Some of them in your community—your customers. Other advertisements will appear. Write us at Ontario for full details of our selling methods and plans for assisting you. State how many irons you think you can sell, or better still, order a sample now.

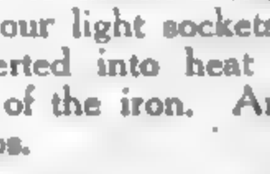
The Economy of the Hotpoint Electric Iron

THE cheapest way to secure the heat for an ironing is to attach a Hotpoint Electric Iron to one of your light sockets. All of the current is converted into heat and applied right to the face of the iron. And it saves so many weary steps.

We put extra heat into the point of the Hotpoint Iron so that when it is shoved into the cold, damp goods the point remains hot enough to iron up into the tucks and folds. No other iron of any kind has this extra flow of heat into the point—result—the point of all other irons soon becomes too cold to do any pressing.

Every Hotpoint Iron is inspected, numbered and registered at the factory. During two years from that date the factory stands squarely behind the iron, ready to mail direct to you free, any part that proves defective from any cause. After that, repair parts cost but a trifle and will rarely be needed. Any one can replace parts with a screw driver in a jiffy.

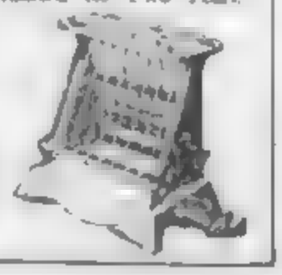
Utility Outfit

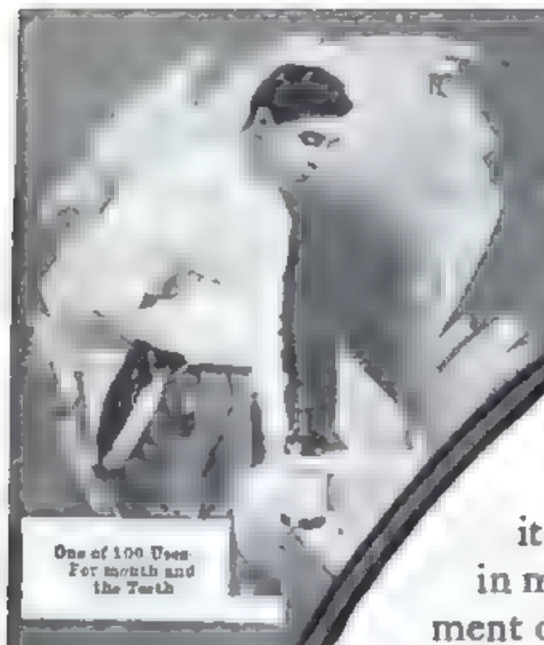


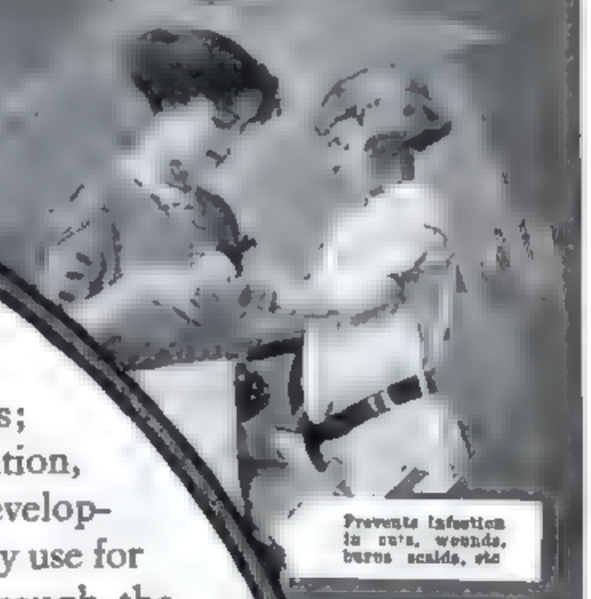
The Utility Hotpoint Iron is designed especially for travelers and apartment dwellers. Packed in ecru leather shopping bag and weighs complete 3¼ lbs., including iron, nickel plated copper dish, stand and attachment cord. Irons, cooks and heats curling tong Guaranteed two years. Price $6 of your dealer or express paid if he cannot supply

El Tosto—the Electric Toaster

El Tosto is the most serviceable electric bread toaster yet produced. Made entirely of nickel plated, highly polished, pressed steel. Sturdy, safe, sanitary. Guaranteed for Two Years. Toasts the bread to a golden, crispy brown very quickly Uses almost no current Price $3 50 including attachment cord, of your dealer or express paid if he cannot supply







Why You and Every Member of Your Family Should Use Dioxogen

Dioxogen is a *reliable protection* against infection and infectious diseases; it is *the enemy of harmful germ life and all unhealthy conditions*. Its application, in many of the accidents and emergencies of everyday life, prevents the development of serious complications from apparently simple causes. Its everyday use for the toilet promotes continued good health, and promotes good looks through the medium of *real* hygienic cleanliness. Dioxogen should be in every home and should be used by every member of every family where good health and good looks are appreciated.

Why You Should Always Ask for Dioxogen by Name

Dioxogen is made *only* by the Oakland Chemical Company. *Ordinary* "peroxide of hydrogen," so closely associated with bleaching hair, etc., is sometimes sold "for the same purpose as Dioxogen," and is sometimes claimed to be "just as good as Dioxogen." But ordinary "peroxide" is never as strong, as pure or as efficient as

Dioxogen

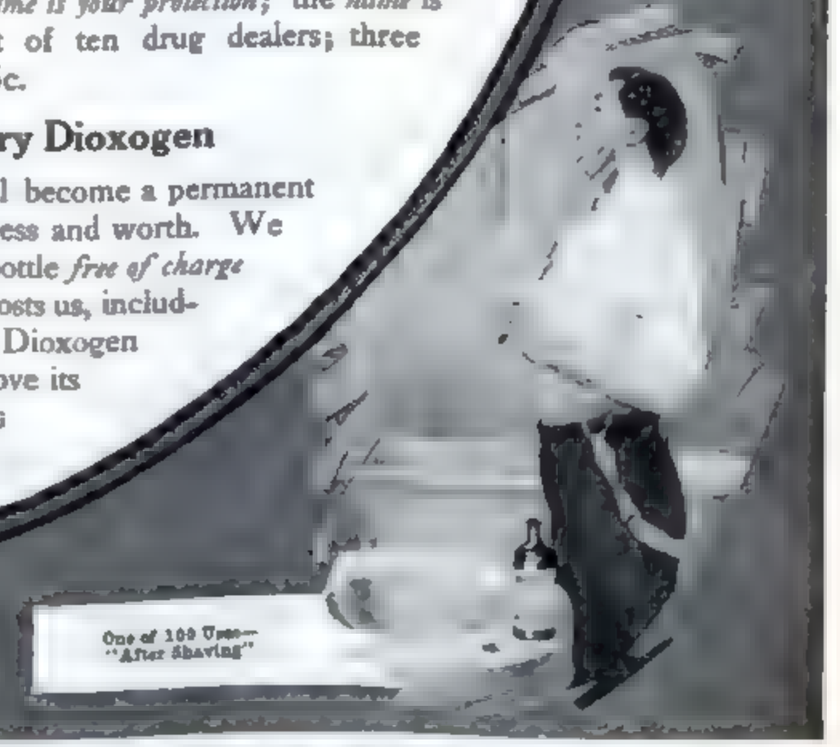
H₂O₂

and often is so lacking in these respects as to fail in the purpose for which it is used. In such matters as good health and good looks, *certainty* is the most important consideration. You take no chances when you buy Dioxogen, because, no matter *where* you buy it, you know what you are getting. *The name is your protection;* the *name* is your guarantee. Dioxogen is sold, *when asked for by name*, by nine out of ten drug dealers; three sizes—small (5⅓ oz.), 25c; medium (10⅔ oz.), 50c; large (20 oz.), 75c.

How The Saturday Evening Post Readers Can Try Dioxogen

We believe that every reader of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST will become a permanent user of Dioxogen if we can make each one understand its usefulness and worth. We believe this so thoroughly that we are willing to send a full 2-oz. bottle *free of charge* upon receipt of request—either postal or letter. Each sample costs us, including postage, nearly 20 cents. We know so well what Dioxogen will do that we are willing to spend that amount to prove its value to every reader of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Will you give us the opportunity?

Oakland Chemical Co., 100 Front St., New York



FRENCH POCKET HAT

$2.00 Postpaid

Everybody Admires the QUALITY French Pocket Hat

College Boy telescope them to 2½ or 3 inch crown

Small heads fitted Large heads fitted

Week Fancy Bands 50 and 75 cents

French Pocket Hat Co. 38 South 5th St. Philadelphia

Money Refunded if Unsatisfactory

CLASS PINS and BADGES for College, School, Society or Lodge.

1912

Either style with any three letters and figures, one or two colors of enamel, Sterling Silver 25c each, $2.50 doz.; Silver Plated, 10c each, $1.00 doz. Send for free [illegible] Society at attractive prices. Send idea for estimate.

BASTIAN BROS. CO., Dept. 468, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

CHALLENGE Brand WATERPROOF COLLARS & CUFFS

Pat. Dec. 26, 1905. Pat. Nov. 26, 1907.

You Can't Tell Them From Linen

Same dull finish—same linen texture, correct in style and fit as the best linen collar you can buy. Never shiny like the *ordinary* waterproof collar, and *they save laundry bills.*

Sold by all dealers everywhere. Collars 25c., Cuffs 50c. Our new "Slip-Easy" finish permits easy, correct adjustment of the tie. Let us send you our latest style book free.

THE ARLINGTON COMPANY, Dept. A. 725 727 Broadway, New York

Established 1883

BOSTON [illegible] PHILADELPHIA, 900 Chestnut St. SAN FRANCISCO, [illegible] CHICAGO, 161 Market St. ST. LOUIS, 505 N. 7th St. DETROIT [illegible] Jefferson Ave. TORONTO [illegible] Fraser Ave

The Range With A Reputation

A Perfect Baker Fuel Saver

Built on honor—of best materials—the only range made entirely of Charcoal Iron, that won't rust like Steel and Malleable Iron, that can't break. Outwears three ordinary ranges. Seams riveted—always remain air tight. Lined with quarter inch pure asbestos board—assures dependable baking heat. You save half the fuel with a

Great Majestic Malleable and Charcoal Iron Range

All doors drop, form rigid shelves—no springs. Open end ash pan—[illegible] ash pit and ash cup prevent a floor from [illegible] fire—all copper reservoir [illegible]—in direct contact with fire [illegible] gallons water in a jiffy. Best range at any price—sold by dealers in nearly every county in forty states.

See It!

If You Don't Know Who Sells the Majestic in Your Vicinity, Write For Our FREE Book, "Range Comparison."

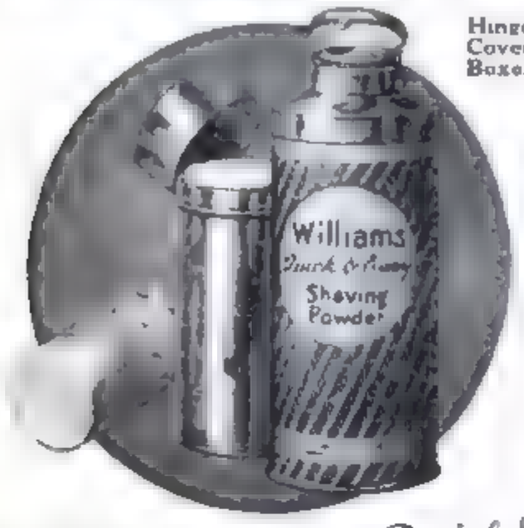
It Should Be In Your Kitchen

Majestic Mnfg. Co. Dept. 48, St. Louis, Mo.

WILLIAMS' Shaving Stick is a world product—sold all over the world—bought all over the world by discriminating men. Its superior merit and peculiar softening, soothing quality of its lather, have won for it universal appreciation.

Williams' Shaving Stick

"The kind that won't smart or dry on the face"



Hinged Cover Boxes

Williams' Quick & Easy Shaving Powder

You will find in it all the qualities which have made Williams' Shaving Soap famous—the quick, abundant lather, the thorough softening, soothing, antiseptic properties.

When shaken on the wet brush, a rich, creamy lather is quickly produced and you are ready to shave.

Both Williams' Shaving Stick and Williams' Shaving Powder are put up in the Williams' famous Hinged-Cover Box. A sample of either mailed on receipt of 4 cents in stamps. Address

The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

What is "Come-Packt" Sectional Furniture?

Come-Packt is the trade-mark name for high grade Mission and Bungalow furniture sold direct from factory to consumer.

It is shipped in sections—compactly—saving over half the freight. The sections come packt in a box instead of coming in a dealer's wagon. The other differences are the low cost and the high quality. Some Come-Packt furniture is so nearly complete that there is only one section to fasten in place with a few screws—for example, this handsome Buffet, which sells for $19.25.

This pedestal Dining Table with three leaves costs $20.75. It is easily assembled.

Dining Chairs like this cost $3.50 each, or $19.50 for the set of six.

Quarter Sawn White Oak is used in all Come-Packt Furniture. The sections are completely finished and stained, if you wish; or shipped "in the white" with materials for finishing, at the same price. There are 180 other handsome pieces shown in the new catalogue, mailed free for the asking. Prices range from $3.50 up and every piece is absolutely guaranteed by the makers, who agree to refund money without question whenever asked.

To get this big catalogue, write to the

Come-Packt Furniture Co., 1014 Edwin St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

COME-PACKT

BENJAMIN AIR RIFLE FOR MEN AND OLDER BOYS

An air gun that will shoot through the air... Many times more powerful than spring guns. Uses compressed air... as well makes rock drills etc. 15 years for 1,000 shots, delivers 35 shots... Practice for small game... Nickel barrel. Takes lower... Fully guaranteed... dealers everywhere. If your dealer does not... Send prepaid east of Rocky Mountains on receipt of $5.50. Pacific Coast and Parcels Post... $6.50... or free.

Benjamin Air Rifle Mfg. Co., 562 N. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

THE G. P. A. AND HIS OFFICE

(Continued from Page 19)

When the rate sheet is completed and copies of it forwarded to the railroad commission it is, indeed, a sensitive organism.

No sooner will the cumbersome rate sheet be completed before some little road off in a distant corner of the country will send a printed announcement of some slight change in its passenger charges. In an instant the whole mighty fabric of the rate sheet must be torn apart and reconstructed. If some rival railroad by reason of a single change in the rates of the little Blissville, Bulgetown & Beyond with which it connects—is enabled to charge a few cents less than the Transcontinental on the long green ticket which it sells through to Kickapoo, then the whole delicate and extremely sensitive fabric of the Transcontinental's rate sheet must be torn asunder and made to meet its rival's cut.

. . . . . .

Beyond the long desks, where the rate clerks keep at their tedious jobs of constant readjustment of local and through rates, the passenger department has located its ticket-redemption bureau. It announces publicly its willingness to redeem unused portions of its tickets, and the work of figuring out the amount due on a ticket, sometimes half or three-quarters used, requires a rate clerk of ability and patience. The redemption clerk holds a ticket up to the light for your inspection.

"They tried to put this over on me," he says as he shows a local ticket which has been sent to him for redemption at full value. The pasteboard is filled with small burned holes. "The breezy young man who forwarded this exhibit to me claimed that he had used no portion of this ticket and then apologized for its condition. His small boy, he said, had burned it with punk.

"Punk? That was punk. The small boy did not do a thorough job. Every hole burned there was burned to hide a conductor's punch-mark. You can see the edges of three of them—and those three punch-marks show that the ticket issued from B—— to T—— was used three hundred miles from B—— to A——, and not used from A—— to T——. When that young man threatened us with trouble on that ticket deal we threatened him with arrest. After that—he shut up."

How Complaints are Handled

So does the general passenger agent come in constant contact with the great American public. His outside mail is probably the largest at headquarters and it contains letters of every sort, asking innumerable questions, praising and damning his road with equal interest and force. One letter will commend a courteous conductor, the next will find some fault with the dining-car service. It is not so very long ago that a big Eastern railroad sent out a general order that the raw oysters on its dining-cars should be served affixed to their shells—a woman from Sioux City had written a positive assertion that the shells were being used over and over again for canned oysters.

Some of the street railroads have already begun to systematize this whole matter of complaints. One line in the city of New York, which sells a large amount of transportation in small packages every day—two million passengers is its average in twenty-four hours—employs a Harvard man at high salary just to receive those letters and give a diplomatic answer to each of them. Each complaint is first acknowledged and then investigated. After it has been turned over to the proper department and investigated, the person who made the complaint is notified of the final action taken. If a matter of fare is involved—the complicated transfer systems of New York make such questions frequent—and the company is wrong, it cheerfully acknowledges its fault and forwards car tickets as reimbursement. Many times, when a conductor or motorman has forgotten his manners, he is sent to make a personal apology to the aggrieved passenger as the price of holding his position. That street railroad company has, by this method, made many friends out of persons who have complained to it.

But here is the general passenger agent of a big steam road who holds a considerably different view of this very matter:

"We never take to writing in reply to these complaints," he says. "We send a

A Tailor's Skill *plus* Stein Woolens = Style, Fit and Quality

THE same instinct that causes you to prefer an *original* painting to a lithographed *reproduction* also causes you to prefer merchant tailor clothes. The merchant tailor makes each suit separately and models it with artistic skill. Add to this the superior, trade-marked, pure wool fabrics he gives you by using

EST 1864 STEIN WOOLENS GUARANTEED NEW YORK LONDON

STEIN WOOLENS

GUARANTEED

and the sum total is a suit of clothes, made for *you*—*original* in style and finish—with the Quality that insures long wear and shape retention.

Stein Woolens in *exclusive styles* are made solely for merchant tailors. For 46 years *Stein Woolens* have been regarded as the standard of value in woolen fabrics. They are guaranteed by your tailor and by S. Stein & Co. The "Stein" trade-mark tag stands for pure wool and fast colors. A suit made of *Stein Woolens* has the *Superlative Quality* which makes long service and real *economy*. Talk it over with your tailor.

STEIN WOOLENS for WOMEN

ASK YOUR LADIES TAILOR

Stein Woolens embrace also every kind of fabric for Ladies' Tailored Suits—Broadcloths, Scotch Cheviots, English Tweeds, Fine Spun Worsteds, Peau de Souris, etc., in exclusive designs and the same Superlative Quality that distinguishes *Stein Woolens* for men.

S. STEIN & CO.

Foreign and Domestic Woolens

FIFTH AVE. and 18th STREET

NEW YORK

"Onyx"

Trade Mark

Hosiery

"ONYX" STAMPED ON A HOSE MEANS.....

?

For the best ending of this sentence three prizes will be offered.

1st PRIZE,	. .	$100.00
2nd "	. .	50.00
3rd "	. .	25.00

Contest to end December 1st. Three competent judges will award the prizes on or before January 1st. Send all communications to CONTEST DEPT. E. P.

Lord & Taylor

80-86 Ninth Ave. P. O. Station C
New York City

Go to Your Jeweler—ask him to let you see an

Ingersoll-Trenton

Jeweled Watch

Examine it—test it—carry it—you'll find watch value such as you have never before seen.

Ingersoll-Trenton watches are built primarily for *close timing and long service.* They will not disappoint you in either respect.

You can buy the "I-T" *only* at *responsible jewelers*—those competent to adjust and regulate it to your individual needs. Prices range from $5 to $15, according to the grade of movement and case.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.
21 Frankel Building, New York

1898-1910

John Muir & Co.

SPECIALISTS IN

Odd Lots

Dealers in any number of shares, 1 to 1,000

Send for "Odd Lot Circular"
Members New York Stock Exchange

71 BROADWAY NEW YORK

man every time to make the matter right, and the man must be a diplomat. He must understand nature, and so well does he understand it that he makes the matter right in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred turns an enemy into a friend, a liability into an asset, makes a firm patron for our road."

Liabilities into assets. That, then, is the work of the general passenger agent and his remarkable department. Liabilities into assets. In these days of cold judgment upon the managements of the big railroad properties such a man is worth his weight in gold to a big system. He measures his worth in the assets that he brings to it.

Hardly has the general passenger agent ceased speaking to you when two callers—two mighty angry callers—enter his office. They look like tailors' apprentices off on strike, and each is wearing his dark-blue Sunday best. Facing about, they show the full cause of their wrath; a word of heated explanation tells the entire story. It seems that the smoking-car in which they have just traveled was fresh from the shops—the varnish on its cane seats had hardly set. Under the warm and thawing influence of the steampipes that varnish had melted as the men continued on their journey. It took strong pulling to get out of their seats, and on the back of each man's coat was the pattern of the rattan seat—the company's own trademark continually reappearing in that regular pattern. You would go far to find two hotter men, but the general passenger agent simply waves them into easy chairs, hands out better cigars than ordinarily go to his visitors, and usurps the talk.

"I'm astonished at you, gentlemen," he begins, and the gentlemen immediately put themselves upon the defensive. It is unnecessary, for he adds: "I am truly astonished at your moderation. Most men would have been so mad at such an accident that they would have wanted to murder the first railroad man they saw. Now it would hardly be a fair recompense, but let us buy each of you a new suit."

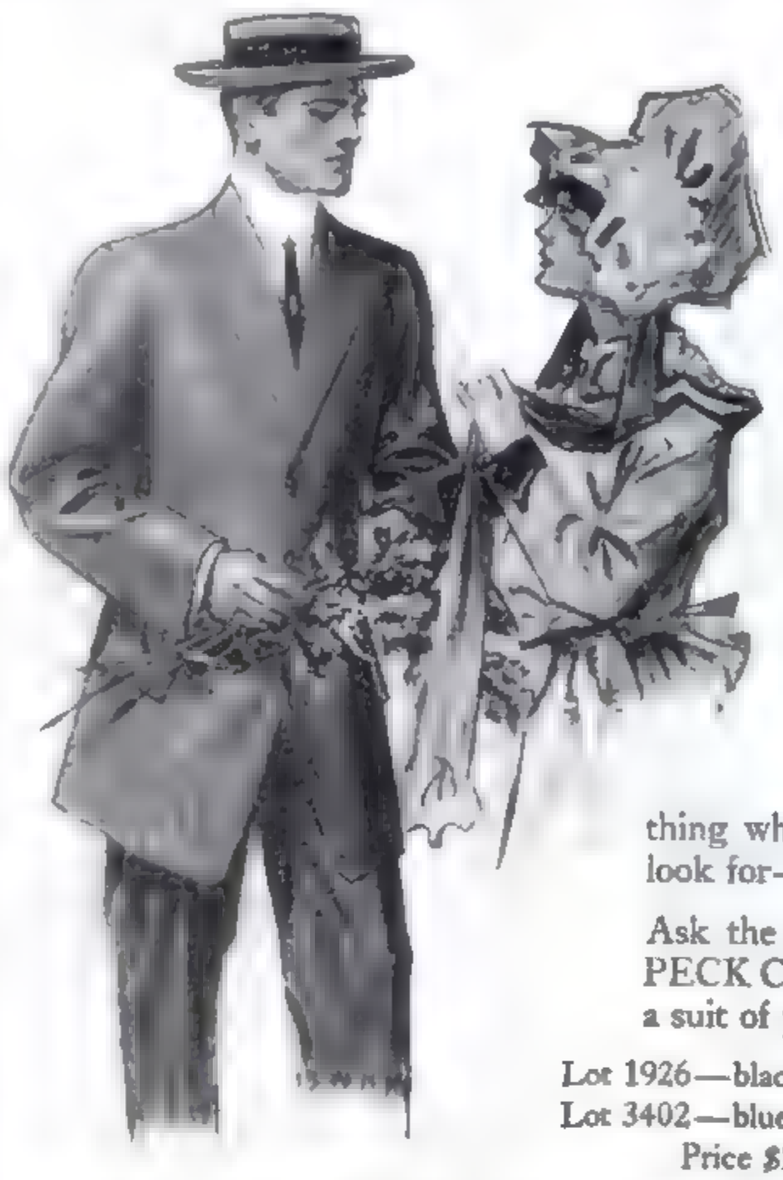
And now comes the astonishing part of the thing. The two men—they are tailors, after all—laugh and stammer, and say that they are sure that they can clean those suits. The G. P. A. laughs this time—hands each a crisp ten-dollar yellow-backed bill—there are more cigars—handshakes all around—two satisfied patrons of the road going out of the door. Two more liabilities have been turned into assets.

Expert Farm Help

ON ALL farms where more than one man is employed the owners have found it easier and generally more satisfactory to let the foreman hire the men and leave their management wholly to him. This gives him a feeling of greater responsibility and tends to increase his prestige with them. As to the foremen themselves, they fill out pretty fully the three classes of good, bad and indifferent, but the supply is not limited and there are many to choose from. Many firms dealing in agricultural supplies keep lists of such men.

Of late years there has sprung up a demand for young men who are graduates from agricultural colleges to fill foremen's positions, the idea, doubtless, being that with men in charge who have studied agriculture as a profession a greater degree of success can be expected. To this it can only be answered that such an education in itself cannot insure success. For the fact cannot be too much emphasized that agriculture is a business greatly helped, it is true, by scientific knowledge, but a business still and not a science—and it is dependent for success upon business insight and business methods. Upon practical qualities the success of the farm must very largely depend. The college graduate may have them or he may not.

But, important as it is to have a good foreman, the owner will find that if he is to make any real success in agriculture and get all that it holds for him in both pleasure and profit, he must be his own farmer—not above consulting with his foreman, if need be, but laying out the work of the farm, dictating its policy and superintending a great many of its details himself. He is not likely to succeed by the brains or good management of any foreman he can hire. "It is the owner's eye that fattens the stock and the owner's foot that fattens the soil," says the old English proverb; and this is a good proverb to go by, as true now as in the days when it was first uttered.



PECK Clothes preserve those two shining characteristics which genuine people seek, namely, thoroughness and quality. Aside from that they are modern as your thought, as stylish as your most progressive desires, and they differ from other lines in that one thing which smart dressers look for—originality.

Ask the dealer who carries PECK Clothes to show you a suit of your size in

Lot 1926—black worsted, or
Lot 3402—blue serge.
Price $20.00

If the dealer hasn't them, he can get them from us promptly.

Artistic dress guide and art calendar with name of dealer sent on request

W. S. PECK & CO.

Makers of Fashionable Clothes SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Learn About Brick

Every one admires a brick house. Few realize its low cost and economy.

Brick is the most beautiful, most reliable, really the cheapest building material in the world. The cost of wood has risen until a wood house costs more to build and maintain than a brick house.

Learn the Facts Send today for our Free Book A Revolution in Building Materials

Two Books of New House Designs

"A House of Brick for $10,000,"

"A House of Brick of Moderate Cost"

TRADE MARK

THE BUILDING BRICK ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA
1616 Flatiron Building New York

KEITH'S BIG $1.00 PLAN BOOK OFFER

Any one of KEITH'S

Subscription $1 50

No. 37—$2.00. One of

KEITH'S Your with any Two $1 Books, $2.50; with our Five, $5.

Our Plan Books with over 1000 designs are the [illegible] needs and thousands of artistic homes are built from KEITH'S plans.

Get KEITH'S and "do it right."

215 designs, Bungalows and Cottages, costing $ 400 to $3000
200 " Attractive Homes, " 2500 to 4000
" " " 4000 to 5000
" " " 5000 to [illegible]
" " " [illegible] and up
" Cement Brick and English Half Timber
" [illegible] Living Rooms, etc.
" [illegible] and studies.

M. L. KEITH, 418 Lumber Ex., Minneapolis, Minn.

Boston Garter

Velvet Grip

The Boston Garter grasps the leg and your half hose in a way that feels good and safe.

See that BOSTON GARTER is stamped on the clasp.

WORN THE WORLD OVER BY WELL DRESSED MEN.

Sample Pair, Cotton, 25c., Silk, 50c.
Mailed on Receipt of Price.

George Frost Co., Makers
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

9,059-Word Business Book Free

Simply send us a postal and ask for our free illustrated 9,059-word Business Booklet which tells how priceless Business Experience, squeezed from the lives of 112 big, broad, brainy business men may be made yours—yours to boost your salary to increase your profits. This free booklet deals with

—How to manage a business
—How to sell goods
—How to get money by mail
—How to buy at wholesale prices
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—How to stop cost leaks
—How to train and handle men
—How to get and hold a position
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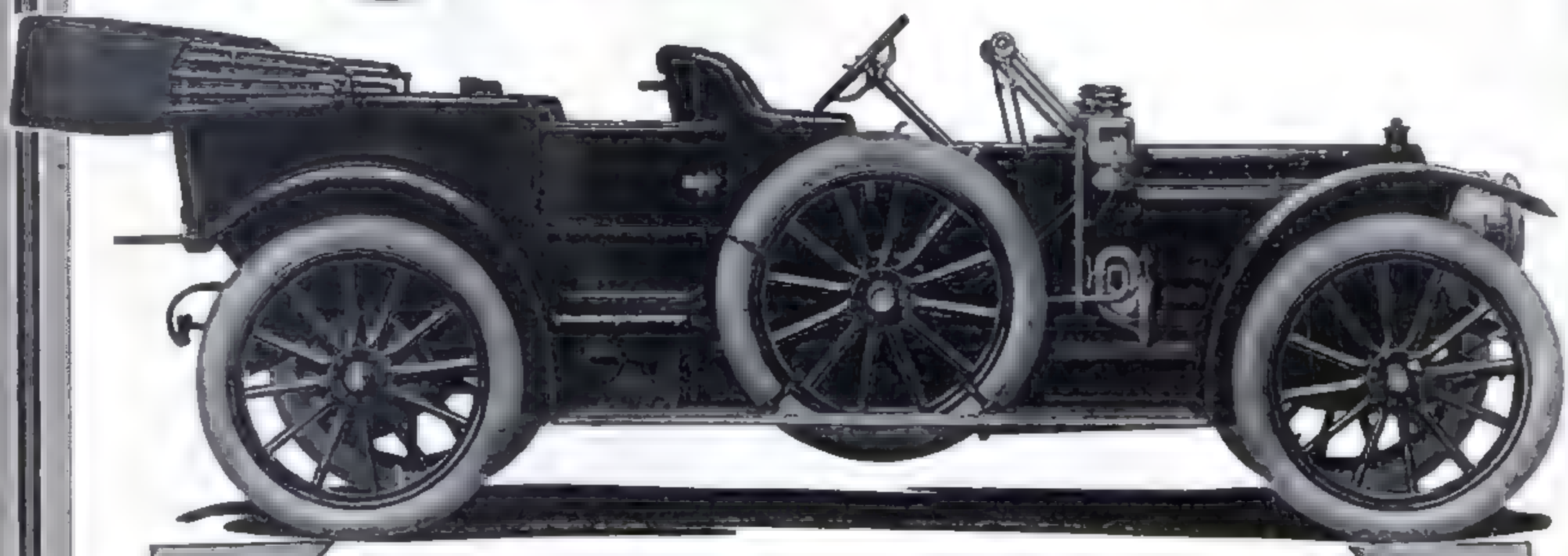
Sending for this free book binds you to nothing more nor less than the chance of getting yet it may be the means of starting you on a broader career. Sure you will not deny yourself this privilege when it only costs you the cost of a postal—a penny! Simply say "Send me your 9,059-word booklet." Send to

SYSTEM, Dept. 28-324, 151-153 Wabash Avenue, Chicago

Rambler

Limited Output 1911



Rambler Sixty-five

THE Rambler line for 1911 is complete, including landaulets, coupés, limousines, town cars, roadsters, toy tonneaus and five and seven-passenger touring cars with detachable fore doors. Details and construction alike for all; two sizes, forty-five and thirty-four horsepower. Forty-inch wheels on all seven-passenger open cars; thirty-six-inch on all others. Every detail is refined, producing gratifying comfort and silence. Standard equipment with every model: Spare wheel and tire, shock absorbers, top and envelope, wind shield, five lamps, Prest-O-Lite tank and tools. Ninety-two per cent of all Rambler parts are made in the Rambler factory. Years of experience in cultivating painstaking habits of workmanship have created a standard of quality such that to actually make so many of the parts, even in a factory as large and completely equipped as the Rambler, the output must be limited.

Prices, $2,175 to $4,140

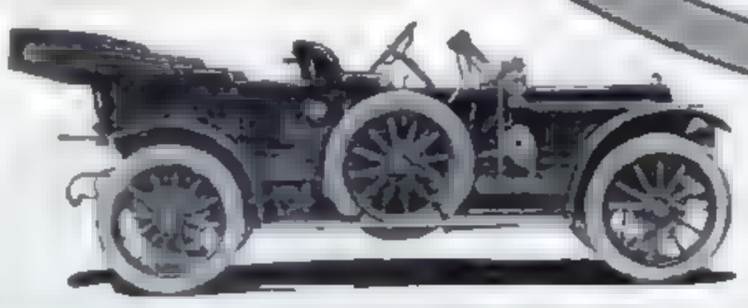
Early deliveries. Complete information and catalog on request.

The Thomas B. Jeffery Company

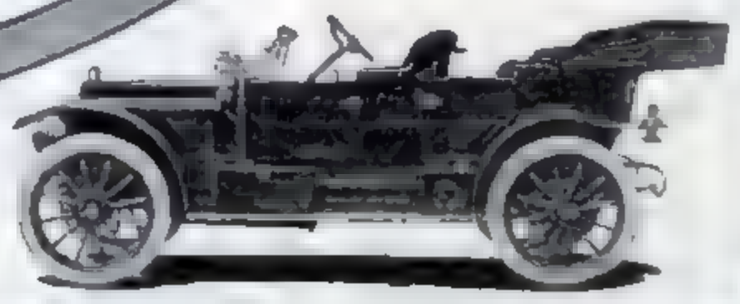
Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wisconsin

Branches: Boston, Chicago, Milwaukee, Cleveland, San Francisco

Rambler Sixty-four



Rambler Sixty-three



You'll look exactly like these pictures if you wear

Sincerity Clothes

Every man in each illustration was an ordinary citizen, selected at random and photographed in an actual Sincerity suit or overcoat right from stock.

Your dealer can dress you as well. This is probably the first time that clothing has been pictured without idealizing a single detail of a garment, and when clothes are so well proportioned that they do not require an artist's imagination or the photographer's retouching brush to make them attractive, they approach as nearly to the ideal as good designing, good tailoring and good materials can make them. Sold almost everywhere. Supplied anywhere. Send for style book which illustrates all the different Sincerity models and we'll tell you where to find a retailer.

Our guarantee is on every garment.

Kuh, Nathan & Fischer Co.
MAKERS CHICAGO
Sincerity Clothes

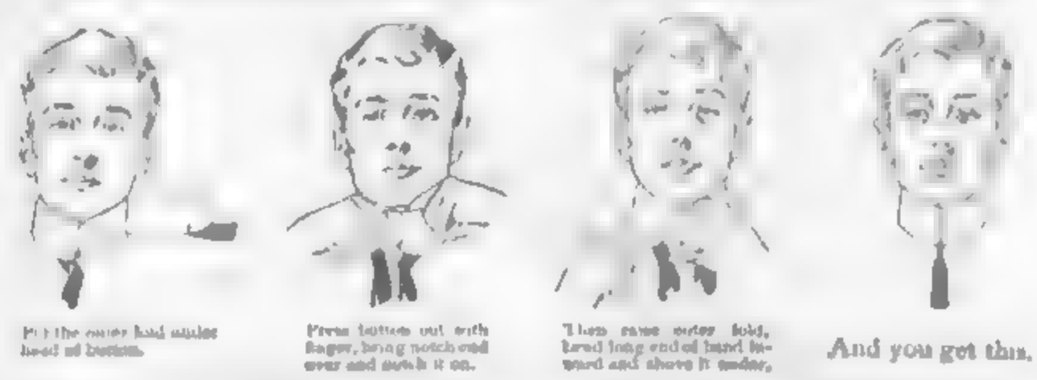
Sincerity clothes for men and young men.

Learn this little kink and your collar troubles are over

Once you learn the simple Notch way you'll never bother with buttonholes. Wear a flat-head button like this

—and get a Notch collar with an end that looks like this

Then cut out the illustrations below and put them on your dresser where you can see them when you do this:



1st the outer band under band at bottom.

Press button out with finger, bring notch end over and notch it on.

Then same outer fold, band long end of band inward and above it under.

And you get this.

It is easy to put on, but even easier to take off. The buttonhole that rips out has been eliminated. It is the only close-fitting collar that stays closed, and it has ample tie space. To take it off, just put finger under long end and flip it off.

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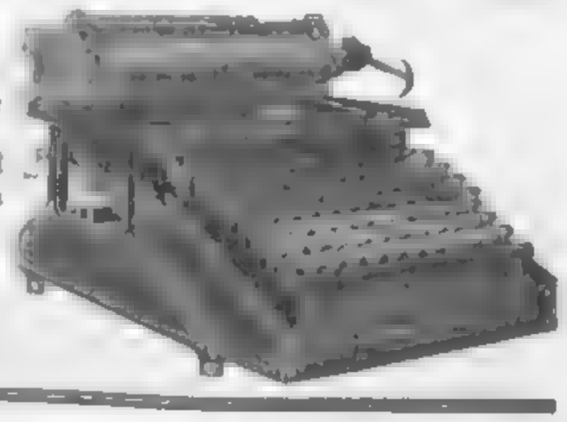
the one logical typewriter to use. There is a close relation between the thought of the operator and the movement of her fingers. She thinks one thing and does one thing, and the result is better than it can be with divided attention.



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THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER COMPANY, Inc.
Syracuse, N.Y., U.S.A. Branches everywhere

Lord Stranleigh, Philanthropist

(Continued from Page 13)

and so forth and so forth and so forth. The articles were lavishly illustrated by snapshots showing Blake on his hurried taxicab tour—his getting out at one man's residence after another, and his final arrival at Stranleigh House with the loot. Pictures of the post-office orders were given, together with some appalling portraits of Lord Stranleigh himself, who, as reproduced by a rapid printing press, seemed capable of any scoundrelism.

For a week the controversy raged, and Stranleigh endured the unique experience of being called a knave by one-half of the British Press and a fool by the other half. Toward the end of the week it was evident that a new issue had arisen in British politics, namely, that when the Lords were done with, the millionaires would have to be taken in hand. The poor, dear, innocent British public was in danger of being corrupted by a millionaire like Stranleigh.

Commercial virtue on the rampage is a potent force in Great Britain. Publicly no man said a word in favor of Stranleigh; privately, many wished they had had a hand in his goldbag while it was held open.

Blake, as an old press man, wrote half a dozen letters in explanation, intended for publication, but Stranleigh refused to sign them or allow them to be sent out.

"Don't you know a flood when you meet it?" he asked his secretary. "This is no come-in-out-of-the-wet shower. Any explanation I could send out would be discredited and, besides, I don't care a rap what people think of me. I have entered politics on a matter of principle. I'll do the best I can without flinching, and let the heathen rage.

"So, Blake, set out at once and engage the biggest hall you can get hold of: the Crystal Palace, Albert Hall, Olympia, or anything that happens to be vacant next week. The writs may be out any day, and there's no time to lose. I'm going to deliver the best of those speeches, and I will tell the audience who wrote it, what I paid for it, and why. I'll tell them I want both cash and credit to go to the right man. Announce by big advertisements in the papers on both sides of politics that the Earl of Stranleigh, at such a hall and at such an hour, will address the public on the present political crisis."

Blake, who knew more than Stranleigh about political gatherings, protested against this plan, and the moment it became public all Stranleigh's friends wrote, telegraphed, telephoned, and endeavored to see him and convince him of his folly, but without avail. No one would consent to be chairman, nor even to sit on the platform with him; so the chairs were cleared away and the packed audience, just on the hour of eight, saw appear before them a well-set-up, good-natured-looking young man arrayed most becomingly in a fashionable evening suit.

At first there was an Homeric burst of laughter, and then a roar as if all the African animals Colonel Roosevelt had met gave simultaneous voice. Stranleigh stood there smiling, waiting for the hubbub to cease, but it grew louder and louder. Had the young nobleman been better versed in testing the temper of a public meeting he would have recognised the ominous signs, which indicated there was soon to be a tremendous row. His cool demeanor seemed to infuriate his huge audience, and most uncomplimentary epithets were hurled at him from all sides. Behind Stranleigh appeared a police officer, who was greeted with a roar of defiance.

"You must come with me," the officer shouted in his ear. "You can't get in a word tonight. They're going to rush the platform presently, and then we may have difficulty in saving you. Come along."

"Let them rush," replied Stranleigh. "If they won't listen, this is no country of free speech."

"Come along," said the officer. "There is no time for argument."

"Do you arrest me?"

"Certainly not."

"Then get off this platform. It belongs to me tonight."

The policeman disappeared; then, with an overwhelming tornado of sound, the mob surged toward the platform, rather impeded by its own compactness.

The first to reach the front was a stalwart, bullet-headed, thick-necked ruffian, with hair as closely cropped as that of a convict. Placing two enormous hands on the edge of the platform he sprang up in front of Stranleigh, but before his equilibrium was complete Stranleigh planted a well-directed blow square between the eyes, and the rioter, flinging up his hands, fell backward with a crash on his followers. The sharp sound of the impact cut the turmoil like a bullet; dense silence followed.

"Send me up another," shouted Stranleigh.

"You didn't give him a chance," retorted one of the crowd.

"What chance have I?" cried Stranleigh, "against five thousand roughs, each one so cowardly that he daren't come alone? I've always understood there was fair play among the lower orders. Send me up your best man if you dare."

The growl of hatred began again, but there arose above the platform the great close-cropped bullet head on the thick neck.

"A clean pat like that," bellowed the prizefighter, "hurts no man. It was straight from the shoulder too. What his lordship says is right. You're giving him no sporting odds!"

Then, turning his back on the now subdued audience, he said in a most respectful voice to Stranleigh:

"Will you let me get my feet on them boards?"

"Of course," cried the young man. "Give me your hand."

The pugilist, evidently a bit dazed in spite of his brave words, held up his hand, which Stranleigh grasped, with a powerful pull hoisting him on the platform. Then, without releasing his hand, he shook it cordially.

"Pleased to meet an honorable opponent," he said.

"Same to you, my lud," and then there arose a hearty cheer with no venom in it, followed by quick silence, all eyes intent on the stage. The pugilist threw off coat and waistcoat, and displayed himself in a woolen shirt, a leathern belt, and trousers.

"Going to strip, my lud?"

"No."

"Are you ready?"

"Yes."

Stranleigh got in the first blow, and quickly following it, the second. The other shook his head, as if a fly tormented him. Again Stranleigh tried to get in two strokes, but they were warded off. His opponent was measuring him.

Stranleigh had often met and defeated brute strength, but now he realized that planted so sturdily before him was brute strength augmented by great skill. Nevertheless, Stranleigh delivered a terrible blow above the heart that caused his opponent to gasp and give ground.

The young earl followed up his advantage with a relaxation of his customary caution, expecting to get in another blow before the rally, but the pugilist flung himself upon him. Stranleigh's feet seemed to rise from the platform, and he fell full length on his back and lay motionless.

A wild yell from the audience was quickly checked by the upraised hand of the standing combatant. He seemed to exercise a sort of hypnotic influence over the mob, then he enunciated, very slowly:

"One—two—three—four—five—" then Stranleigh's prone head moved from one side to the other—"six—seven ——" With a long-drawn-out sigh the prostrate man painfully rose to a sitting posture, and then, uncertainly, to his feet. A touch would have sent him over again.

"Had enough, my lud?"

"What did you say?"

"Had enough?"

The younger man smiled.

"Why, no." He enunciated his words with a sort of precise selection as if not quite sure of them. "Why, no; I take it we are just beginning."

"Good man! You don't mind if I fan you a bit?"—but there was to be no fanning. With inexplicable suddenness Stranleigh, whose dress coat was split down the back, found himself surrounded by a dozen policemen.

"Sorry, my lord," said the officer, "but this time I must arrest you."

The storm of rage rising from that audience was different from anything Stranleigh had yet heard. The police attempted to hustle their prisoner away, but the pugilist shouted:

"There's no danger! Stay where you are, and give a cheer for his ludship!"

Style No. 887

A derby with a flat set brim—a very becoming hat on many types of men. In all heights, with brim in proportion.

Style No. 888

A hat of rakish appearance for young men. Most popular in pearl, with white trimmings and a black cord to add smartness.

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Then he thrust his way among the police and grasped Stranleigh's hand.

"Plensed to have met you, my lud," he said in the midst of the cheering. "Do you want me, too?" he asked the officer, who growled:

"Oh, we know where to find you!" and then Stranleigh disappeared from the political arena.

Very few of the British newspapers had a good word to say for Lord Stranleigh next morning, or even an excuse to offer for his conduct. The anti-peer journals were extremely bitter. Was this lunatic to be left longer at liberty merely because he was rich and possessed a title? First he had endeavored, with the weight of money, to corrupt those pure angels of light, the speechmaking politicians. Finding that impossible, he provoked a public display of brutality such as had not been seen in peace-loving England since the contest between Heenan and Sayers. They demanded that a stern example should be made of the brawler.

But of course every one knew that no example would be made. The law is very lenient toward election rows. Were it otherwise the courts would be kept busy for a year following the appeal to the people. Two days after Stranleigh's pugilistic contribution to the conduct of the empire the writs were issued for the general election, and all well-wishers of the young nobleman breathed a sigh of relief. He was now prohibited by law from taking part in the approaching contest.

Yet so democratic was his lordship, and so anxious that the cause of the people should prevail, that he took the risk of a third interference, which shall be but briefly described. After the knock-out blow he had received, and his subsequent release on bail, our amateur politician, under the advice of his doctor, took a rest cure. It was the physician's hope that he would be able to keep Stranleigh in bed during the fortnight that the election lasted

It is always unsafe to prophesy what Demos will do, and the polling of the first three days went decidedly against the Government, giving ominous signs of a landslide signs the more disquieting because the Government itself had the choice of the constituencies contested, and had naturally selected those supposed to be most favorable to the cause it represented.

On the first day Stranleigh shook off his doctor; on the second he made certain financial arrangements; on the third, carrying a small handbag, which he never allowed out of his possession, he entered his most powerful motor car. With his favorite chauffeur in front, and Blake beside him in the tonneau, he made for a manufacturing town in the north, where a prominent and plain-spoken member of the Cabinet was to hold forth that night on the political situation, in a large hall.

In the district surrounding this hall the streets were packed, and there was much difficulty in making progress with the automobile. In addition, the crowd was palpably in an ugly temper. Getting as near as possible to the stage entrance of the hall, Stranleigh and Blake left the car, the former carrying the small handbag. At the door they were stopped, but the doorkeepers accepted Stranleigh's card and sent it in to the committee room. It was promptly brought back by some one evidently in authority.

"The right honorable gentleman refuses to see you, Lord Stranleigh, and personally I advise you to get away from here. You really have no right to meddle with a political meeting and our people here are less patient than was your audience in London."

"Thank you for the warning," said Stranleigh. "I'll go away at once if you will take this bag to the Minister, ask him to open it in the privacy of his own room, examine the documents it contains, and if he thinks they are of any use to him in this contest, to deal with them as he sees fit."

"What you suggest is impossible, my lord. The Minister refused to have any dealings whatever with you."

"Bash him!" roared the crowd, as the official disappeared, and bash him they did. The police were unable to save him on this occasion, but two of them dragged his senseless body into the motor car, while others of the force kept back the mob as best they could. All the while Stranleigh's right hand clung to the handle of the small bag The siren operated by the chauffeur more or less cleared a way for the motor car, and at a good deal of risk to life and limb he managed to get into a side street, and thence to the hospital.

The nurses who attended Stranleigh listened to his ravings about the will of the people, which he seemed anxious should prevail, also about a million pounds in Bank of England notes that rested somewhere in a small handbag.

One afternoon Lord Stranleigh came to his senses, and saw Blake standing beside his bed.

"Hello, Blake!" he said feebly, "how goes the election?"

"Oh, entirely to your satisfaction!" but Blake did not think it necessary to tell him that the contest had ended more than a week before

"There was a little handbag, Blake——"

"That's all right," interrupted the secretary. "Its contents are in the Bank of England, and I hold the receipt. Now, you mustn't talk or ask any more questions. How do you feel?"

"I feel," said Stranleigh, weakly, "as if I had been sandbagged."

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of Mr Barr's new tales of Lord Stranleigh. The fifth will appear in an early number.

Home Again

I'VE put in some weeks in a motor and feasted my eyes upon scenes; I've been a bag-checker, grip-toter, and squandered in travel my means; I've been a conspicuous bummer and gone on some kind of a trip because it's the fashion each summer to give solid comfort the slip; I've slid over cañons and mountains until I was sore as could be; I've raved over geysers and fountains and everything there was to see; I've rained a whole deluge of quarters till all of my substance is spent on waiters and pursers and porters who dogged me wherever I went; I've folded my legs up in sleepers and lived for three months in a trunk, and joined the grand army of weepers who cry over ruins and junk; I've croaked like the storied Poe raven o'er pensions, cabs, guides and hotel; I've gone for a week all unshaven and worn unclean linen as well; I've stood in the hot sun and sweltered; I've battled mosquito and flea; I've stood on some ship's deck unsheltered and raved like a loon of the sea. And first when the sight of Home blessed me, and I quite forgot about Rome, I'll tell you one thing that impressed me—how blessed it is to be Home!

I'VE gone quite for days without eating because there was so much to see; I've heard every kind of a greeting—French, German, Dutch, Dago, Chinee; I've been pasted over with labels to show all the world where I've been; I've raved over doorways and gables, brass candlesticks, junk and old tin; I've walked till my feet were all blunted in doing some sightseeing spurt, and then I have hunted and hunted my luggage all through for a shirt; I've been checked, inspected and branded, been ticketed, punched, marked and weighed; I've been shipped and cargoed and landed, held up, shaken down and O. K.'d; I've read all the timetables printed; I know all the currents and charts; I know how all tickets are tinted and when every ship and train starts. And I now tell you with some sadness that, after the dust and the foam, there's one place you'll find peace and gladness, one place in the world—and that's Home!

I'VE bought enough fathoms of ticket to sound all the depths of the sea; I've been pushed through turnstile and wicket, more ever than I thought could be; I've jostled and crowded and clamored for schedules, boats, trains, cabs and cars; I've pushed and I've thrust and I've hammered, been punched, knocked about and seen stars; I've been just a poor, weary sinner, all worn out in body and brain, who grabbed up a sandwich for dinner and rushed out to catch a new train; I've been stepped upon and run over in rushing for this car or that by some more demoniac rover and gone for the count to the mat; I've been up the busses and towers with all of the sightseeing rubes; I've roamed through old ruins for hours and shot through the underground tubes. And when the last spasm is ended, when all of the tickets are punched; when every last coupon is rended and every last sandwich is munched, I've come home all worn out and weary, all blistered and covered with grime, and cried with untruthfulness cheery: "Oh my, but we had a good time!"

—J. W. Foley.

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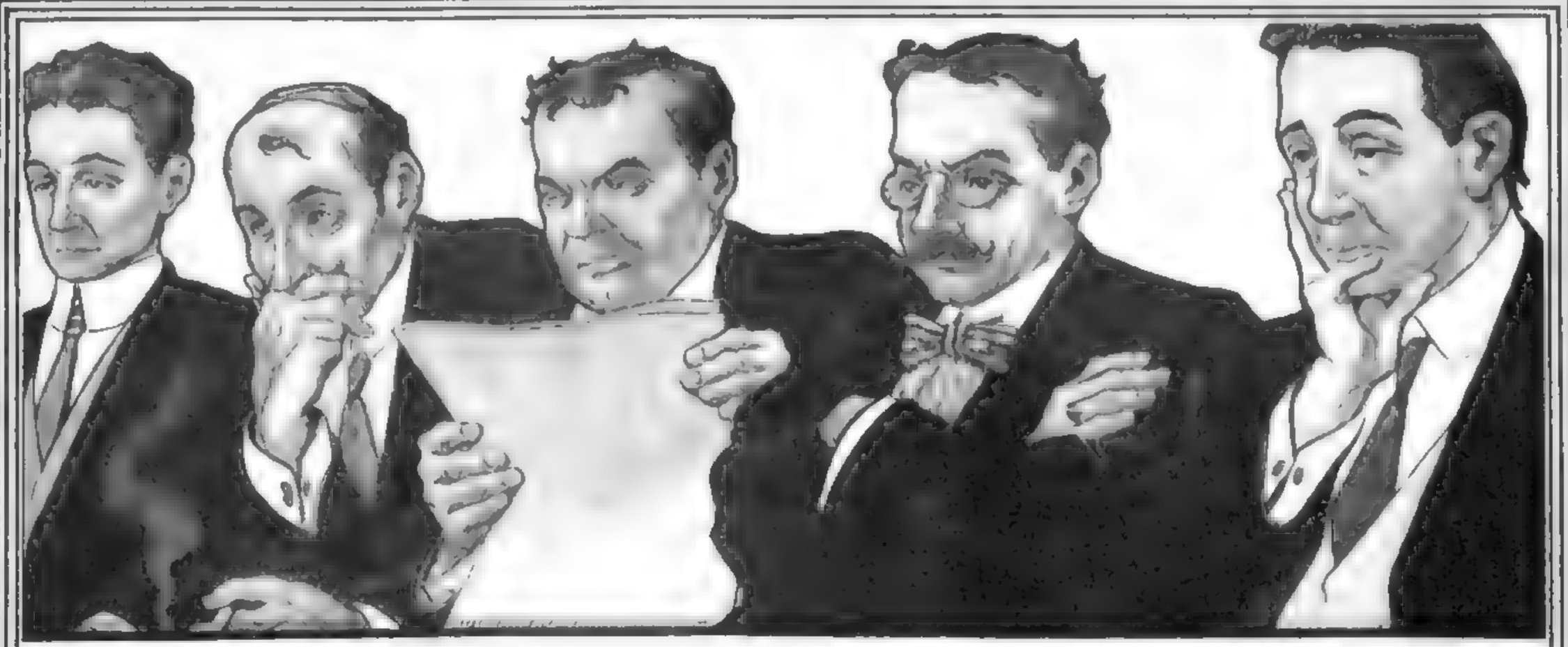

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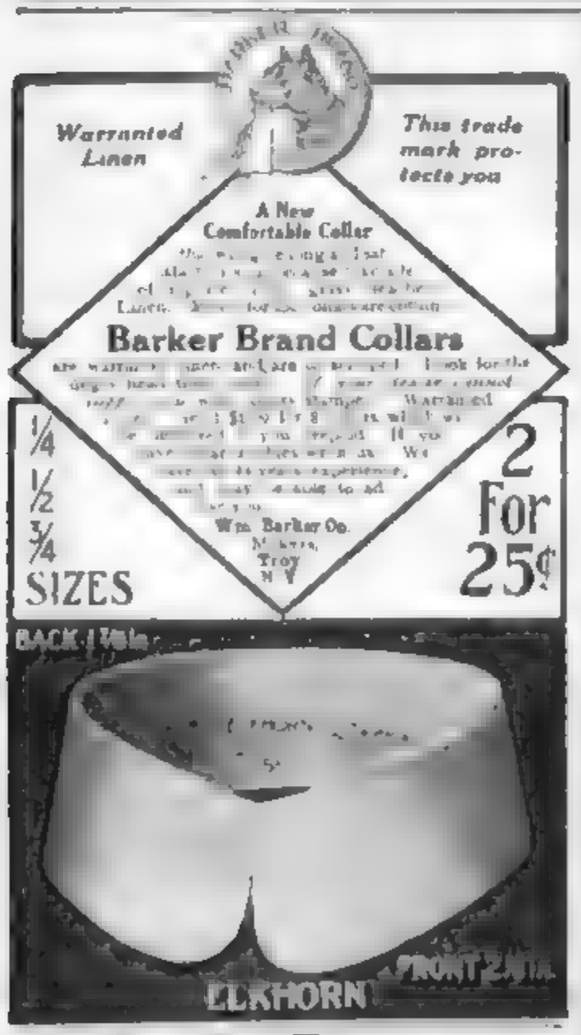

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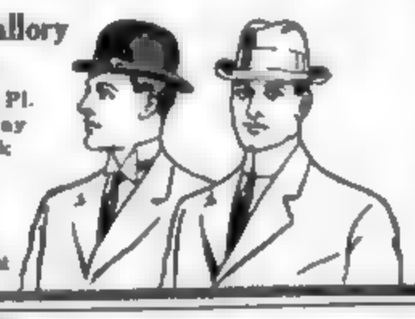

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THE PEER'S PROGRESS

(Continued from Page 17)

soothingly. "I should recommend a little nip of whisky—very efficacious with fungi, my lord."

"Not a bad idea ——" began Bertie. "No, by gad, no! Whisky on top of fizz? No, no, no, no, Grimes! It isn't safe, I tell you; not a little bit safe. Supposin' it had the effect it sometimes has? Supposin' I lost my balance when I tried to kneel down—a proper exhibition I'd make of myself; what?"

"I am sure, my lord, the fumes will quickly evaporate."

"Fumes be hanged!" said his lordship. "You don't suppose it's what I've had to drink that's the matter with me?"

"I thought, my lord, you said —"

"You do too much thinkin'; that's what's the matter with you, Grimes. No; it's merely nerves—not nervousness, you know; just a passing touch of nerves—that and mushrooms. Take the beastly ties away and choose one yourself for me."

As he removed the ties Mr. Grimes delicately shrugged his shoulders. He felt candidly disappointed. This conduct was not patrician. About five minutes later he returned, bearing this time a single tie and the creamiest romance in waistcoats conceivable. Lord Fotheringay appeared to be still meditating.

"What about this combination, my lord? Rather harmonious, I think."

Lord Fotheringay turned abruptly and looked at him for an instant without answering. Then he exclaimed earnestly:

"Grimes! It's conscience that's the matter with me; not mushrooms. That discovery relieves me in one way, but in another it makes things worse. Mushrooms one can get out of the system somehow."

"You will find, my lord," said Grimes reassuringly, "that the same pharmaceutic preparation will relieve your conscience also. Physical and moral health are said by the faculty ——"

"Rot, Grimes!" interrupted his lordship. "I know better than that. I could make your conscience feel uneasy, too; in fact, I shall—if you've got one. I happened to meet Miss Wimberley yesterday."

Grimes' expression altered swiftly and completely. Yet he did not seem so much conscience-stricken as enlightened and wary. "Indeed, my lord!" he observed smoothly.

"Yes, and we had a talk. Do you remember the remark you said she had made about me?"

Grimes looked innocence itself.

"Which remark, my lord?"

"About my being stolen for the sake of my clothes. Well, you did Miss Wimberley a most shockin' injustice. It was Lady Pundit who said that; not Nancy. I wormed it out of her. Your beastly, low, spying maid went and mixed up which of 'em had said that."

Grimes looked adequately regretful.

"Very sorry, my lord, for misinforming you—if that be the case."

"Of course it's the case! I ought to have known it too. It was typical of that old beast, Lady Pundit. I don't blame you, Grimes, except for stooping to such a way of gettin' information; but it has simply played Old Harry with me."

There was a note in Bertie's voice that disconcerted even his imperturbable valet.

"I'm really extremely sorry, my lord," he murmured.

Bertie looked at him in melancholy silence for a moment.

"Well, you see what's the matter with me now."

"But—but, my lord, you were in no way to blame."

"I'm to blame now," said Bertie. "I—I had quite a long talk with my cousin, and—and, perhaps, I showed too much of my feelings; and that made her show hers. And by gad, Grimes, I believe she is rather fond of me!"

"Most ladies are, my lord."

"But the deuce is I can't get her out of my head; and here am I tryin' to sweat up how to stick a ring on one girl's finger while all the time I'm thinking about another. That's a pretty thing for a man to be doing! It's conscience, Grimes; that's what's the matter with me."

Grimes assumed his most sedative manner.

"Don't you think, my lord," he suggested sympathetically, "that you judge yourself a trifle too severely? Conscience is really rather too ethical a term, so to speak, for the sensation"

"You honestly think so?"

"Really and truly, my lord, upon my word I do."

Bertie leaped up.

"It's love, then!"

The superior Mr. Grimes looked at last as disconcerted as any ordinary mortal.

"Oh, my lord—really—your lordship surely exaggerates ——"

"I don't," said Bertie, striding swiftly as he talked, up and down and up and down the room. "I'm puttin' it deuced mildly. It's a mixture of love and conscience, that's what it is. I'm so much in love with Nancy I can't even think about Lady Feo—can't get my thoughts turned on to her for nuts, though I've been tryin' like the devil. And that's made me feel so guilty—sitting here with Nancy in my head, and the marriage service in my hand, and you layin' out my wedding trousers—that, hang it, Grimes, I'd give a fiver to be made in two pieces so that I could kick myself! Things can't go on like this—simply can't, I tell you, something's got to happen, and jolly quick too. Something's got to!"

He stopped and said more quietly:

"You can go now, Grimes; I want to think things over."

Grimes respectfully maintained his ground.

"If my experience, my lord—and my devotion—can be of any service ——"

"Thanks," said my lord, "but your room's better value than your company at this moment. I know you mean well, Grimes, but just clear out, will you?"

Mr. Grimes cleared out with an anxious heart. Still holding the wedding tie and waistcoat, he waited in the hall, listening intently to the steps that sounded, now louder, now fainter, restlessly pacing the room. The door at last opened so suddenly that he had barely time to vanish before Lord Fotheringay strode out and, the next moment, locked himself into the little room where the telephone was kept. Then, with his ear against the keyhole, Mr. Grimes listened breathlessly.

. . . . . .

In another house a girl hurried to another telephone.

"Who is it?" she asked the servant who had summoned her.

"He didn't say his name, Miss."

"It's a gentleman, then?"

"Oh, yes, Miss, and he's most anxious to speak to you immediate—immediate, Miss, he said."

The girl put the receiver to her ear.

"Hullo," she said. "Yes, I am Miss Wimberley. Who are you?"

Her color rose slightly.

"Bertie! Yes, what is it?"

She looked over her shoulder and answered: "No; it's open."

With an expression at once curious and a little alarmed she rose and shut the door.

"I've shut it now," she said.

Her next words were a startled:

"Oh, Bertie! No, no, you mustn't say that, please, or I'll ring you off!"

Yet she still sat listening, her breast heaving quickly, her color still a little high.

"No," she said, shaking her head, "no, no, I won't listen to you; really, I——"

Apparently the gentleman was talking, too, for she stopped and listened again.

"I won't tell you," she said firmly.

"No, no!" she answered. "Oh, Bertie, it's mean of you to conclude anything of the kind! I simply said I wouldn't tell you because—well, because you have no right to ask me such a question—on the very day of your marriage too! Bertie, aren't you ashamed?"

Apparently the gentleman was not ashamed, but, on the contrary, persisted in his inquiry. The next time she answered less firmly:

"I have always liked you very much indeed; you know that."

Still he seemed to press the point.

"I can't help what you believe," she sighed, her blush very deep now, "but I—I won't tell you whether you're right. No, Bertie; no, I won't."

Suddenly she started.

"No, no, no, no! I wouldn't dream of it! Think, think ——"

But evidently he preferred to talk.

"But, Bertie, think of Lady Feo's feelings! She loves you—yes, I'm sure she

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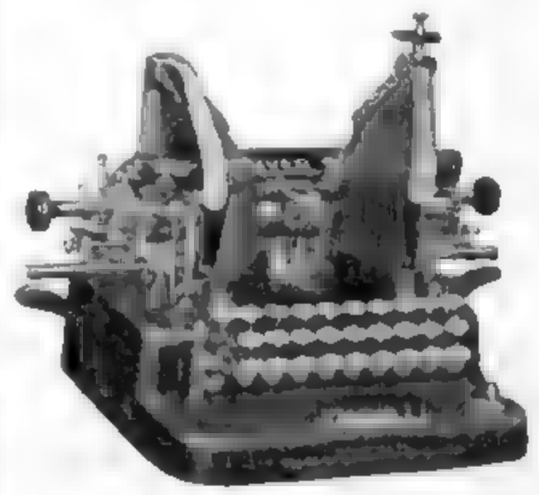

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These moving parts exemplify "the poetry of motion" in their beautiful, rhythmic action.

All one would expect in any typewriter—and a *score of unexpected perfections*—you will find in this matchless machine.

And this, the newest model—The Oliver Typewriter No. 5—is the one we offer to sell you for seventeen cents a day.

You can order the machine today on the blank below, enclosing $15.00 to show that you mean business.

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(43)

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References

does. Then think of the scandal. No, no, it wouldn't be for the best; it wouldn't be right. I'm going to ring off now."

She gave a little smothered scream.

"Bertie, you must do nothing of the kind! Think what a horrible scene there would be! In church too! Oh, Bertie, you won't!"

Again she listened with ever-increasing agitation.

"It's a horrible dilemma to put me in. It isn't fair of you, Bertie. You can't really mean that if I don't meet you you'll actually—in church ——"

She listened again, and at last in a low voice, with a furtive glance over her shoulder, answered

"Very well, I'll meet you, but it must be at once; and it will only be to tell you that what you suggest is simply madness. Yes, I'll take a cab and meet you there in twenty minutes."

She hung up the receiver and slipped guiltily out of the room.

At almost exactly the hour when he ought to have been entering St. George's Church Sir Waterbury Twentyman, festively—even gorgeously—attired, staggered rather than walked into his nephew's flat. In his hand he clenched a crumpled telegram.

"What the blazes is the meaning of this, Grimes?" he panted.

Mr. Grimes shook an exceedingly melancholy head.

"Really, sir, it is the most unfortunate *contretemps*—little mishap, sir, that is—within my experience. I admit it has its spectacular side, so to speak ——"

The knight interrupted him with a formidable roar.

"'Go to my flat immediately. All wedding arrangements altered. Fotheringay'" he read out. "What's it mean? It was sent off from Charing Cross. Where's his lordship?"

"En route for the Continong, I regret to say."

"Without his wife?"

"No, sir, with her; they were temporarily patched up, so to speak, at a registry office."

"What!" shouted Sir Waterbury. "D'ye mean to say Lady Feodora ——"

Grimes was shaking his head ominously.

"The other one, sir—Miss Wimberley that was."

He broke off hurriedly and slipped a chair behind the alderman's back.

"Very distressing, sir," he said soothingly, as he helped him into it, "most annoying, in fact; but his lordship simply took the bit between his teeth and bolted. Even the lady wasn't in the least prepared for elopement when they met this morning, but literally there was no resisting him. She had no luggage, sir; positively nothing but the clothes she stood in. His lordship was too excited to think of details, but fortunately I had taken the precaution of purchasing a few little necessary lady's etceteras and packing them in his lordship's bag. A brush and comb, sir, I selected; and a very choice frilled ——"

"You packed!" shouted Sir Waterbury. "D'ye mean to say you were in this infernal conspiracy?"

A novel expression appeared on Grimes' face.

"I don't know how to explain my conduct, sir. Really, I'm most infernally ashamed of myself. I haven't yielded to the voice of sentiment before—not for twenty years at least; but when his lordship addressed me as 'Dear old Grimes' and hoped I'd end my days in an ivy-covered cottage playing with his offspring—well, sir, though between ourselves my own ambitions aren't in the least in that line, I couldn't resist him any longer. I even went the length of purchasing a small memento, rather a pretty little patent hat-iron, and slipping it into his pajamas—'With my affectionate respects' was the inscription. I didn't anticipate using the phrase; it simply slipped off the pen, so to speak. His lordship has a most amazing way with him, sir; positively irresistible' And really, when her ladyship shook hands with me on the platform—which they'd never have reached in time if it hadn't been for me—well, sir, I came to form a decidedly more favorable impression of her."

"So that's the way you did your duty—blasting my dearest hopes!"

"But just think of mine, sir—equally blasted and in a sense more costly, because a financial gentleman like you, sir, is a professional optimist, while I very seldom indeed indulge in the luxury of hoping. The fact is," he continued philosophically, "we were both a trifle sanguine. We didn't allow quite enough for the hereditary element. That's where our aristocracy are handicapped. We really want to make a fresh start, sir, and breed 'em from brains."

"I'll cut him off with a shilling!" Sir Waterbury announced.

Mr. Grimes shook his head.

"A mistake, sir, I assure you. With ten thousand a year his lordship will make a very cheerful and harmless member of rural society. I am not an agriculturist myself, but I understand there is even a little useful work to be done in that direction. If he could only get rid of his rank so that there might be no deception ——"

"Grimes," said Sir Waterbury, "you are talking rubbish!"

Mr. Grimes shed him an Olympian smile.

"We all of us have our own way of looking at these problems. And now, sir, if you'll excuse me, I'm afraid I must finish writing up our little romance for the press. Every cloud has its silver lining, so to speak. Ha, ha! Good-day, sir."

That night, upon a foreign shore, two lovers watched the moonbeams shimmer.

"We did the right thing, didn't we?" he whispered.

She whispered back without any trace of doubt: "Yes, Bertie; we did!"

They were not philosophers; merely happy.

(THE END)

The Sand Hog

He's fifty inches round the chest,
His leather lungs are sound,
His heart must stand the air compressed
In caissons underground;
With pressure hammering his ears,
His shovel in his hand,
He works—in several atmospheres—
And burrows in the sand.

Beneath the "lock"
He spends his time;
He works pell-mell
Through silt and slime,
And blithely takes
His chances where
For us he makes
A Thoroughfare!

The job would never have a start
Without the Draftsman's wit;
The Ironworker does his part,
The Mason adds a bit;
They do their work—remember that—
But also please recall,
The Sand Hog certainly is at
The bottom of it all.

When he is through,
Right on his heel
May come the crew
With stone and steel;
But till he's done
They wait their day,
For he's the one
Who clears the way.

The Engineer says "Go ahead!"
The Sand Hog wiggles down
In tunnels through the riverbed
Or subways in the town;
Through quicksand, gravel, rock and mud—
With death itself to dare
From falling rock or sudden flood
He digs a Thoroughfare.

When moisture seeps
Through chink and crack
And all that keeps
The water back
Is air—just air—
He doesn't shirk,
The job is there—
And that's his work.

Because he toils and sweats below,
In steam and dripping heat,
The tall steel buildings rise and throw
Their shadows on the street;
For tubes in which the millions ride
To do their work each day,
For bridges flung across the tide,
The Sand Hog clears the way!

"A Herd"!—you
Would say, perhaps?
He's like a slew
Of other chaps
Who only ask
Their daily pay,
Who do their task
And clear the way.

—*Berton Braley.*

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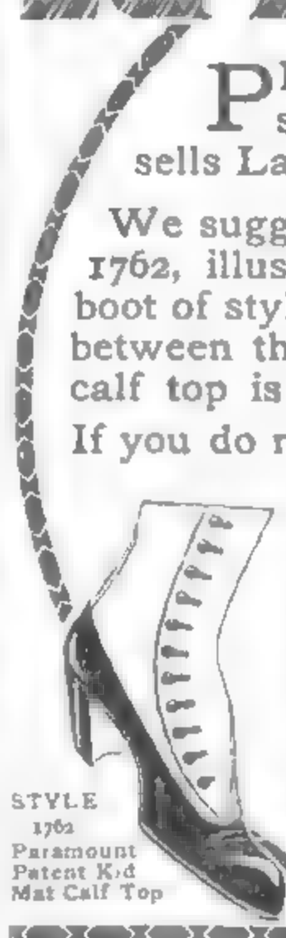
PROBABLY one of the best shoe dealers in your town sells La France.

We suggest that you ask to see Style 1762, illustrated herewith. A button boot of style and beauty—the contrast between the patent kid vamp and dull calf top is charming and attractive.

If you do not find La France Shoes on sale, it will be well worth while to send for our free booklet, showing all the season's designs. Plenty of smart, dainty styles for evening—many strong, serviceable stylish models for street wear.



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For tender feet we make a special comfort shoe with all the La France snap and style. You can bend the toe up as far as you like, and when released it reaumes its original shape without a wrinkle. You can put on a pair of

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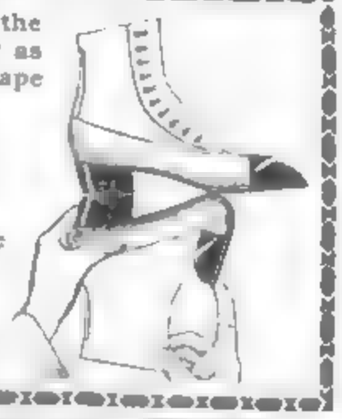

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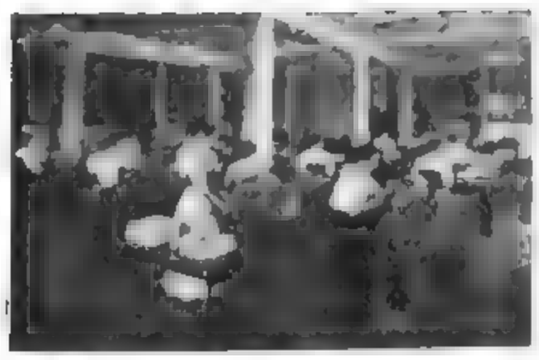


The Multigraph installed by the Washburn-Crosby Co. at Minneapolis, Minn.

An immense amount of yellow upholsterwork turned out in this room for the William Galloway Co.

The great hardware concern of Hubbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co. uses seven Multigraphs.

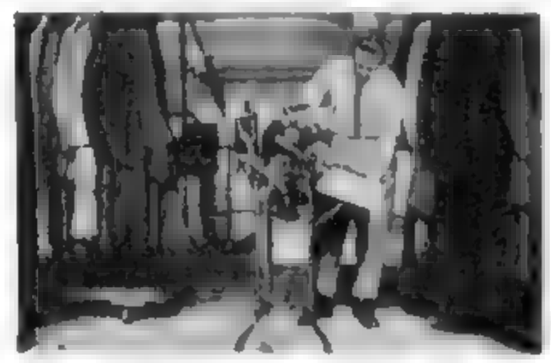
The Multigraph Department of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. of New York

The American Law Book Co. of New York is an enthusiastic user of the Multigraph

Multigraph departments like those shown on this page are found all over the world. They furnish the best possible demonstration of the profitable application, to practically every line of business, of the

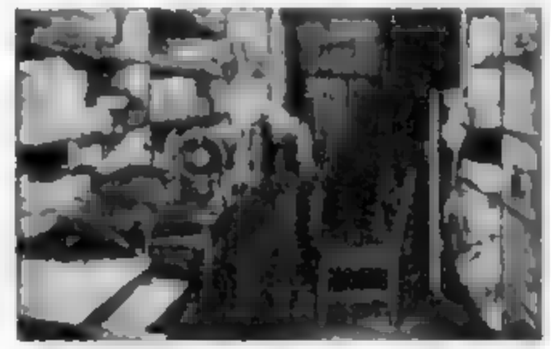
MULTIGRAPH

These concerns use the Multigraph because it turns out, at great saving in cost, real typewritten letters that are read; that bring replies; that make sales and extend business. They use it because it also turns out real printing for factory, office or advertising purposes—printing that would do credit to any good printer, and saves 25% to 75% of the average annual cost.

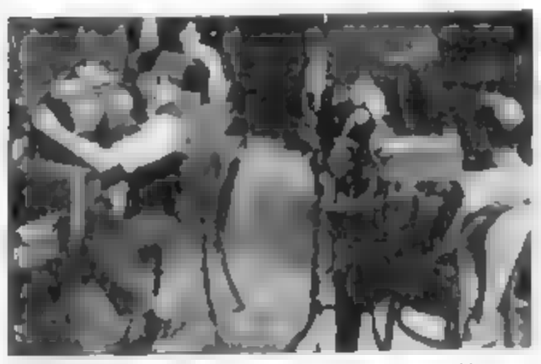


The H. Black Co., Makers of Woollen Garments, Suits, Coats and Skirts, use the Multigraph.

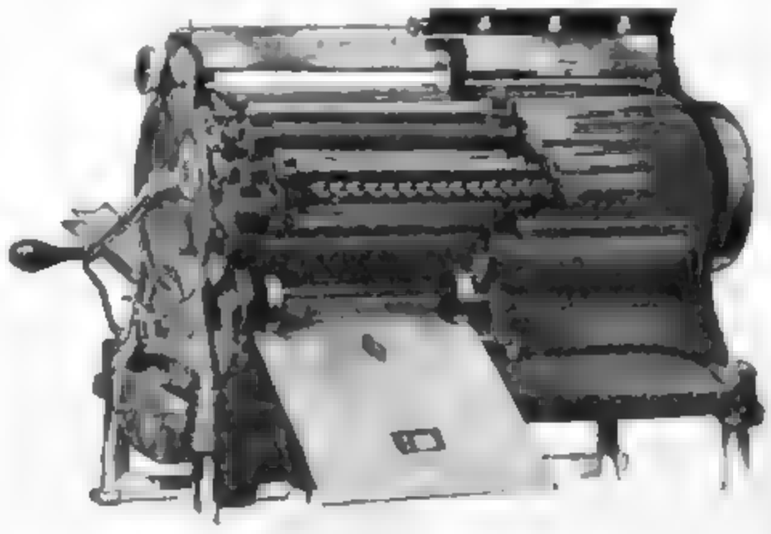
These interesting photographs show opposite sides of the same room in the offices of the International Stock Food Co. at Minneapolis.

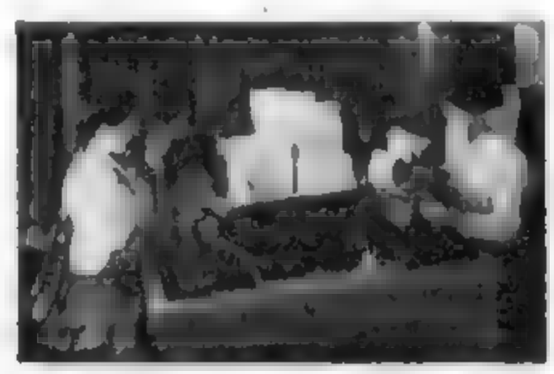


Turn to the Multigraph Department of Morgan & Wright, the well known makers of automobile tires.



The Mexican Petroleum Company keeps Multigraphs busy in the room shown above





Sears, Roebuck & Co., the great Mail Order House, has constant use for the Multigraph

THE application of the Multigraph to various kinds of business has been worked out from actual experience. Its thousands of users represent over 200 different vocational lines, and range from small concerns with limited capital to the most prominent firms and corporations in almost every kind of manufacturing, wholesale, retail and professional business. They include also the National Government, State Governments, Municipal Governments, banks, railroads, agencies, associations of all sorts, newspapers, magazines, publishers, printers, etc., etc., etc. By all of these the Multigraph is found a permanent asset either for reducing expense, getting new business, or both.

The following list gives but a few of the many well-known firms and institutions now using the Multigraph

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Bird-Archer Co.
H. Black Co.
Borden's Condensed Milk Co.
J. G. Brill Mfg. Co.
Burroughs Adding Machine Co.
F. T. Bush & Co.
Chalmers-Detroit Motor Car Co.
Chase National Bank, N. Y.
Chicago Pneumatic Tool Co.
Chicago Telephone Company
Crowell Publishing Co.
Guardian Trust Co.
Guest, Pealer & Co.
Jay B. Cox & Son
Crofts & Reed
Deere Plow Co.
Derby Desk Co.
David Moyer & Co.
Dodge Mfg. Co.
Emerson Shoe Co.
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Pennsylvania Railroad
Pennsylvania Steel Co.
Pinkerton National Detective Agency
Pompeian Mfg. Co.
Postum Cereal Co.
Pullman Car Works
Regal Shoe Co.
Royal Baking Powder Co.
San Francisco Board of Trade
Sanford Chemical & Laboratory Co.
Sears, Roebuck & Co.
Smith & Wesson
Standard Oil Co.
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The Multigraph is a combined multiple typewriter and rapid rotary printing-press.

As a multiple typewriter it turns out 2000 to 6000 form letters an hour with a ribbon matched to your office typewriter, and the impression regulated to correspond with the touch of the person who fills in the superscription.

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You can't buy a Multigraph unless you really need it. Every sale is based on the profit of the user.

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Write today, and start an expense-saving, business-getting campaign.

DAISY AIR RIFLE

THE boys were sitting on the front steps one bright afternoon, wondering what to do next, when Uncle Ben came out with a handsome rifle in his hands.

A shout of joy went up: "A real gun—let's try it, Uncle Ben."

"Don't all speak at once," said Uncle Ben, smiling. "You'll all get a chance to shoot it. Yes, it's a real gun—an air rifle—the finest kind that's made, a Daisy.

"You boys are too young to have a regular hunting rifle just now, but while you are waiting to grow up, I'm going to teach you with the Daisy how to handle a gun properly, and how to shoot to hit the mark.

"You see," continued Uncle Ben, "the Daisy is a finished rifle, that is, made just like the finest magazine hunting rifle, with this exception: it shoots with compressed air instead of powder, and it's harmless.

"See the handsome blue barrel and the fine walnut stock. It shoots a thousand times without reloading. Come on, boys."

Be Sure It's a Daisy

All hardware and sporting goods dealers handle the Daisy line of air rifles. Go to your nearest store, and ask to see these Daisy models. The dealer will be glad to show them to you, whether you are ready to buy or not.

"Daisy Special," 1000 shot Repeater, the finest air rifle made, finished in gun blue and provided with patented shot retaining device, one of the many exclusive Daisy ideas found on no other make of air rifles **$2.50**

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Steel blades for cutting iron and steel. Hard, even-tempered and tough blades.

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The only guard that locks on to the socket with a key. Note the [illegible] it goes the [illegible] charge. Made [illegible] Cheaper than the ordinary kind. More simple [illegible] different made of better material. Write [illegible] your letterhead for *free sample* [illegible] and prices. Write now.

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"Silver Plate that Wears"

STRIKING OIL

(Continued from Page 11)

pooled oil to fill their contracts. When the offers reached eighteen cents the Agency let go and rang up its first victory on the producers' cash register.

The initial victory was the turning-point. It proved the mettle of the insurgents, put the soundness of their theories to the test, increased their number and confidence and sharpened their appetites. The price must go higher. Aided by stagnant development and increasing consumption the Agency pushed the price steadily upward. Its success encouraged the producers of Coalinga, the adjacent oil field over the line in Fresno County, who were receiving less for their petroleum than their organized colleagues of Kern County, and they started the Coalinga Oil Producers' Agency on the exact model of the older pool.

From the beginning the spirit of coöperation actuated the movements of these two bodies of strong, individualistic fighting men. From the beginning they presented a solid front to the common enemy, acting as a unit in all important questions after the problems had been hammered into the right shape during stormy, boiling-hot joint meetings that served as a safety-valve for the inbred, high-pressure fighting proclivities of the oil men.

In October, 1907, the Associated Oil Company needed many million barrels of fuel oil for railroads and other consumers. The front doors of the two Agencies stood wide open. Within sat the representatives of the producers, L. P. St. Clair and W. B. Robb, of Bakersfield, and S. W. Morshead, of Coalinga, calmly waiting for customers. Yes; certainly they had oil for sale, plenty of it—at a price. Associated offered forty cents a barrel for sixteen thousand barrels daily, the contract to run for two years. St. Clair, a laundry owner and producer of oil in a small way before he became the head of the Kern River Agency, smiled; his colleagues chuckled audibly. Forty cents! Associated was to be pitied for its ignorance of the situation. The producer no longer was holding out his hat for small coins. Rather than sell at forty cents he'd stop producing. Pay seventy-five cents and the oil will be delivered. That was the united producers' dictum. Associated raised its bid to fifty cents, but the independents stood firm. After days of bickering, bargaining and bluffing a compromise prevailed. Associated agreed to buy and the Agencies agreed to sell a maximum of sixteen thousand barrels daily, deliveries not to fall below fourteen thousand barrels a day, at sixty-three cents a barrel, the contract to be in force from January 1, 1908, until December 31, 1909.

When the Contract Expired

At the time when the independent producers of the San Joaquin Valley forced the price of fuel oil to sixty-three cents Standard Oil was paying less than thirty cents for the fuel oil it bought in the loudly insurgent but non-coöperative oil fields of Oklahoma and Kansas. California proved the efficacy of coöperation even against Standard Oil, the octopus buying millions of barrels above the price set by the Agency. Using fifty cents a barrel, the offer made by Associated, as a basis of computation, coöperation during 1908 and 1909 added a cool million and a half to the profits of the pool members, a sum not at all to be despised when divided among only a few more than a hundred small producers.

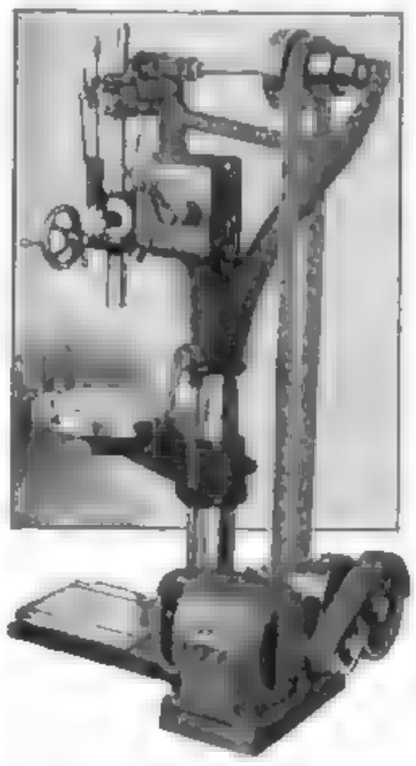
Lured by the honey of high prices the ant army of oil prospectors once more scurried over the barren slopes. Sixty-three-cent oil made the game worth the stake, and development work on an unprecedented scale followed the signing of the contracts. Even lordly, lofty Standard Oil joined the rush of the wildcatters, sinking more money than it had ever spent before in any field in the acquisition and exploration of unproved territory to increase its production, the coöperative producer having proved himself a rather shifty person so far as willingness humbly to hold out the hat was concerned. In 1907 the state's output increased less than two million barrels over the 1906 figures. In 1908 the increase over the preceding year exceeded seven million barrels, and in 1909, when the production rose from forty-six to fifty-seven million barrels, California's output of petroleum overtopped the production of any other field in the world.

With the rising production rose the spirits of the Standard Oil and Associated Oil Companies. Every new well brought in by a new company not affiliated with the Producers' Agencies strengthened the twins' hope of lower prices, made Standard Oil take a firmer grip upon the club of fourteen million barrels of crude petroleum accumulated in the Kern River field during the era of fifteen-cent oil. The expiration of the sixty-three-cent contract with the independents, on January 1, 1910, apparently was to be the propitious moment to connect the business end of the big stick with the cranium of the producers. On that day the Agencies would have a supply of twenty thousand barrels a day on their hands, with no means to get the oil into the market except an inadequate number of tank cars at high freight rates, against the pipe line and water transportation facilities of the two big companies. Unless a miracle happened the insurgents would be ready for slaughter on New Year's Day of 1910, and the assurance of the price butchers grew when, in the spring of 1909, the Agencies attempted to open negotiations for a renewal of the contracts. Standard, calmly whetting and testing the knife, refused to quote any price whatsoever for Agency oil, and Associated, after repeated importunities, replied offhand that perhaps it might be willing to pay thirty-five or forty cents in 1910.

A Surprise Party for the Octopus

Though to all appearances the Agencies were doing nothing, basking gloomily in the sunshine of good prices, listlessly, resignedly watching the approach of the stormclouds that were to wash out the foundations of crude oil quotations in 1910, the anæmic listlessness was but an effective bluff under cover of which the sappers and miners were throwing up dams and digging drainage ditches to protect the price foundations against the expected cloudburst. Even the members of the Agencies were in the dark concerning the underground movements of their representatives. At a meeting of the stockholders the officers had asked them to open their mouths, shut their eyes and swallow a bracer for the good of the industry without taking a peek at the pill. With an abiding faith in the sagacity and integrity of the officers they had obeyed without hesitation, authorizing President St. Clair and his associates to go ahead with whatever negotiations and actions might be necessary, though not the least inkling of the nature of the action blindly approved of was vouchsafed them. For eight long months the producers, sitting quietly in the sun, twiddling their thumbs and watching the black stormclouds roll higher and blacker every day, waited patiently, unquestioningly. Then the news leaped from well to well: The Agencies are to have a pipe line of their own! The Union has lined up with the independents!

The news was true. The Union Oil Company, a southern California corporation founded thirty years ago by Lyman Stewart and W. R. Hardison, small Pennsylvania operators attracted to the Golden State, had formed an alliance with the independents and had come into the San Joaquin Valley. This corporation, which for years had been the bitterest competitor of Standard Oil and Associated both in the refined and crude oil trade, a corporation owning many square miles of producing territory, refineries and pipe lines in the region tributary to Los Angeles, a concern that operated a fleet of twenty tank steamers and barges, that had built up an immense domestic and foreign trade in California oil from a small beginning, that owned a pipe line across the Isthmus of Panama and whose oil was furnishing the motive power for the canal machinery, this powerful factor had agreed to become a member of the Agencies. It was to pool its output with the oil of the small producers, to coöperate with and become one of them, to finance an independent pipe line for Agency oil out of the San Joaquin Valley to tidewater, and to become the selling agent for the producers on a profit-sharing basis, the consummation of the agreement depending upon the beginning of pipe line construction before September 1, 1909. The day was saved. In July dirt was flying on the pipe line from the Valley



This drill, like any other machine tool, is profitably driven by a "Hawthorn" Motor.

Economical Power in the Factory

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They say "Hawthorn" Motors turn out more work and better work at less cost than any other power system. That means increased profits. It's one important reason why "Hawthorn" Motors should be investigated by every power user who wants the most for his money. There is no limit to the application of

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They are adapted for operating machines of every size and kind. Even if you have a special kind of machine our engineering department will supply a Hawthorn Motor to run it in the best possible way.

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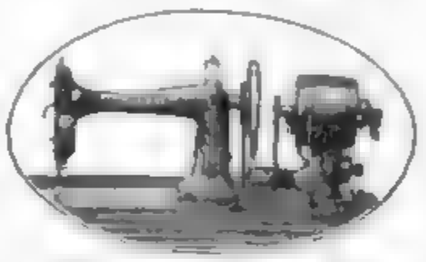
In the home "Hawthorn" Motors do away with many a backaching task. Washing machines, coffee grinders, vacuum cleaners, ice cream freezers, sewing machines etc. can be run by a "Hawthorn" Motor at a surprisingly low cost. The motor can be quickly applied to any of these machines and connected to the ordinary lamp socket. It will last a lifetime. Every housewife should be by all means keen to learn more about this inexpensive, labor saving device.



A "Hawthorn" Sewing Machine Motor will run any kind of sewing machine. It saves many a backache.

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THE part of your sock that shows should be attractive. There is nothing to be gained by getting a homely sock. The foot should be soft and comfortable and the heel and toe should be strong. In this

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you get a rare combination of beauty, comfort and strength. The foot and leg have a soft, silky finish that makes the sock look and feel like silk. The heel and toe are made of 4 ply thread spun from carefully selected sea island cotton, of unusual length and grade, the famous IRON CLAD "Extra Twist." This gives the strength of a heavy sock without its clumsiness.

Many [illegible] Egyptian green, [illegible] Copenhagen blue, dark grey, black, tan, [illegible] pearl, [illegible] green, and navy blue. A postal will bring [illegible] to show them to you. If your dealer cannot supply you, [illegible] and we will send you 3 pairs postpaid to order, [illegible] send us 75c for each pair wanted, stating [illegible]. Do not wait; write today for our special offer.

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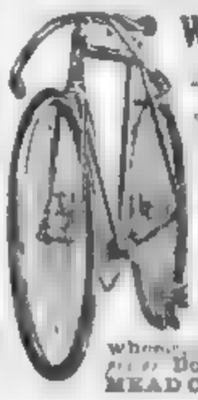
Strength Comfort Strength



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RIDER AGENTS [illegible] LIKES Coaster Brake rear wheels. Do not wait; write today for our special offer.

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FOR FAMILY USE

Washes, rinses, dries and polishes— [illegible] dishes with scalding compound and rinses them, completely removing all traces of food grease, etc. Hands do not touch water. Saves [illegible] time, towels, breakage. All metal—compact, strong, [illegible] lifetime.

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National Machine & Stamping Co.
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to Port Harford, across the Coast Range, and within five months the first pipe line at the service of the independent producers of the United States, with a capacity of twenty-six thousand barrels daily, had been completed.

When an outlet for their oil had been gained the two Agencies combined under the name of Independent Oil Producers' Agency of California. With the new Agency the members renewed the expiring leases for a period of ten instead of five years and received into their ranks the Union Oil Company, which placed itself on a level with the poorest member of the pool so far as Agency matters were concerned. That feat accomplished, the Agency issued another invitation to all producers to come in out of the rain. On the first day of May this year the open door was closed with a bang. All producers who had failed to apply for admission by that date were left out in the desert with the wolves, except that a gate was kept open for operating companies that might be organized in the future.

The New Selling Deal

As selling agent for the producers, the Union Oil Company took over all the leases made by the members of the pool, agreeing to dispose of the oil at the highest price obtainable, its remuneration to be a commission of ten per cent of the net proceeds. Every barrel of oil in the pool was to be equal to every other barrel at the well, all to share alike in the proceeds. Of the stock of the Producers' Transportation Company, the concern building and operating the pipe line, the Union retained fifty-one per cent, offering the balance to the Agency members whose oil was to be pumped through the rifled stretch of pipe two hundred miles long at a flat rate of twenty-two and a half cents to the waterfront, as compared with a rail rate of forty cents to tidewater at San Francisco. Likewise, flat rates were fixed for the transportation of Agency oil in the Union's fleet of tankers.

With one bold stroke the producers had averted the renewal of subserviency to the big distributors and refiners. Guided by the example of the orange growers, they had taken the marketing of their oil practically into their own hands and had succeeded in obtaining transportation facilities independent of the railroads and Standard Oil. Profiting by the successes and mistakes of the Fresno raisin growers, warned by the fate of Associated, they had solved the problem of coöperation on a sound, apparently permanent basis appealing even to big business. Individual ability and technical knowledge were given free play in the producing end of the business, in the drilling and operating of wells, in the administration of the oil plants. Beyond that point the individual ceased to be a factor. The transportation and sale of the oil, against the competition of powerful corporate enterprises, were placed under the exclusive control of a centralized management backed by the collective resources of the producers, who, in turn, reserved the right of direct supervision of their collective affairs by the democratic organization of the Agency, by direct representation, by the initiative, the referendum and the recall.

From a handful of financially weak operators in the slough of despair the cooperative organization of the California oil men has developed into an efficient, splendidly led fighting machine equipped with all the necessary armament for defense and offense, counting in its ranks a dozen of the largest and strongest oil-producing companies in the West, corporations induced solely by the business success of the coöperative body to surrender control over the sale of their oil. Today, when the monthly output of California is nearly two million barrels larger than the production of the corresponding period a year ago, the strength of the independents is holding the market price at fifty cents a barrel in the field. Were it not for this support the producer, in the face of the congestion of all arteries of oil transportation out of the San Joaquin Valley, confronted by a situation similar in many phases to the conditions that caused the slump in 1900, would probably be glad to sell his fuel oil at half the prevailing market price to the big distributors.

In the quantity of oil controlled the Producers' Agency is today the strongest factor in the California oil situation. Out of a total production of about six million five hundred thousand barrels during April of this year the Agency received about two million six hundred thousand barrels from its members, including the Union Oil Company. The Associated, out of its own wells and from producers under contract, had about one million eight hundred and fifty thousand barrels, while Standard Oil came third with one million three hundred and fifty thousand barrels.

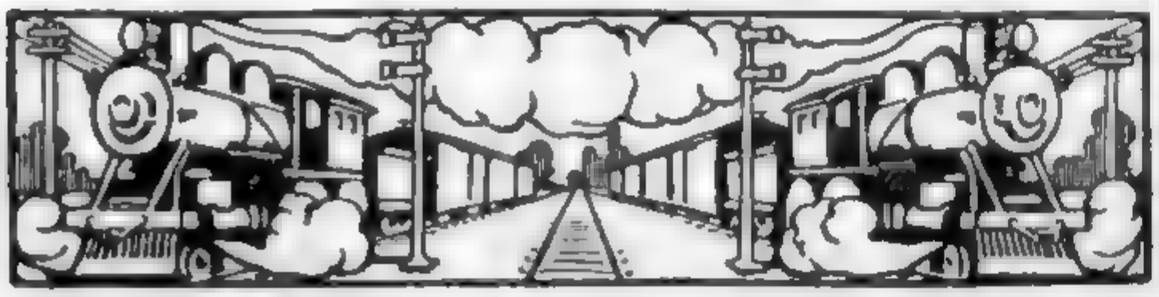
Standard Oil and Associated Oil, not having sufficient production of their own to fill their needs, are interested primarily in low field prices. To the alliance of Union and Agency high net prices at the well, made possible by selling their own production direct to the consumer at living rates, are a vital necessity. This clash of opposing interests may bring about one or more of three possible conditions in the near future: A gigantic price war may be started by Standard Oil and Associated Oil in an effort to get the business away from the independents and wreck the Agency; a temporary curtailment of production may take place to relieve the congestion of storage and transportation, or the market may be widened by incessant, systematic efforts to such an extent that more pipe lines will be the consequence, for no pipe lines will be built unless the market is large enough to guarantee profitable traffic.

A Look Into the Future

The Agency and the Union are centering their efforts upon this latter choice, working principally in the Pacific Northwest. Already they have landed a contract for five thousand barrels of fuel oil a day with the Great Northern Railway, and the missionary work has scarcely begun. They are building enormous amounts of storage, both to convince hesitating coal consumers of the permanency of the liquid fuel supply above ground and to take care of the surplus production unable to find an outlet.

A price war is not at all to the liking of the producers, but they will not be defenseless should hostilities be commenced. In the Lakeview gusher, the infant prodigy among oil wells, which supplied five and a half million barrels the first four months of its life, they have a club more effective than Standard Oil's fourteen million barrels of Kern River storage, oil that has risen in cost through seepage, evaporation, storage and interest charges until it stands the Trust fifty cents a barrel today and is too heavy for the pipe lines unless mixed with high-priced lighter oil. The Lakeview owners, on the contrary, would gladly transmute some of their oil into cash even at price-war figures. The Agency is further strengthening its position by working out a plan for the issue of oil-storage certificates, to be readily negotiable without calling for the delivery of the oil to the holder of the paper.

Despite its power and influence, despite the wealth and standing of the recruits that joined its ranks, despite possession of the biggest gusher ever brought in, the Producers' Agency has no asset more valuable than the spirit pervading its membership and guiding its officers. Character, after all, is the first great cause of success in any coöperative effort. If the California oil producers can guard the flame of the spirit that enlivens them, if their moral fiber does not degenerate, if their character continues as high in the intense heat of success as it did in the frigid cold of adversity, their future is safe, and no attack, no matter how fierce and bitter, will be able to break up their organization.



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THE business corporation was a device of the Romans. The original idea came from Julius Cæsar, and was suggested by the uncertainty of human life. It was an insurance against the dissolution of a project in case of death. The intent was to provide for the continuance and perpetuity of enterprises which probably no man could carry out during his lifetime. The first application of the corporation was for building water-systems and laying out roadways. The corporation provided against stoppage of the work in case of the death of any man connected with it. ¶ But the corporate life of a great business is not secure against shock, unless the lives of its managers are insured for the benefit of the corporation. Hence we find the big men—the men of initiative and enterprise—allowing their lives to be insured at the expense of the corporation which they serve, for the corporation's benefit. ¶ To guard 'gainst the blow of the business blizzard when an able leader dies, The Equitable Life Assurance Society now issues a Corporate Policy. The proceeds are made payable to the Corporation, which is both Applicant and Beneficiary. Thus is the Commercial Craft ballasted and made snug and secure when comes the storm. ¶ The Equitable Life Assurance Society will exist when every eye that reads this page is closed forever; when every heart that now throbs is still; when every brain through whose winding bastions thought roams free, has turned to dust. ¶ The Equitable will live on, a body without death, a mind without decline. ¶ Only safe, superior and competent men can secure life-insurance nowadays. Life-insurance adds poise, power and purpose to able men. If you are helping to carry the burdens of the world and making this earth a better place because you are here, perhaps you had better write for further information.

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The Company which pays its death claims on the day it receives them.

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AGENCIES EVERYWHERE! None in your town? Then why not recommend to us some good man—or woman—to represent us there—Great opportunities to-day in Life Insurance work for the Equitable.

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No hill too steep

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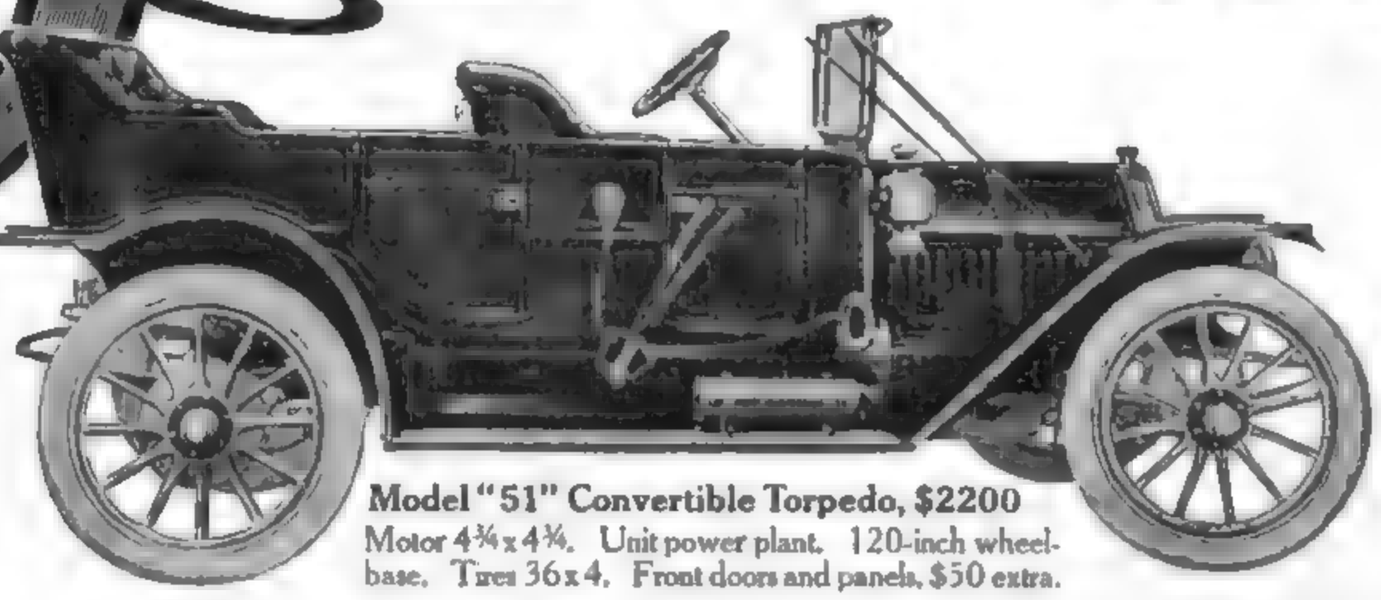

Model "51" Convertible Torpedo, $2200
Motor 4¾ x 4¾. Unit power plant. 120-inch wheel-base. Tires 36 x 4. Front doors and panels, $50 extra.

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"Jackson" touring models can be fitted with removable front doors and panels. For fall and winter use or extended touring, the protection afforded in a car of the torpedo type gives it an advantage that cannot be denied.

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All models are hung on full elliptic springs, front and rear. Their free, easy action absorbs the jolts. This is an important factor in the life of a car. The "Jackson" is the acme of comfort—rough roads can be taken without jar. In all models the weight is carried close to the ground, and the cars have a balance that is appreciated by the critical driver.

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Gentlemen: Send me your complete illustrated booklet describing the "Jackson" line.

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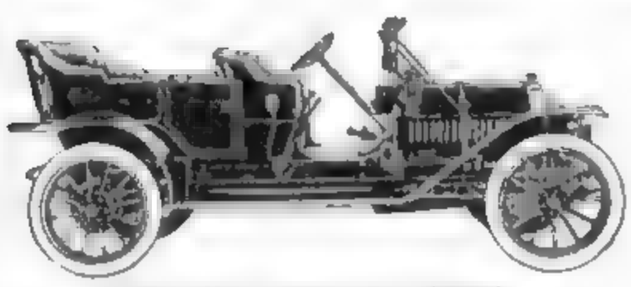
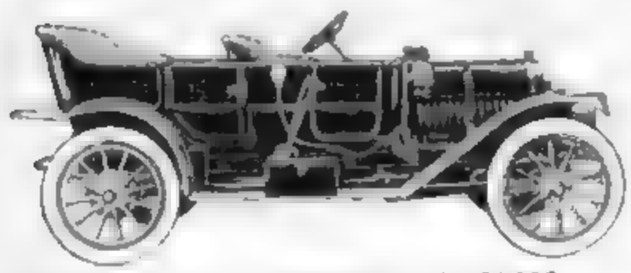


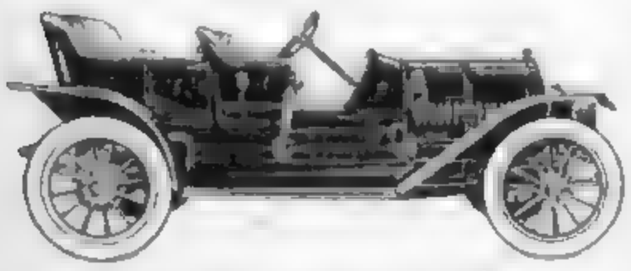
Model "51" Touring Car, $2200
Motor 4¼ x 4¾. Unit power plant. 120-inch wheel-base. Tires 36 x 4.

Model "51" Tourabout, $2200
Detachable Tonneau. Motor 4¼ x 4¼. Unit power plant. 120-inch wheel-base. Tires 36 x 4.

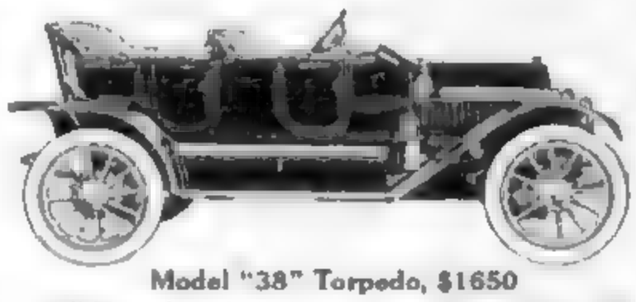


Model "41" Convertible Torpedo, $1700
Motor 4½ x 4½. Unit power plant. 110-inch wheel-base. Tires 34 x 4. Front doors and panels, $50 extra.

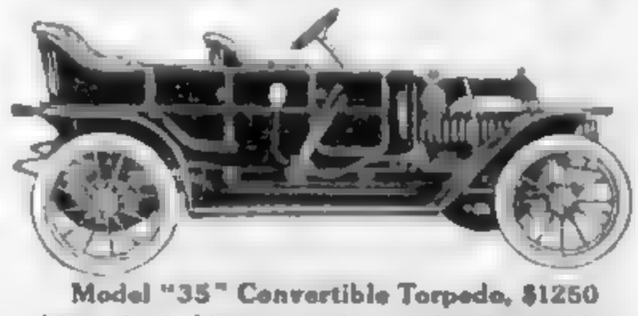
Model "41" Touring Car, $1700
Motor 4½ x 4½. Unit power plant. 110-inch wheel-base. Tires 34 x 4.



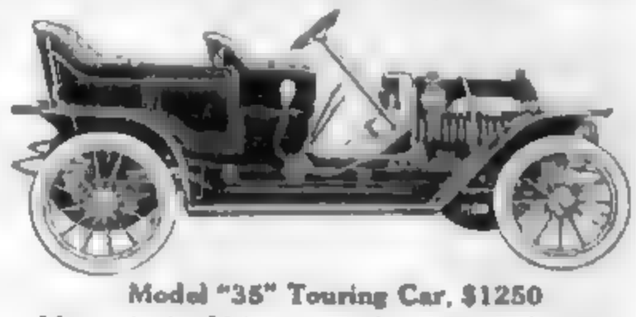
Model "41" Tourabout, $1700
Detachable Tonneau. Motor 4¼ x 4½. Unit power plant. 110-inch wheel-base. Tires 34 x 4.



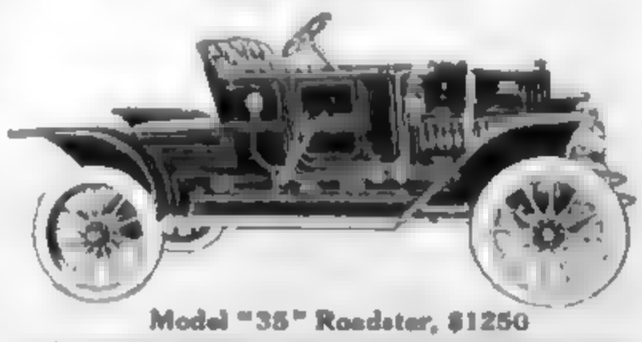
Model "38" Torpedo, $1650
Full Torpedo. Left-hand drive. Motor 4⅜ x 4½. Unit power plant. 115 inch wheel-base. Tires 34 x 4.



Model "35" Convertible Torpedo, $1250
Motor 4 x 4. Unit power plant. 105-inch wheel-base. Tires 32 x 3½. Front doors and panels, $40 extra.



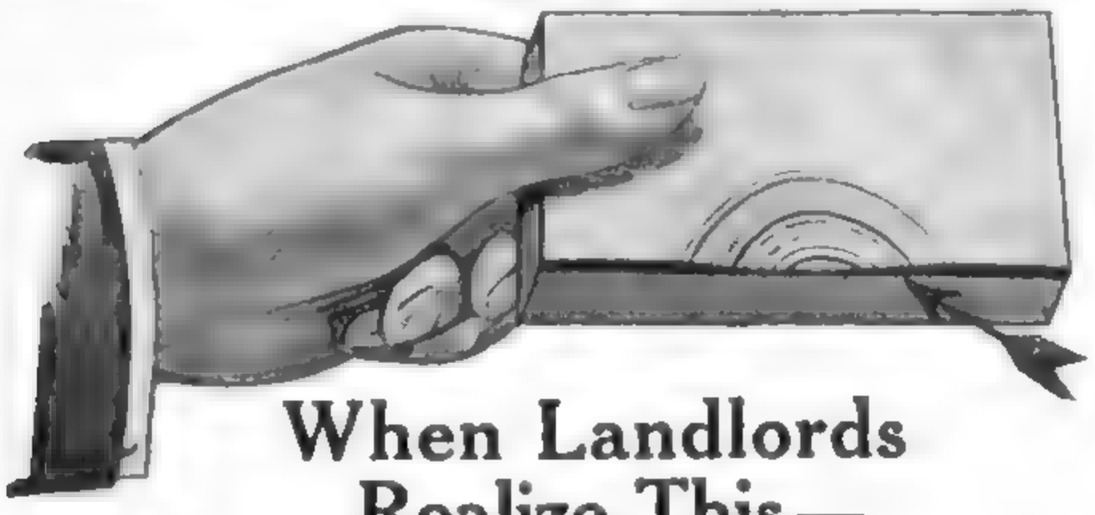
Model "35" Touring Car, $1250
Motor 4 x 4. Unit power plant. 105-inch wheel-base. Tires 32 x 3½.



Model "35" Roadster, $1250
At a slight additional charge, Model "35" will be furnished with detachable tonneau, which may be replaced with a roomy and convenient deck. Front doors and panels, $40 extra.

Model "25" Roadster, $1100
Motor 3¾ x 4½. 105-inch wheel base. Tires 32 x 3½. Trunk $15 extra. Gasoline tank in rear.

This shows a wood block covered with thirty-five coats of Alabastine, one over the other. Ask for one.



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The alarm clock with many uses

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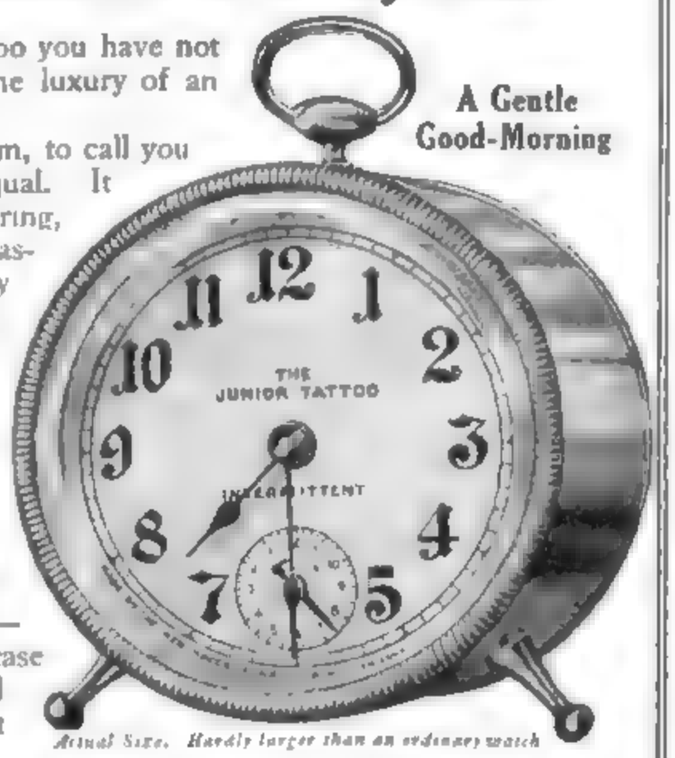

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But, no doubt, you have been surprised at the difference in appearance that a few weeks' wear has made—especially if you have been caught in a rainstorm.

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For Men and "Campus Togs" for Young Men

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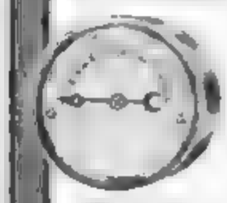

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The Chest grandmother used

THE PILOT-FISH

(Continued from Page 25)

expression of Captain Bell's face showed that it had not been in all ways agreeable.

"Your friend Applebo," said Cécile to Wood, "is without exception the rudest man I ever met "

Hermione raised her eyebrows. Wood, always loyal to the absent, protested.

"Oh, no!" said he. "Odd and eccentric and all that, but not really rude."

"Call it what you like," said Cécile. "We had to board his nasty little boat practically by force, after which he did nothing but sit there and make sneering remarks."

"That was the only way he managed to keep awake," growled Bell, who was pacing up and down his quarterdeck with short, impatient steps.

"Apparently," said Cécile, "he was trying to be witty at our expense. You should have heard what Papa said about him coming back "

"We did, from the time you left the yawl," said Hermione.

Cécile gave a mirthless little laugh. "Fancy your being so silly as to say that he was in love with me!"

"Huntington never said that," observed Hermione. "He said that Applebo was in love with somebody aboard the Shark "

There was a laugh, which was quickly checked, for Cécile's face became suddenly crimson. She bit her lip and her gray eyes actually filled with tears of sheer mortification. Wood went quickly to her rescue.

"Up to this time," said he, "Harold has probably fancied himself in love with an Ideal. Now that he has seen the Real, we may look for rapid developments."

"Huh!" grunted Captain Bell, whose promenade had brought him within earshot; "he's a balm, that's what's the matter with him. Said it wasn't Hermione he rescued, but the gamekeeper. Said Hermione was about to assassinate him, and that if she had he would have dug a hole in the sand and shoved him in. Huh!—h'm! —balmy as a spring dream!"

"He's quite capable of it," said Wood, and he glanced at Hermione. There was a vivid red splash in each of the girl's cheeks and her eyes were like sapphires.

"By Jove!" Wood laughed. "Look at Hermione! I believe she would have helped him. What a pair of savages!"

Bell stopped in his beat and threw one arm around Paula. He made no secret of the fact that she was his favorite daughter; a preference that aroused no jealousy in the hearts of the other girls, as both appreciated fully Paula's sweetness of disposition and invariable unselfishness. She was in a way the mean between the extremes of Cécile's calculating and Hermione's impetuous nature; also she acted as a sort of fender between her sisters and their father. On the whole the family was an affectionate one, but high spirits and diverse dispositions made a peace advocate indispensable.

"D'ye know what I think?" snapped Bell. "I think that the scoundrel is secretly in love with Paula, and he ain't man enough to step up and say so!"

"What makes you think that?" Wood asked.

"Logical conclusion. Here he has performed a service for Hermione, and lets it drop there, and Cécile goes aboard his boat and he sits there and jollies her. What was it he said—that about the idle amusement he furnished bein' a fair exchange for the use of our minds—wh-what was it, Cécile?"

"Some rubbish—I don't know." Cécile turned away angrily.

"Besides," continued Bell, "Paula is the only one he has ever sighted close aboard. All right, old man"—he glanced toward the Daffodil—"we'll see how much of a test you can stand. Wait till I romp you up and down the coast from St. John's, Newfoundland, to Hatteras a few times!" He glanced at Wood. "Come with us, Huntington. You'll see some sport. The beggar means to follow if he can."

Wood hesitated. Cécile was looking at him, ready to give a little sign of affirmation, but to her extreme surprise Wood glanced not at her but at Paula. Cécile's eyes followed his. Paula was looking at Wood and as he hesitated her face grew suddenly pale.

"Do you all want me?" asked Wood, smiling.

"Of course we do," answered Hermione. "Do come."

Paula echoed the invitation a little faintly, and Cécile in a cool, indifferent way. She was wondering at the peculiar expression she had caught in Paula's eyes as they met those of Wood.

"Then I'll go with great delight," said Wood. "But I don't think that the chase will last very long when it comes to offshore work. You can hardly expect a little yawl like that to keep up with a schooner of this size "

"I'll back him," said Hermione. "The Shark is about as speedy as an oyster-float."

"Just the same," snapped Bell, "I'll make you a side bet, young lady, that we shall have lost our Pilot-fish at the end of ten days."

"For what?" asked Hermione.

"For a month's allowance. Double or none. Come now, do you take me?"

"Done with you!" said Hermione promptly.

. . . . . .

Huntington Wood was giving a big dinner party ashore that night, and Cécile, according to her custom when dining out, spent the late hours of the afternoon in repose. Her room aboard the Shark was as big and luxuriously furnished as though it had belonged to a modern country house, and she slept in a brass bed securely bolted to the deck. Adjoining was a boudoir and bath.

In a flowered kimono, her bright hair unconfined, Cécile was taking her beauty-rest and turning in her mind the events of the day. Piqued as she had been at Applebo's behavior, she was by this time angry and a little startled to find how insistently his personality occupied her thoughts.

The startling feature of this obsession was the vividness with which she could recall every detail. Cécile had only to close her eyes to see again the big-framed, loosely-held figure, the sleepy, leonine face with its mane of wavy hair, sun-bleached on top of the head to the color of old oakum, but holding rich coppery tints in its depths. Facial features were shockingly vivid; the high, wide cheekbones, the cheeks themselves cut away to a degree that gave the mouth an appearance of being slightly pushed out, the upper lip raised in the middle. Most distinct was the set of the eyes; the leonine bumps with the bushy eyebrows, the eyes themselves of a clear, deep amber and fringed about with lashes that looked black, but were not.

She thought, with a gust of irritation, of the poet's blinking, indifferent expression, and of the sudden gracious change in the catlike face when he smiled. The smile humanized him, it was so kind. And it reassured one, in revealing teeth that were straight and white and even, and not feline. The recollection most to stir Cécile's pulse was that of the deep, resonant, purring voice, which seemed to have left its echoes in her ears as the voice of the sea leaves its murmur in a conchshell.

"If it weren't for that catty, mocking pose," thought Cécile, "how attractive he would be!" She pictured him as open and frank and sincère, looking into her eyes with no veil across his own. She wondered if she were going to make a fool of herself and fall in love with the only man who had ever treated her with disrespect.

Perhaps the factor that made Applebo's memory so intrusive was his enigmatical position. From thinking of him, Cécile would ponder until her head ached upon what could be his real motive. She was now convinced that his attendance was not aimless. She was also sure that if it were due to a sentimental emotion toward herself she would very soon know of it, now that they had met. There had certainly been some deep meaning, some understanding in those regards that he had given her.

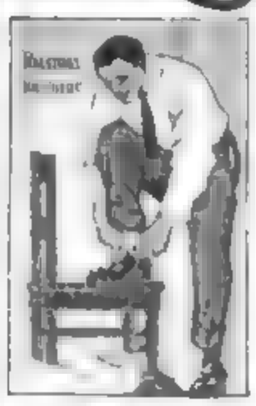
Thinking of these things she fell into a doze, only to be pursued by vague images of her waking thoughts. Then, just before fully awaking, she saw, as in a camera-obscura, the face of Applebo regarding her with a lazy, ironical smile. This was not fancy but an actual vision, which faded slowly as she awoke.

"Bother the man!" cried Cécile fiercely to herself. "One would think that I were an ingénue of eighteen, haunted by visions of my first beau!"

Many men had called Cécile cold, unfeeling, heartless—all of which terms were from the man's point of view quite correct From Cécile's they were wrong. As she saw it, love was a game in which one must realize, just as in football, the possibility

THE "WEEKLY CATALOG" OF THE

RALSTON



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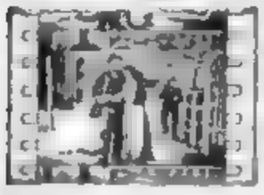

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of getting hurt. A coward or cry-baby had no right to play it. If any man could hurt her, as she was said to have hurt others, he was quite at liberty to go ahead and do it. It was, perhaps, in the hunt for the person who could do this that she had ruthlessly vivisected so many hearts. Cécile felt instinctively that she possessed no lack of deep feeling if the right man were to claim it.

But Cécile knew quite well that she was not "in love at first sight." She was momentarily fascinated, perhaps, but mingled with her sentiment there was not the least trace of sympathetic or tender interest. On the contrary, the thought of Applebo exasperated her. She felt that she would like to wake him out of his lethargy with a hatpin or the butt-end of an oar. Something in his sleek, smooth complacency aroused the desire to do him damage.

Tired at length of the changeless object of her fancy, she tried to put it from her mind, but in vain. Then, finding herself unable to stem the tide of her imaginings, she tried drifting with them, to arrive ultimately at the startling knowledge that she was quite wild to see the poet again. She was also forced to admit, for however much she might deceive others Cécile was always candid with herself, that were he to exert his magnetic potentialities toward that end it was very possible that she might wind up by falling very desperately in love with Mr. Harold Applebo.

Hardly had she arrived at this rather humiliating conclusion when the maid entered, handed her a note and went out again. The postmark was a local one and the handwriting of the copperplate regularity that one associates with bills. Nevertheless Cécile's heart beat with a sudden increased force as she tore open the letter. Inside was a single sheet of corn-colored notepaper covered by a fine, regular calligraphy that Cécile recognized at a glance as being identical with that in which some of Hermione's letters had been addressed. She held it to the waning light from her porthole and read as follows:

TO CECILE

Lips oft sing loudest when the heart is numb;
'Tis when Love enters there, though all unseen,
These scarlet courtiers, bowing to their Queen,
Knowing their hollowness, are stricken dumb.

Thus, ere Love reached me with his tiny dart,
Clamored I vainly. Many a lover's moan
And sigh proclaimed a love I ne'er had known—
Vaunted a passion alien to my heart.

My soul has met with thine. Though I did wrong
These lips are stilled. . No slightest sigh is heard
And all my poesy is prisoned in a word:
"I love thee, Sweet!" Herein lies all my song.

THE PILOT-FISH.

Cécile read the verses twice through, then flung herself back among the pillows with a burning face.

The solution was not long in coming. Apparently the poet had previously sent verses from time to time to Hermione. Cécile had seen the envelopes. It was very wrong of Hermione to have received them and said nothing to her about it. Cécile would reprove her for that later on.

It was probable, she thought, that Applebo had seen Hermione at some time, found her attractive, and, being of a sentimental and poetic nature, had fancied himself in love with her. Then, in their meeting of that morning, he had no doubt been disillusioned, found Hermione a mere child and a bit of a hoyden. Later, on seeing herself, Cécile, he had been completely vanquished.

Certain parts of the verses appeared to bear this out. The theme of the poem as a whole was that formerly, when he really had felt nothing, he had been doing a lot of singing. Hence the verses that Hermione had from time to time received. But now that he had really fallen in love he found himself deprived of expression.

Cécile put away the verses, rang for her maid and proceeded to dress. At the dinner that night everybody who knew her agreed that she had never been so radiantly lovely.

"Lucky dog!" said Poole to Huntington Wood. "You'll win her before this wild-goose chase is over!"

Wood smiled, and his eyes followed Paula as she crossed the room to speak to an acquaintance.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Our label, bearing our name and the grade, is on every genuine Stearns & Foster Mattress as advertised. Don't accept a substitute. If your dealer can't supply you, write us, and we will fill your order, express prepaid.

We allow a 2 months' trial to every purchaser of a Stearns & Foster Mattress.

If after you have tried it, you are not entirely satisfied, your money will be refunded.

MADE IN FOUR GRADES

Anchor Grade $10.50
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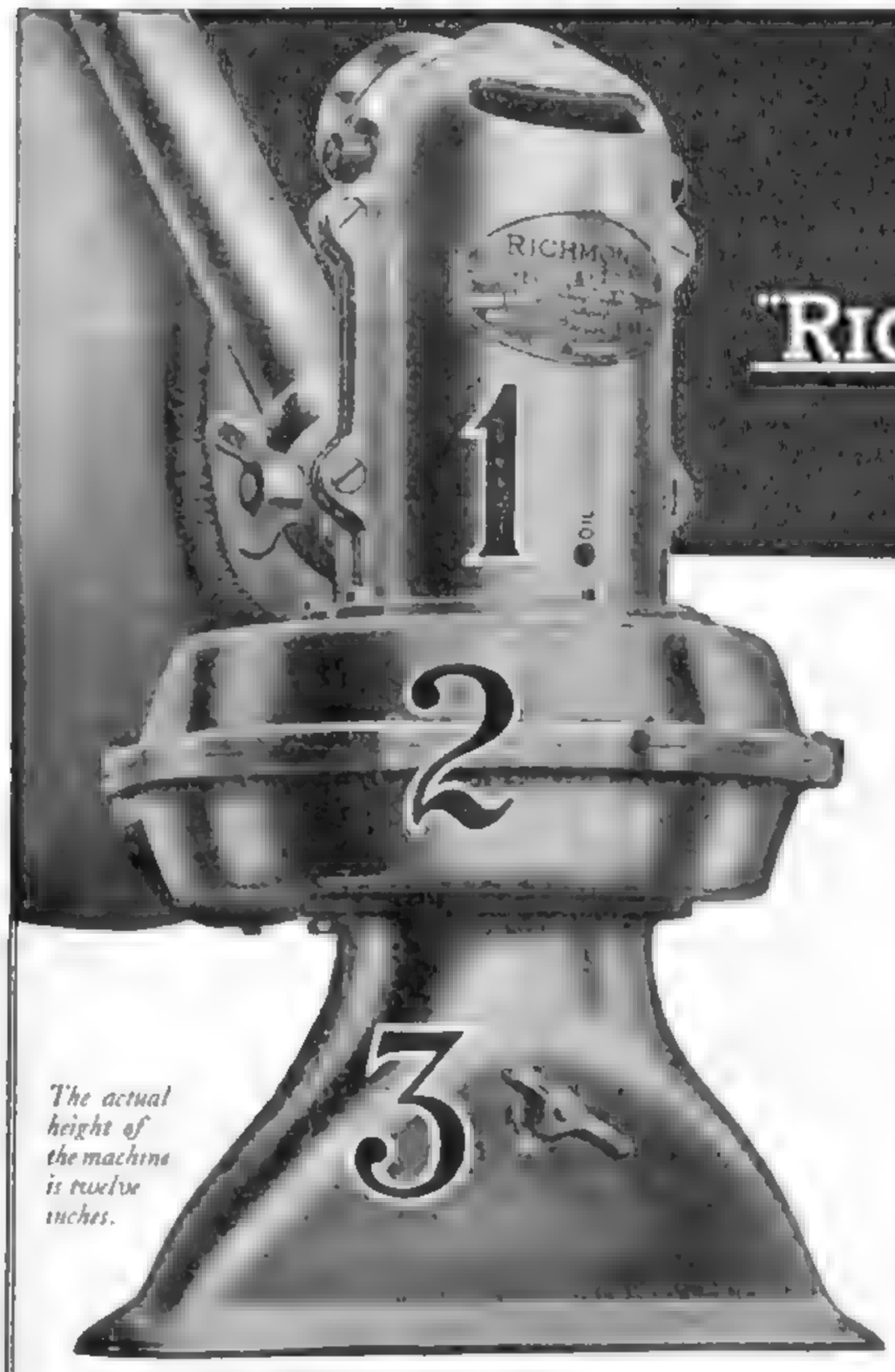
Lenox Grade $16.00
Style "A" $22.50

The Stearns & Foster Co.
Department J-6 Cincinnati, Ohio

One Dollar

Puts the "RICHMOND" Suction Cleaner in Your Home



The actual height of the machine is twelve inches.

You have the lightest and simplest suction cleaner ever designed.

1 is the motor—not a "stock" motor, but one built expressly to operate the powerful suction fan to which it is directly connected under

2 a suction fan which embodies the best of all that was learned in two years of steady, scientific experiment.

3 is the suction nozzle which is pushed over the surface to be cleaned—or to which can be attached a twelve foot hose for high wall, drapery and upholstery cleaning.

Nothing to Wear Out

There are no gears, no diaphragms, no valves. Nothing to wear out or to jiggle loose. The [illegible] is less than the average carpet sweeper. A [illegible] carpet or suction cleaner can do, this one does. And it does, besides, some things which no [illegible] can do.

You can have the "RICHMOND" Suction Cleaner either *with or without the hose*. For use with the hose, we furnish special [illegible] cleaning portières, walls, books, bedding, upholstery, clothing, hats.

For Hair Drying

Also a special attachment for hair drying, pillow renovating, etc.

The hose attachment slides on and off with the same ease that your foot slides into an easy slipper.

Slip on the hose and the ten-pound "RICHMOND" rivals any machine—no matter how much it weighs or how much it costs.

Slip off the hose, and you have a floor machine which weighs two pounds less than an ordinary carpet sweeper—which sweeps on both forward and backward strokes and glides over the floor without pressure.

Advantage of Light Weight

The "RICHMOND" Suction Cleaner enables you, now for the first time, to clean by electricity without lugging a sixty to eighty pound machine from room to room, up stairs and down.

It represents as great an advance over heavyweight vacuum cleaners as these cleaners represented over heavyweight carpet sweepers.

But light weight and easy operation are but two of the "RICHMOND" exclusive superiorities. There are many more.

The Vibrating Brush

There is, for example, the vibrating brush which *you find on no other machine*.

This brush fits to the floor nozzle of the "RICHMOND." It vibrates at the rate of 10,000 times a minute. Not a rotary motion to wear out the carpet, but a light up-and-down *tapping* motion.

Taps Out the Dirt

The vibrating brush taps the caked dirt out of the carpet or fabric and cleans it in a way no other machine can. The head slides in or out [illegible] It is but the work of ten seconds to take it out or put it in.

And without the brush the "RICHMOND" will do all that any machine—vacuum or suction—can possibly do without working injury to even the finest fabric.

Simplest Construction

We could multiply comparisons endlessly.

But [illegible] saying in [illegible] our confidence in the "RICHMOND" by the fact that we not only cover it with the strongest possible guarantee, but we give you besides a long year to pay for it.

Saves its own Cost

If convenience and perfect cleanliness were worth nothing, if it were worth nothing to put an end to the backache of sweeping, to the drudgery of dusting, to the bugbear of annual house cleaning—if all these were worth nothing, return it to us.

The "RICHMOND" Suction Cleaner will pay its own cost and *Have You a Profit Besides* from the actual money it saves.

Guaranteed One Year

Merely you must see that the "RICHMOND" suction cleaner *must* give perfect service, perfect satisfaction, day after day, month after month, else we could not afford this offer. Send the dollar coupon and mail today to

Richmond Sales Co., Dept. 43, 160 Broadway, New York

Manufactured exclusively for the RICHMOND SALES CO.
By THE McCRUM-HOWELL CO. Park Ave. and 41st Street, New York
Rush and Michigan Streets, Chicago
Manufacturers of
"RICHMOND" Boilers and Radiators, "RICHMOND" Enameled Ware, Bath Tubs, Sinks, Lavatories, "RICHMOND" Suds Makers, "RICHMOND" Concealed Transom Lifts, and "RICHMOND" [illegible] Vacuum Cleaning Systems.
Five Factories: Two at Uniontown, Pa.; One at Norwich, Conn.; One at Kenosha, Wis.; One at Chicago, Ill.
Inquiries regarding built-in-the-house Vacuum Cleaning systems should be addressed to The McCrum-Howell Co., New York or Chicago

You are paying the price of a suction cleaner, *right now*—whether you have one or not.

You are paying its price out in twice-a-year house-cleaning alone—for a "RICHMOND" makes house-cleaning needless.

You are paying its price out—many times over—in the hard labor of sweeping and dusting which the "RICHMOND" makes unnecessary.

You are paying its price out again and again in the damage which dust does to your furniture, to your carpets, to your hangings, to your clothing—to **YOU.**

You are paying the price of a "RICHMOND" when a single dollar would save the waste!

Limited Offer

The Dollar Offer is limited. It is made to show our unbounded confidence in the "RICHMOND" But by its very liberality, it is bound to swamp the factory. And when the limit of factory output is reached, the offer must be withdrawn.

So send the coupon today while the opportunity is still yours! Don't wait. Do it NOW.

$1 COUPON

THE RICHMOND SALES CO.,
Dept. 43, 160 Broadway, New York City

I hereby order one "RICHMOND" Suction Cleaner, complete with the following attachments:

[illegible]

Name [illegible]

Address [illegible]

Soda Crackers Safe From Contamination

UNEEDA Biscuit, in their dust tight, moisture proof package, are protected against all those harmful elements to which bulk soda crackers are open—dust, germs, dampness, odors, handling, and even insects.

Maybe you've seldom thought about the matter. Maybe you've never realized as you've tried to eat a tasteless, tough, ordinary cracker, what uncleanliness and deterioration it has gone through.

Be on the safe side!—
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NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

(Never sold in bulk)

5¢

for a package

Dust Every Day With LIQUID VENEER

MILLIONS of housekeepers who use Liquid Veneer in their daily dusting, keep their homes bright, clean and sanitary at an actual saving of both labor and money.

Try it in YOUR home at OUR expense. Use it on your Piano, Furniture, Chandeliers, Picture Frames, Woodwork and Hardwood Floors. It will instantly renew the polish and make everything look like new. Easy to use. It is applied with a cloth. There's no drying to wait for.

Guarantee Offer

Buy a bottle of Liquid Veneer of any dealer. Give it a thorough trial, following the simple directions; then, if you are not delighted, take it right back and the dealer will refund your money.

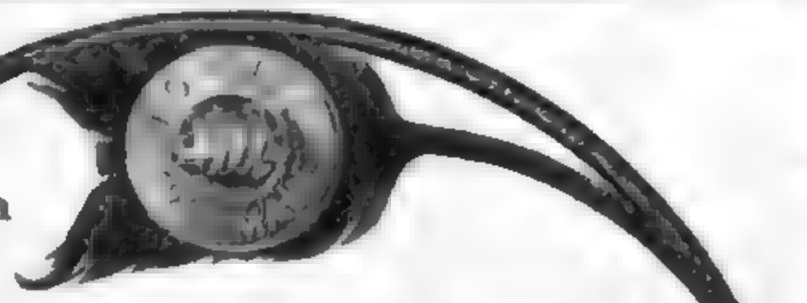
Sample Bottle Free

If you have never used Liquid Veneer, write at once for a sample bottle. It will be sent Free and Prepaid.

Sold by all dealers, 25c, 50c, $1.00 bottles

Buffalo Specialty Co., 374 Ellicott Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

This button is the sign of a good glove



The old time glover's paring knife is the Fownes Trade mark, used as a button. On white kid and on chamois gloves plain buttons are used, but the name Fownes is inside every pair to identify the genuine.

FOWNES GLOVES

do not masquerade; they are sold under their own name in all countries. Try a pair of the $2.00 street gloves this fall. Other grades $1.50 and $2.50.

It's a Fownes—that's all you need to know about a glove.

1910
1777
133 years
of glove making

This car covered nine states in a single day.

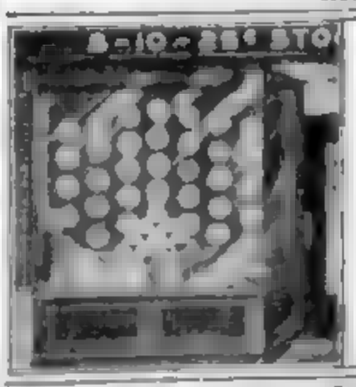
1911 Metz Runabout $485.00

Completely assembled and fully equipped as shown, including top and slip cover, gas lamps and generator, 28 x 3 in. standard Clincher tires, etc.

Light, Economical, Speedy, Reliable

We want good, live dealers, men who believe in low-priced, economical cars and can sell them. We have the best proposition for the dealer who is fully alive to the situation and is ready to act.

METZ COMPANY, Waltham, Mass.



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BIRD MANNA keeps Canary Birds in good health and song, aids moulting or changing feathers. 15c. by Mail. Bird Book free.
BIRD FOOD CO., 400 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

LITTLE CONSERVATIONISTS

(Continued from Page 15)

In the new Moraine Colony one of the houses was torn to pieces by some animal, probably a bear. This was before Thanksgiving. About midwinter a prospector left his tunnel a few miles away, came to the colony and dynamited a house, and "got seven of them." Next year two houses were built on the ruins of the two just fallen.

That year's harvest-home was broken by deadly attacks of enemies. In gathering the harvest the beavers showed a preference for some aspen that were growing in a moist place about one hundred feet from the water. Whether it was the size of these or their peculiar flavor that determined their selection in preference to nearer ones I could not determine. One day, while several beavers were cutting here, they were surprised by a mountain lion, which leaped upon and killed one of the harvesters. The next day the lion surprised and killed another. Two or three days later a coyote killed one on the same blood-stained spot, and then overtook and killed two others as they fled for the water. But despite dangers they persisted until the last of these aspens was harvested. During the winter the bark was eaten from these and the next season their clean wood was used in the walls of a new house.

The Joys of Beaver Life

One spring I several times visited a number of colonies while trying to determine the number of young brought forth at a birth. Six furry fellows sunning themselves on top of their rude home was the first discovery; this was the twelfth of May. By the close of the month I had come in sight of many youngsters, and found the average number to be five. One mother proudly exhibited eight, while another, one who all winter had been harassed by trappers and who lived in a burrow on the bank, could display but one. In the Moraine Colony the three sets of youngsters numbered two, three and five.

Great times these had as they were growing up. They played over the house, and such fun they had nosing and pushing each other off a large boulder into the water! A thousand merry ripples they sent to the shore as they raced, wrestled and dived in the pond, both in the sunshine and in the shadows of the willows along the shore.

The beaver has a rich birthright, though born in a windowless hut of mud. Close to the primitive place of his birth the wild folk of both woods and water meet and often mingle; around it are the ever-changing, never-ending scenes and silences of the water or the shore. He grows up with the many-sided wild, playing amid the enameled flowers, the great boulders—the Ice King's marbles—and the fallen logs in the edge of the mysterious forest; learning to swim and slide; listening to the strong, harmonious stir; living with the stars in the sky and the stars in the pond; beginning serious life when brilliant clouds of color enrich the hills; helping to harvest the trees that wear the robes of gold while the birds go by for the southland in the reflective autumn days. If Mother Nature should ever call me to live upon another planet I trust that I may be born a beaver, to inhabit a house in the water.

The autumn of the year that I watched the young beavers I had the pleasure of seeing some immigrants pass me en route for a new home in the Moraine Colony. Of course they may have been only visitors, or have come temporarily to assist in the harvesting; but I like to think of them as immigrants, and a number of things testified that immigrants they were. One evening I had long been lying on a boulder by the stream below the colony, waiting for a gift from the gods. It came. Out of the water within ten feet of me scrambled the most patriarchal, as well as the largest, beaver that I have ever seen. I wanted to take off my hat to him—I wanted him to tell some of his autobiography—but from long habit I simply lay still and watched and thought in silence. He was making a portage around a cascade. As he scrambled up over the rocks I noticed that he had but two fingers on his right hand. He was followed, in single file, by four others; one of these was minus a finger on the left hand. The next morning I read that five immigrants had arrived in the Moraine Colony. They had registered their footprints in the muddy margin of the lower pond. Had an agent been sent to invite these colonists, or had they come out of their own adventurous spirit? During the next two years I occasionally saw this patriarchal beaver or his tracks thereabout. The day following their arrival I trailed them backward in the hope of learning whence they came and why they had moved. They had traveled in the water most of the time; but in places they had come out on the bank to go round a waterfall or to avoid an obstruction. Here and there I saw their tracks in the mud and traced them to a beaver settlement in which the houses and dams had been recently wrecked. A near-by rancher told me that he had been "making it hot" for all beavers in his meadow.

It is the custom among old male beavers to idle away two or three months of each summer in exploring all near-by brooks and streams. But they never fail to return in time for autumn activities. It thus becomes plain how, when an old colony needs to move, some one in it knows where to go and the route to follow.

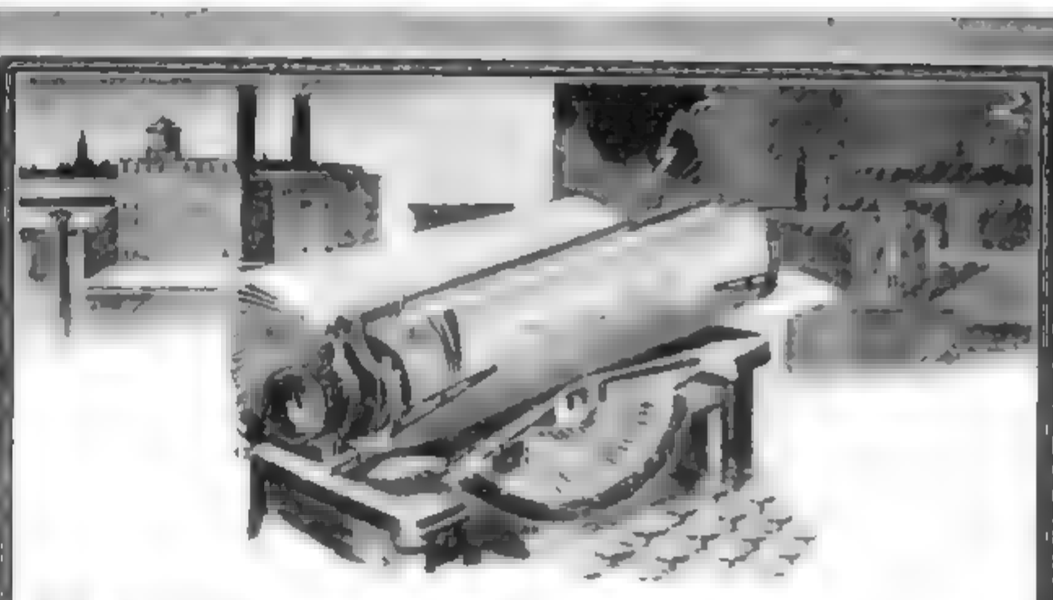
I had enjoyed the ways of our "first engineers" for several years before it dawned upon me that their works might be useful to man, and that the beaver might justly be called the first conservationist. One dry winter the stream through the Moraine Colony ran low and froze to the bottom. The only trout in it that survived were those in the deep holes of these beaver ponds. Another demonstration of their usefulness came one gray day. The easy rain of two days ended in a heavy downpour and a deluge of water on the mountainside above. This mountain slope was still barren from the forest fire. It had but little to absorb or delay the excess of water, which was speedily shed into the stream below. Flooding down the stream's channel came a roaring avalanche or waterslide, with a rubbish-filled front that was five or six feet high. This expanded as it rolled into the pond and swept far out on the sides, while the front, greatly lowered, rushed over the dam. Much of this water was caught and temporarily detained in the ponds, and by the time it poured over the last dam its volume was greatly reduced and its speed checked. The ponds had broken the rush and prevented a flood.

Enlarging the Old House

Every beaver pond is a settling basin that takes sediment and soil from the water that passes through it. If this soil were carried down it would not only be lost but it would clog the deep waterway—the river channel. Deposited in the pond, it will in time become productive. During past ages the millions of beaver dams in the United States have spread soil over thousands of square miles and rendered them productive. Beavers prepared the way for numerous forests and meadows, for countless orchards and peaceful, productive valleys.

The Moraine colonists gathered an unusually large harvest during the autumn of 1909. Seven hundred and thirty-two sapling aspens and several hundred willows were massed in the main pond by the largest house. This pile, which was mostly below the waterline, was three feet deep and one hundred and twenty-four feet in circumference. Would a new house be built this fall? This unusually large harvest plainly told that either children or immigrants had increased the population of the colony. Of course, a hard winter may also have been expected.

No; they were not to build a new house, but the old house by the harvest pile was to be enlarged. One day, just as the evening shadow of Long's Peak had covered the pond, I peeped over a log on top of the dam to watch the work. The house was only forty feet distant. Not a ripple stirred among the inverted peaks and pines in the clear, shadow-enameled pond. A lone beaver rose quietly in the scene from the water near the house. Swimming noiselessly, he made a circuit of the pond. Then for a time, and without any apparent purpose, he swam back and forth over a short, straight course; he moved leisurely, and occasionally made a shallow, quiet dive. He did not appear to be watching anything in particular or to have anything special on his mind. Yet his eyes may have been scouting for enemies and his mind may have been full of



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is unaffected by the most varying weather. At all times it is neat and clean to handle and gives permanent copies that are clean, clear and distinct, won't rub or smudge

Write for Sample Sheet and test it. Use it to make 100 *all good copies with the 20th copy.* Employers and stenographers are invited to write. Mention your name, firm's name and address, and dealer's name, please

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Address letters to the Home Office.

What the Hull Button Means to You

The little button on the strap of the Hull umbrella is a guarantee.

It is your assurance of greater strength and longer life and service than any other make can give

Back of that assurance stands the great Hull plant—the largest in the world making high grade umbrellas.

Hull Umbrella

DETACHABLE and INTERCHANGEABLE HANDLE

You will never find a Hull Handle that will not fit.

If you buy a Hull in New York and happen to be in Kansas City or Seattle when you need a new cover, simply go to the Hull dealer, select the base (rod, ribs and cover) and snap on the handle.

You can use the handle for years, buying new bases as you need them.

And you will find that the bases—because the covers are selected and made and fitted with the greatest care and skill—will outwear any ordinary cover.

When you buy an old style umbrella, the greater part of the price pays for the handle.

Yet, when the cover gives out, ten to one you discard handle and all.

Now that is not necessary.

Go to your dealer, have him break off the rod close to the handle and send the handle to us.

Free of charge we will fit the handle with the Hull detachable device; and supply you with a Hull base at practically what you would pay for a new cover.

Doubtless there is a Hull dealer in your city or town—the country is dotted with them.

But if not—or the dealer cannot show you a good assortment of handles—write us for the Hull booklet.

Hull Bros. Umbrella Co., 1447 Summit St., Toledo, O.
Send me the booklet about the Hull detachable handle and I will see my dealer about getting one.

Hull Bros. Umbrella Co., 1447 Summit St., Toledo, O.
SMITH, GRAY & CO.—Four Stores
Exclusive Distributers for Greater New York

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In White and Six Colors *Envelopes to Match*

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The paper that makes

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Its value-for-the-money it is *unequalled* because it is sold *only* in lots of 500 lbs. or more, *direct* to *responsible* printers and lithographers, instead of in room lots through jobbers. The *marked economies* of this method of distribution and the *superiority* of our product have brought us the support of the most reputable and progressive members of the lithographing and printing trades.

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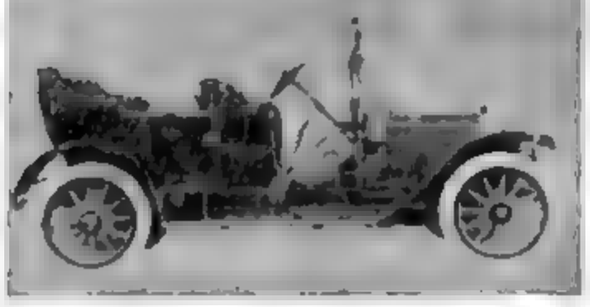
Specimen letter-heads sent *free* if you ask us on your *business* stationery.

W. E. Wroe & Co.

316 Michigan Boulevard **Chicago**

Thomas Flyer



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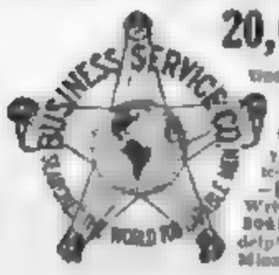


use our service to secure high-grade men. If you are a capable Executive, Sales, Clerical or Technical man, you can't afford not to keep in touch with opportunities paying $1,000—$10,000 up.

Write for booklet "Selected Employees" 304 Singer Bldg., New York City. Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Chicago & Minneapolis. Foreign Correspondents.

The New 88 Note

ANGELUS

PLAYER-PIANO

From the U. S. Official Census Report

"In 1895 Messrs. Wilcox & White, of Meriden, Conn., began manufacturing an interior attachment, and in February, 1897, built their first 'Angelus,' a cabinet piano player. This instrument, the invention of E. H. White, may be regarded as the Pioneer of the Various Similar attachments which have since been placed upon the market."

THE ANGELUS has strong competition commercially. But not in artistic worth. The most impressive of all tributes paid to the superiority of the ANGELUS is the enormous sums expended yearly in vain efforts to offset this supremacy.

¶ Compare the ANGELUS and its competitors by personal investigation. Let your artistic sense determine your choice.

¶ It is these devices—found on no other player-piano—that place the ANGELUS far beyond any instrument in artistic worth:

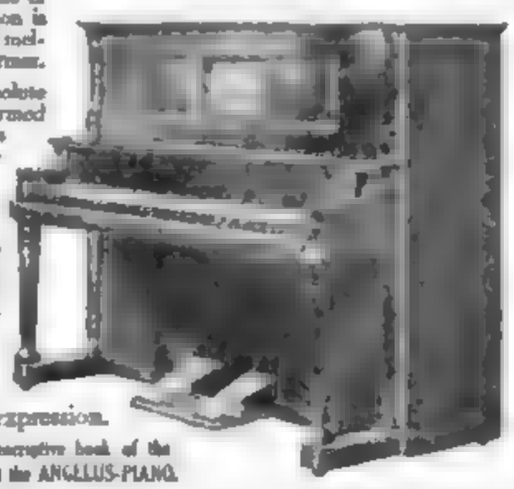
THE MELODANT which brings out the melody or theme of the composition strong and clear while subduing the accompaniment. Such ability constitutes one of the greatest charms of manual playing. It distinguishes the real artist.

THE MELODY BUTTONS give absolute control over tonal volume so that none of the beauty or artistic effect of a composition is lost. They also put the accentuation of the melody under the personal control of the performer.

THE PHRASING LEVER gives absolute mastery over tempo. It has been aptly termed the "Heart of the Angelus," for it enables the performer to reflect his whole personality in everything played.

THE ARTISTYLE MUSIC ROLLS have one single expression line which simply but very clearly indicates where to emphasize, subdue, accelerate or retard. Even the novice soon becomes so proficient that the most difficult music is rendered as easily and well as the most simple.

THE DIAPHRAGM PNEUMATICS give the "human touch," so essential to artistic playing. The tubes which run from the tracker-board to these pneumatics are of metal—not perishable rubber—always insuring action true to every requirement.



¶ The ANGELUS—and the ANGELUS alone permits anyone to play the piano with artistic personal expression.

Send for name of nearest representative and descriptive book of the KNABE-ANGELUS, the EMERSON-ANGELUS, and the ANGELUS-PIANO.

THE WILCOX & WHITE CO., **Meriden, Conn.**

Business Established 1877 Regent House, Regent Street, London

What 100% Value Means in Clothes

You, perhaps—unless you've worn Adler-Rochesters—have yet to get 100 per cent clothes' value

This means the *possible* in clothes. It means *highest quality* of wool in materials rather than merely "*all-wool*." It means fit, such as only master tailors can give, and style that is *authoritative*. In fact, 100 per cent clothes' value means

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You will soon realize that you've been paying for Adler-Rochester qualities in other clothes — and not been getting them — once you've visited our local dealer and tried on Adler-Rochester clothes. Nor should you delay in this—in fairness to your appearance.

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house plans. Finally he dived deeply, and the next I saw of him he was climbing up the side of the house addition with a pawful of mud.

By this time a number of beavers were swimming about in the pond after the manner of the first one. Presently all commenced to work. The addition already stood more than two feet above the water-line. The top of this was crescent-shaped and was about seven feet long and half as wide. It was made mostly of mud, which was plentifully reënforced with willow cuttings and aspen sticks. For a time all the workers busied themselves in carrying mud and roots from the bottom of the pond and piling and placing these on the slowly rising addition. Eleven were working at one time. By-and-by three swam ashore, each in a different direction and each a few seconds apart. After a minute or two these returned from the shore, each carrying or trailing a long willow. These were dragged to the top of the addition, laid down and trampled in the mud. Meantime the mud-carriers kept steadily at their work; again willows were brought, but this time four beavers went, and, as before, each was independent of the others. I did not see how this work could go on without some one bossing the thing, but I failed to detect any brain acting in that capacity. While there was general coöperation, each acted independently most of the time and sometimes was apparently oblivious of the others. These beavers simply worked—slowly, silently and steadily; and they were still working away methodically and with dignified deliberation when darkness hid them.

Economy in Moraine Colony

Most beaver houses are conical and round of outline. The Moraine beaver house that was enlarged was slightly elliptical and measured forty-one feet in circumference. After enlargement it was almost a flattened ellipse and measured sixty-three feet in circumference. Generally I have found that small beaver houses are round and large ones elliptical.

One of the last large interesting works of the Moraine Colony was the building of a new pond. This was built alongside the main pond and about fifty feet distant from it. A low ridge separated the two. As it was nearly one hundred feet from the stream, a ditch or canal was dug from the stream, below the main pond, to fill it. The new pond was made for the purpose of reaching with a waterway an aspen grove on its farther shore. The making of the dam showed more forethought than the getting of the water into the pond.

With the exception of aspen, all kinds of dam-making material such as beavers commonly use were not to be found. The population of the colony was now large, while aspen, the chief food supply, was becoming scarce. Would the beavers see far enough ahead to realize this? Evidently they did; at any rate not a single precious aspen was used in making the dam. Close to the dam-site was a supply of young lodge-pole pines; but it is against the tradition of the beaver to cut green pines or spruces. Two of these lodge-poles were cut, but evidently these pitchy, smelly things were not to the beavers' taste and no more of them were used.

Not far away were scores of fire-killed trees, both standing and fallen. "Surely," I said to myself, when two dead chunks had been dragged into place, "they are not going to use this dead timber?" A beaver avoids gnawing dead wood; it is slow work, and besides is very hard on the teeth. Most of these dead trees were inconveniently large, and were fire-hardened and full of sand-filled weather-cracks; but contrary to all my years of observation, they, after long, hard labor, built an excellent dam from this material.

I have determined to do all I can to perpetuate the beaver, and I wish I could interest every boy and girl in the land to help in this. Beaver works are so picturesque and so useful to man that I trust this persistent practicer of conservation will not perish from the hills and mountains of our land. His growing scarcity is awakening some interest in him, and I hope and half believe that before many years every brook that is born in a great watershed will, as it goes swiftly, merrily singing down the slopes toward the sea, pass through and be steadied in a poetic pond that is made and that will be maintained by our patient, persistent, faithful friend, the beaver.

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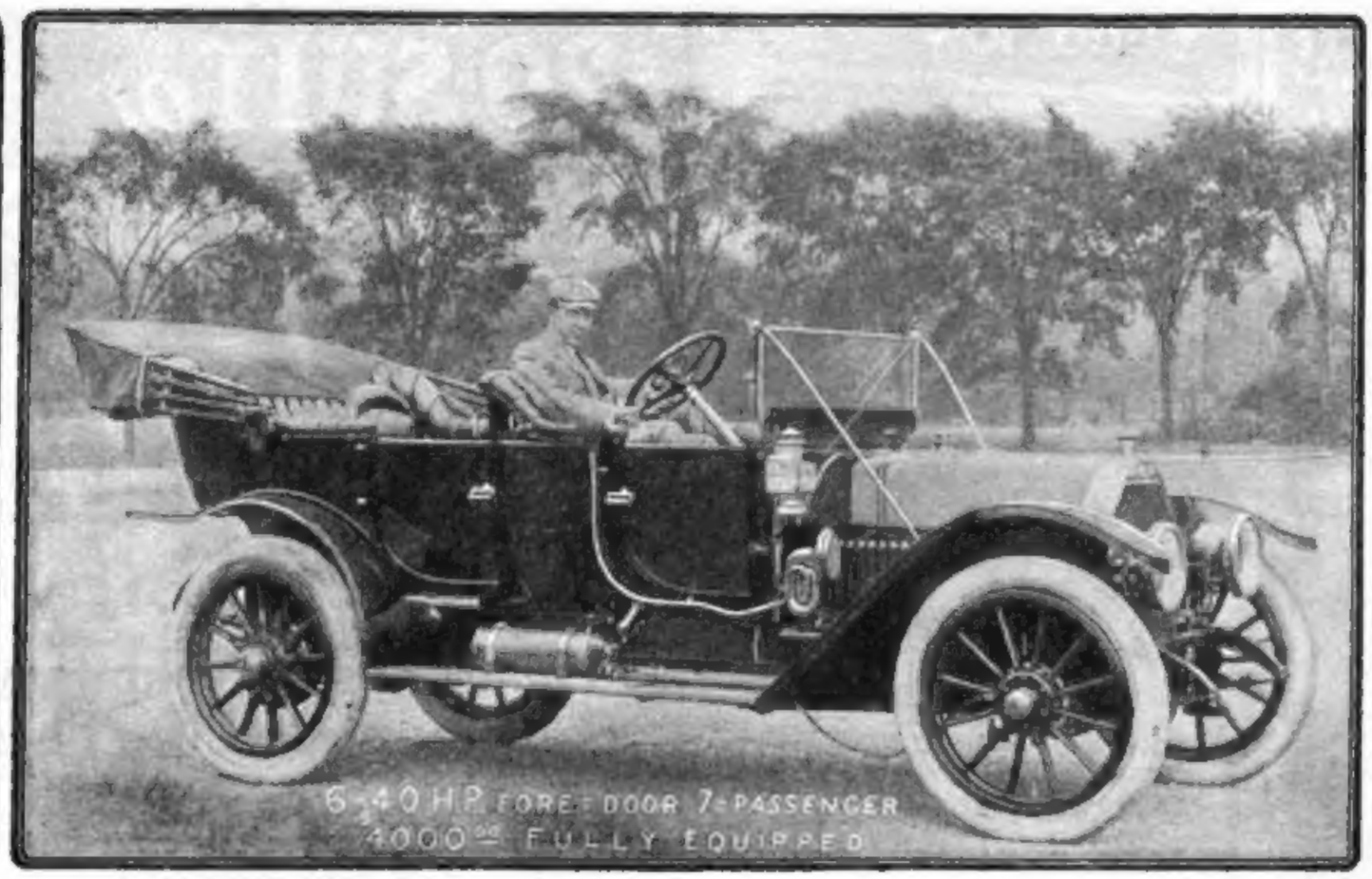

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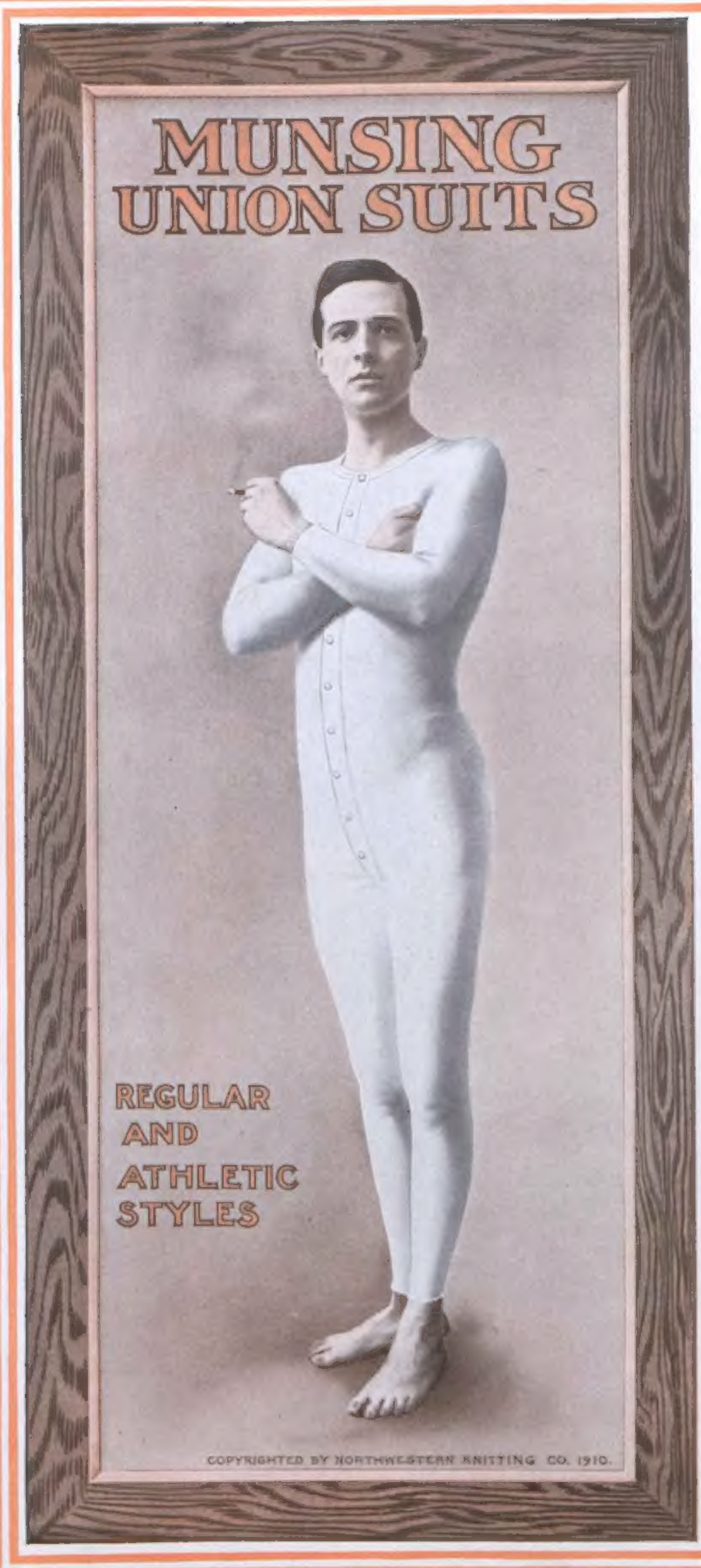

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